FEBRUARY · 9 · 1946 · · 10c

Liberty

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FEBRUARY ALMANAC

DATE	DAY	HOLIDAYS, ANNIVERSARIES, LUCKY DAYS, ETC.	THE MOON'S PHASE	THE MOON'S AGE	THE MOON'S ZODIAC POSITION
1	Fri	Feast of St. Bridget, beloved Saint of Ireland.	🌑	PASSES SUN	♑
2	Sat	Ground-Hog Day	🌑	1	♑
3	SUN	U. S. breaks diplomatic relations with Germany, 1917.	🌑	2	♒
4	Mon	Southern Confederacy formed, 1861.	🌒	3	♒
5	Tue	*Girls born this day, any year,* *Make grand company, it says here.*	🌒	4	♓
6	Wed	Massachusetts admitted to the Union, 1788.	🌒	5	♓
7	Thu	*Born:* Charles Dickens, 1812; Sinclair Lewis, 1885.	🌒	6	♈
8	Fri	Boy Scouts of America incorporated, 1910.	🌓	7	♈
9	Sat	Russians & Japs square off for War, 1904	🌓	8 FIRST QUARTER	♉
10	SUN	*A thought for today:* The Moon's surface uses up nearly four times as much area as Europe. You're welcome.	🌓	9	♉
11	Mon	Thomas Alva Edison born, 1847.	🌔	10	♊
12	Tue	**Abraham Lincoln born, 1809.**	🌔	11	♊
13	Wed	*A hole in the western Pacific is 35,400 feet deep. Today, Wednesday the 13", it is full of water. Don't mention it.*	🌔	12	♋
14	Thu	**Saint Valentine's Day.**	🌔	13	♋
15	Fri	"Remember the Maine!" *(blown up in Havana Harbor, 1898).*	🌕	14 FULL MOON	♌
16	Sat	*Début* of Glamorous Furlough Nightgowns, 1945.	🌕	15	♌
17	SUN	*A thought for this Sunday:* Bats have radar ears that enable them to avoid people. Nothing personal.	🌖	16	♌
18	Mon	*Cold today, maybe, but* nothing *can get colder than 459.6 degrees below zero.* Oh goody.	🌖	17	♍
19	Tue	Ohio admitted to the Union, 1803.	🌖	18	♍
20	Wed	This will be Ash Wednesday in 1980, but not before that. You must be patient.	🌖	19	♍
21	Thu	Germans attacked Verdun, 1916.	🌗	20	♎
22	Fri	**George Washington born, 1732.**	🌗	21	♎
23	Sat	First night flying of U. S. Mail, 1921.	🌗	22 LAST QUARTER	♏
24	SUN	*Farmers' daughters born this day* *Gotta live the careful way.*	🌘	23	♏
25	Mon	Enrico Caruso born, 1873.	🌘	24	♐
26	Tue	William F. Cody, *"Buffalo Bill,"* born, 1846.	🌘	25	♐
27	Wed	Congress adopted orphan District of Columbia, 1801.	🌑	26	♐
28	Thu	*W. Shakespeare says, quote, You have such a February face, so full of frost, of storm, of cloudiness, unquote. Well, tomorrow is another month.*	🌑	27	♑

♑ = Capricornus. ♒ = Aquarius. ♓ = Pisces. ♈ = Aries. ♉ = Taurus. ♊ = Gemini. ♋ = Cancer. ♌ = Leo. ♍ = Virgo. ♎ = Libra. ♏ = Scorpio. ♐ = Sagittarius.

FEBRUARYMARKS

FEBRUARY was tossed into the calendar to appease the reform element in ancient Rome. The word stems from *februum,* meaning a purifying agent of some sort. Winter weather & politicians developed such an odor about this time every year that even bread & the circus couldn't perfume it. Hence this short interlude of spiritual fumigation, against the year's moral hazards ahead. Sort of second-guess season on New Year's resolutions. Purely a matter of form & tradition, of course. Don't take it too seriously. Those Romans didn't. ¶ Mr. Wong, of the Chinese consulate, informs me that their thousands-of-years-old New Year's Day, traditionally observed in February, will hereafter be observed on January 1, in coöperation with our own. Imagine a New Year's bender with a dragon! ¶ Il Duce J. Cæsar's directive launched our calendar, modified later by its first & second amendments (Augustan & Gregorian, rsptvly). February is a gadget, a sort of shock absorber in the scheme, expanding & contracting to make our year-wheel mesh with the universe. Various ideas for calendar reform are in circulation, but none of them exactly fits the solar year without some sort of extra-day-every-few-years arrangement. One suggests thirteen 4-week months, every month beginning on a Sunday. Interesting, hm? Another offering sent in quite seriously denounces our present calendar as a confusion by the Devil himself. Any substantiation of this disclosed by further research will be reported promptly in this column.

FRED COOPER

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VSQ
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She Stopped at Nothing—Not Even Murder

TO HOLD THE MAN SHE LOVED

by BEN AMES WILLIAMS
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New Sickness and Accident Plan Pays $25 Weekly Benefits

Costs Only $12 a year—Down Payment $2.50

Hospital Benefit Included

Newark, N. J.—The 59-year-old North American Accident Insurance Company of Chicago announces a new plan that pays $25 a week for 10 weeks for both stated accidents and sicknesses. Plus an additional $25 a week for 4 weeks for accidents requiring hospital confinement. Yet the total cost is only $12 a year. The purpose of this new Premier Limited Double Duty Policy is to bring sickness and accident protection within the reach of men and women who do not have large savings with which to meet sudden doctor or hospital bills, or lost income.

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North American Accident Insurance Company of Chicago has devoted almost sixty years to the underwriting of Accident and Health Insurance. It has paid out over $37,000,000 to grateful policyholders when they needed help most. North American is under the supervision of the Insurance Departments of 47 states and District of Columbia.

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VOX POP

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WHERE DIGNITY IS DEAD

East Norwalk, Conn.—I have just completed the article, Five Million Negroes Move North, by Sam H. Jones and James Aswell (December 15). As a Negro, I find myself not only vitally interested but deeply concerned with the motives of these liberals who are so concerned with the Negro "problem."

I have traveled through the South, and also attended schools both in Virginia and Tennessee. Frankly, I wouldn't and couldn't live there for any amount of money.

As a breeder of sheer inferiority, the South has no equal. I have never felt so degraded or humiliated as a human being. No race of people having a grain of pride could exist under the conditions which are permitted in Southern communities.

I, for one, am proud that the Southern Negro is, at last, finding courage to get out from under. More power to him!—*Leavonia Thompson.*

MORE ON STRIKES

Illmo, Mo.—I am in complete accord with Anthony Stole (Vox Pop, December 15) who says he's fed up with reading and hearing about strikes. If the present labor situation is what we fought for, then I'm wondering if it was worth the price. Why don't the members of the labor unions wise up, throw out some of those pigheaded leaders—like John L. Lewis for instance—and get some one who can see the other man's point of view. Maybe then we could settle our differences without stopping production and postponing the day until we all can get the things we want.—*W. E. Kjer.*

LABOR'S HOUSE
F C

WHO'S THE BAKER?

Middle Village, N. Y.—Paul Hunter's editorial, A Cake Can't Be Eaten Until It's Baked (December 15), is definitely anti-labor, and I don't like it. It says that capital is providing bread which the laborer cannot do without.

The worker has tried baking cake in the past, but when it was finished, some big fellow came along and took it all away. So if the worker's a little greedy right now, I think his actions aren't wholly unjustified.—*Joseph Preisler.*

WAKE UP THE ESCAPISTS

Renton, Wash.—I would like to shout a loud hurray for Lt. J. D. K. of the Air Corps who says in Vox Pop (December 15) the more atrocity stories, the better enlightened people will be. I agree. We've got to wake up the escapists.

I was at the movies the other day, watching the hanging and shooting of some German spies. A woman in front of me let out a series of "tsk-tsks." And another in back of me remarked to her companion, "Isn't it a shame?" Those women should have had relatives in prison camps in Germany.—*Ray Sevina, an ex-G.I.*

GETTING STARTED

Lima, Ohio—I notice that Jack Hardy takes one of your authors to task in Vox Pop (December 22) for mentioning a 1917 Buick with a starter button. We had a Buick of that vintage, so perhaps I can clear up the misunderstanding.

There was a brass button on the dashboard. When that was pulled out, it switched on the starting motor. The self-starter was under the dashboard at the top of the floor boards, and had to be pushed with the right foot to turn the car motor. —*Dale Rex.*

HOLBROOKE HITS THE DUST

Philadelphia, Pa.—With your December 22 issue, Artist Pat Holbrooke joins the ranks of those who make mistakes. His illustration for the short story, To Act as God, by H. Vernor Dixon, shows Tommy with a pipe in his mouth. In that scene in the story, however, Tommy definitely sat down and lit a *cigarette.—B. Tatarsky.*

RING UP ONE FOR BING

BRONX, N. Y.—I loved the movie review of The Bells of St. Mary's by Helen Parker (December 22) and the pictures of Bing Crosby that went with it. I think Bing's wonderful. Please have more about him in your magazine.—*Rita Barisic.*

LONG LIVE THE THROPPS!

NORTHFIELD, VT.—I disagree with Stasia Kent (Vox Pop December 15) who doesn't like Liberty's new comic. I'm glad you're publishing such an entertaining strip as The Thropp Family. I enjoy it immensely. Keep it up.—*Bernardine M. Heilbrun.*

MR. AVERAGE MAN

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—In Paul Hunter's editorial, How the Average Man Feels About the Atom Bomb (December 22), the average man is pictured exactly as he is—a moron and an emotional juvenile. Save for the simple things of life, the common man has no opinions other than those suggested to him. The poor jerk was born to be exploited by the Hitlers, Roosevelts, Mussolinis, and Stalins.—*W. O. Loyd.*

WHO CAN'T FOOL WHOM?

RICHMOND, IND.—The article, You Can't Fool Us Senators, by Homer Ferguson of Michigan (December 22), was very apropos, what with the senator acting as his own obstructionist in the Pearl Harbor probe. Why not a companion piece by some layman, entitled You Can't Fool Us People and addressed to Senator Ferguson and others of his ilk in Congress?—*John Edwards.*

VOX POPPER TAKEN TO TASK

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—In Vox Pop (December 22), C. Schweitzer, Jr., states that Franklin D. Roosevelt was one of the three men who contributed most to the detriment of the political and economic life of the common man.

(*Continued on page 8*)

flavor
for every meal

57
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SAUCE
HEINZ
57
SAUCE
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SAUCE
HEINZ
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KETCHUP
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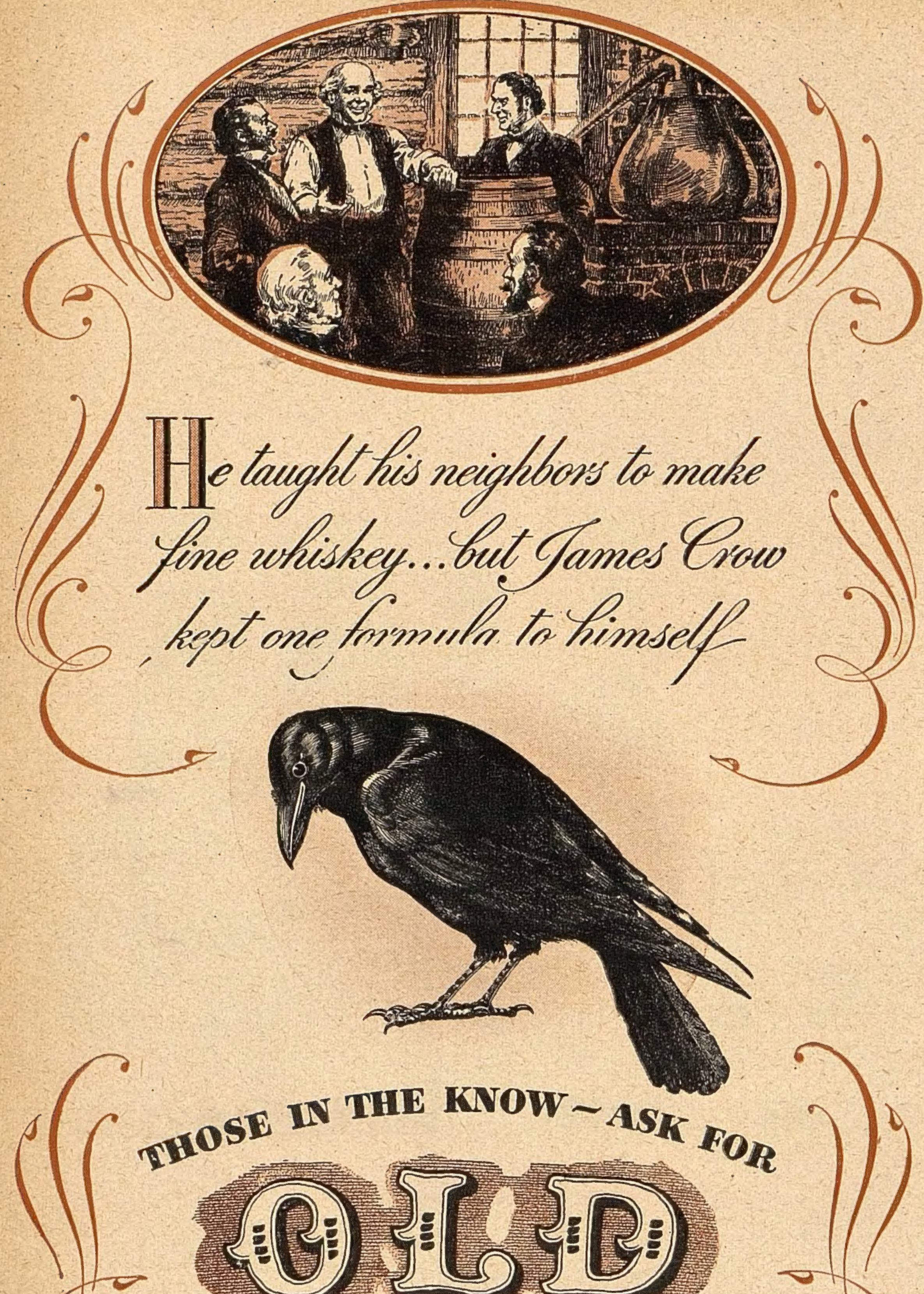
He taught his neighbors to make fine whiskey...but James Crow kept one formula to himself
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(*Continued from page 7*)

That is one of the cruelest remarks I have ever heard. And it's as false as it is cruel.

President Roosevelt did more for the common man than any other President in our past history.

And I feel only pity for all of the blind, foolish people who are unable to see such greatness at work and who are unable to understand what Roosevelt was trying to do.—*Mrs. R. E. Allbee.*

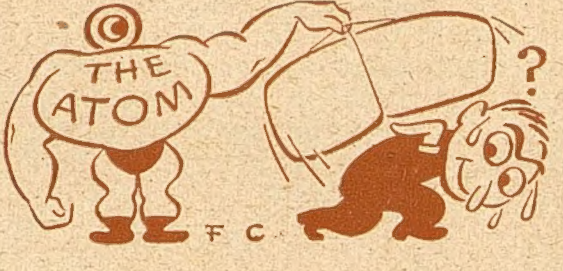
SAVANNAH, GA.—After reading C. Schweitzer, Jr.'s letter, I was convinced he had the right idea about the whole thing.

But imagine my surprise when I found that he'd left out the main person who, as he said, "practiced Marxism." That person is Winston Churchill.—*M. E. B.*

DON'T SHELVE THE ATOM

GAINESVILLE, GA.—I do not believe with Virginia Spitts (Vox Pop, December 22) that we ought to stop experimenting with atomic splitting and forget it.

Like electricity, it has its mission. I believe that this atomic discovery is of divine origin. I believe it should be used by the four great powers to enforce world peace forever, and should be developed to such an extent that its force will lift from the backs of mankind the drudgery and sweat and toil of present-day slavery.



The power of the atom can be controlled by strictly enforced international laws, and should never be shelved or forgotten.—*Lena A. Martin.*

ALL-AROUND ENJOYMENT

MARIANA ISLANDS—In Vox Pop (December 8), Richard C. C. Bond sounds rather bitter toward the Air Corps.

He seems to think that it is almost sacrilegious for the Air Corps to play baseball on the Fourth Marine Division's hard-won Tinian.

But I assure him that we of the Air Corps would gladly stop enjoying ourselves here "on the beautiful isle of the Pacific," if he would somehow or other relieve us of our most enjoyable duty on these islands.

If he believes we are enjoying ourselves, I would like him to come over here and enjoy himself, too, so we may go home to enjoy ourselves. —*1st Lt. F. J. J., Air Corps.*

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ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

Can German aviation again come to life in other lands as a threat of world war? Let's not be the Allied dupes we were after 1918!

Paris.

GRANTING that German aeronautical research was so highly advanced before and during the war that some of the top U. S. scientists placed it ahead of any other in the world, the big question that faces the Allied world today is whether German aviation can revive and again become a war threat to the world.

Part of the question can be answered promptly. As far as aviation *within* Germany is concerned, it is nonexistent today. It is obliterated as completely as any such activity of a single nation could be wiped out by conquering powers. Presumably, in the foreseeable future there will be no German air activity whatever, and if any does appear it will be only because of laxity on the part of the United States, Britain, Russia, and France.

But the other part of the question is going to bear a bit of watching. What of German aviation *outside* Germany?

Within a year after the armistice in 1918, when the Allies thought they had destroyed German aviation, an air line began operating in Colombia, South America. It was called SCADTA, and it was 100 per cent German. It was one of the earliest scheduled air lines in the world and, in fact, was the first in the Western Hemisphere.

There was no aviation in Germany, but there was German aviation. And by means of the South American air line, German aviation was able to keep abreast of air developments throughout the world. Being a South American air line ostensibly with no direct connections in Germany, SCADTA was able to be in on everything going on in Allied countries in the way of aircraft plans, research, products, parts, etc.

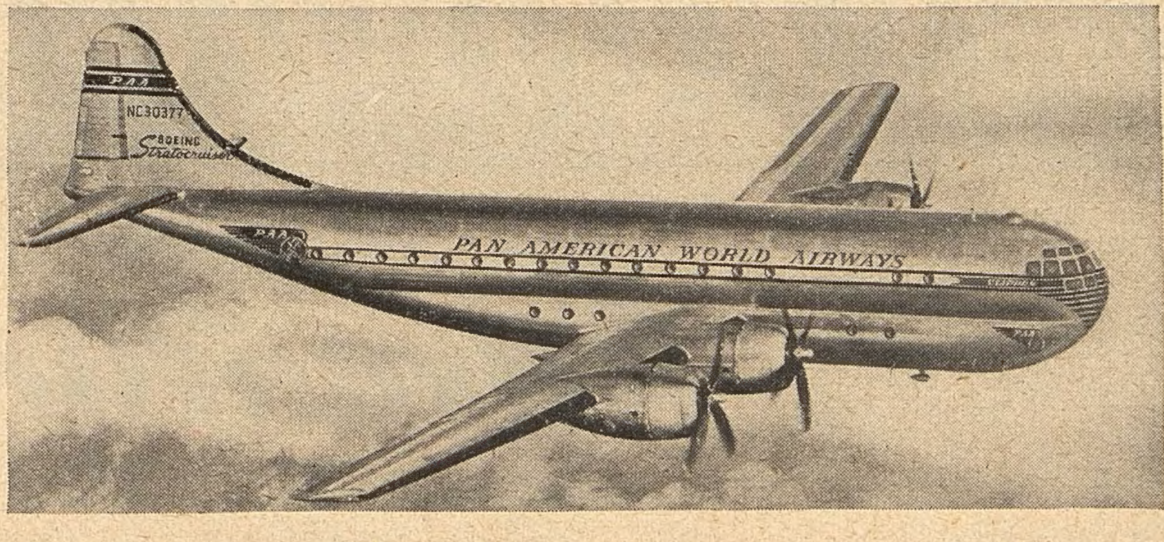
Later, when the Allies relaxed their controls of Germany and permitted the Germans to engage in some types of civil aviation (which was a great mistake, as subsequently appeared), the Condor air line, 100 per cent German, spread throughout South America and linked up with SCADTA, and also with the German air line Deutsch Lufthansa from Germany and across the South Atlantic.

Your On the Beam editor has now been in four of the five neutral countries of Europe within the past few months. It doesn't take much deep digging to discover that there are indications that German aviation will again attempt to keep a life line in existence pending the time when the Allies may relax their controls on Germany itself. Certain German interests were foresighted enough to lay away considerable sums of money in other countries, usually in the names of nationals of those countries, so that today there is really no big lack of German aviation money available for postwar development.

This time it will not be so easy, for the Allies aren't the suckers they were after the last war. This time German aviation will try, but it may not succeed.

Some important clues have already been uncovered which give the Allies the jump on keeping tabs on the Germans.

There are two ways in which German aviation money could be utilized. One is through the control of



Pan American's newest Clipper, the Boeing Stratocruiser, has speed and range for nonstop flights between New York and London in eleven and one half hours.

an air line outside of Germany, and the other is through periodicals and books. There seems to be money available for each. Best guess is that German aviation will fail in its efforts to keep alive, but this will be so only if the Allies keep watching carefully and if the United States, in particular, does not forget too quickly what the second World War cost.

Transatlantic Tours: How Soon?

Several more months of flying about Europe brings home the conclusion that unsettled and underproduced Europe will be in no position to cater to pleasure-seeking American tourists until 1947. Remarkable as is the recovery being made in some parts of the Continent, the over-all picture remains pretty gloomy.

This winter is harder than any American at home realizes. The lack of coal is felt everywhere from north to south, and ground transportation is a long way from being back to normal. Food is far below normal even in the neutral countries. All earlier hopes that tourist travel could start in 1946 have been blasted by the long time required to get basic services back in operation. The only possible exception is Sweden, which is the most normal country on the Continent.

Nonetheless, the transatlantic air lines have backlogs of passengers that will keep the planes filled for a long time to come. These passengers are business men, government officials, people with sound reasons for traveling to take care of personal matters, and wartime refugees returning to one continent or the other.

Most heartening has been the progress the American companies have been making toward establishment of their services, and all Americans who like to fly will be glad to know that the same air navigation aids, such as radio ranges and beacons, that are used in the United States are now installed in most of the countries or are being installed. These aids will insure both reliability of service and safety to a degree never before experienced in Europe.

The air line that has made the most progress in getting started is American Overseas Airlines, which is serving England, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, and the Netherlands. The TWA service to Paris should be inaugurated by the time this appears in print, and very probably TWA will also be operating to Rome, Athens, and Cairo in the near future.

Pan American started operating to England in November, but its service to Brussels and Prague has been slow in getting under way, and it will probably be some time before Pan American is granted permission to operate into Budapest and Bucharest, those cities being dominated by the cautious Russians.

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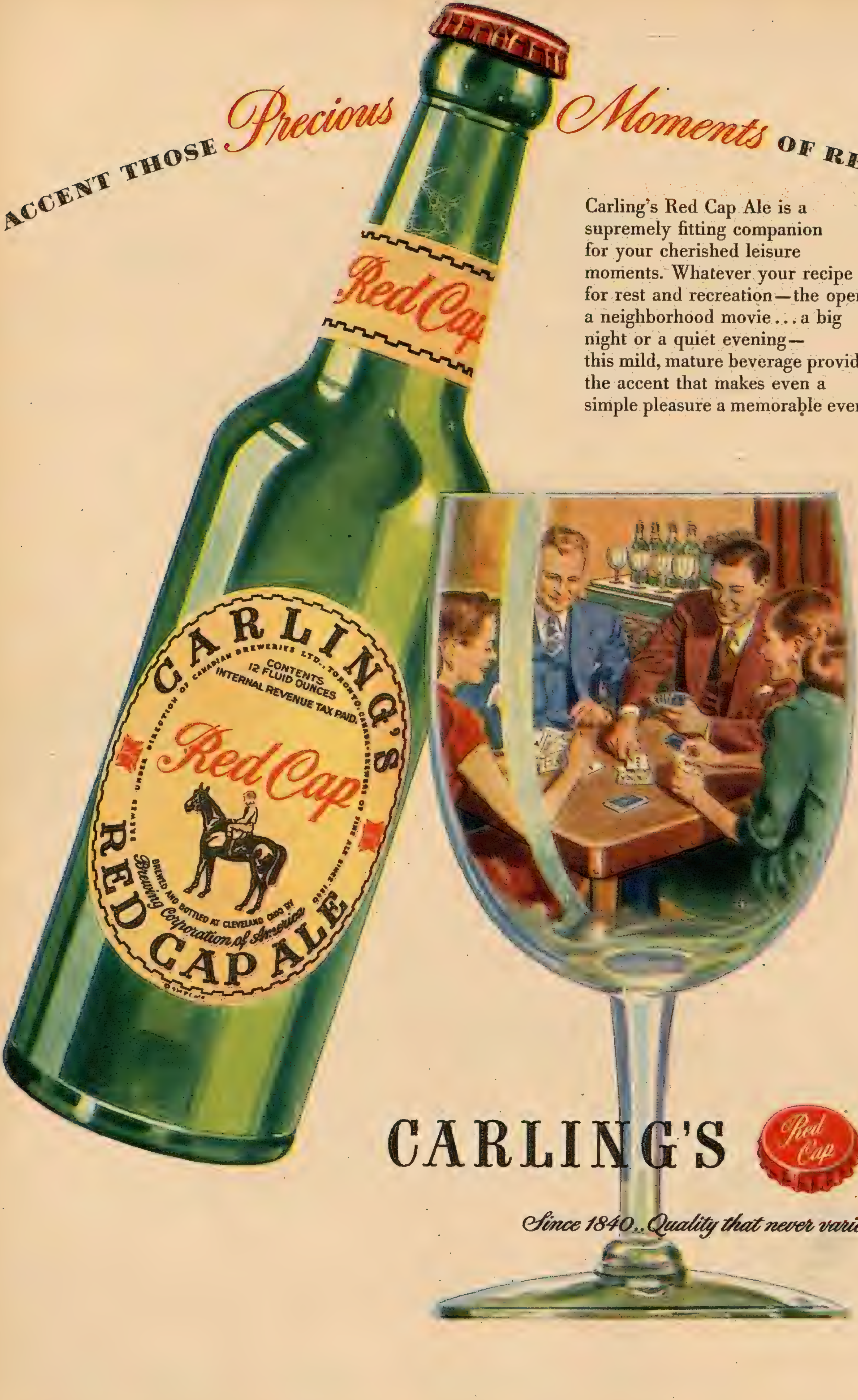
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FAITH OF FABLE FARM

FAITH BALDWIN has gone trekking for background material many times during her long and stellar career as an author. She's written fifty-odd novels, a volume of poetry, and scores of short stories and articles. And she's covered lots of territory, from Sun Valley to Hawaii to New Zealand. Since the war, except for some weeks in Arizona, she's been holed in at Fable Farm, her home in Connecticut. See page 28 for her short story, RETREADED WOLF.

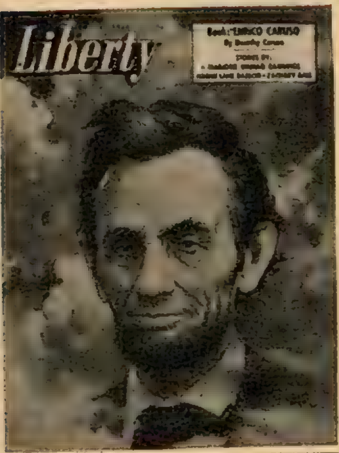
HEROISM IN THE HOSPITAL CORPS

VICTOR ULLMAN was serving as a pharmacist's mate in the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery the day Robert W. Kentner returned from Bilibid Prison with THE WAR'S MOST INCREDIBLE DOCUMENT. "I watched him dump his sack filled with papers," Ullman recalls. "He then sort of collapsed inwardly—he did not want to talk. He wanted to forget it." When Kentner came back from leave, Ullman got the story—and he tells it in this issue.

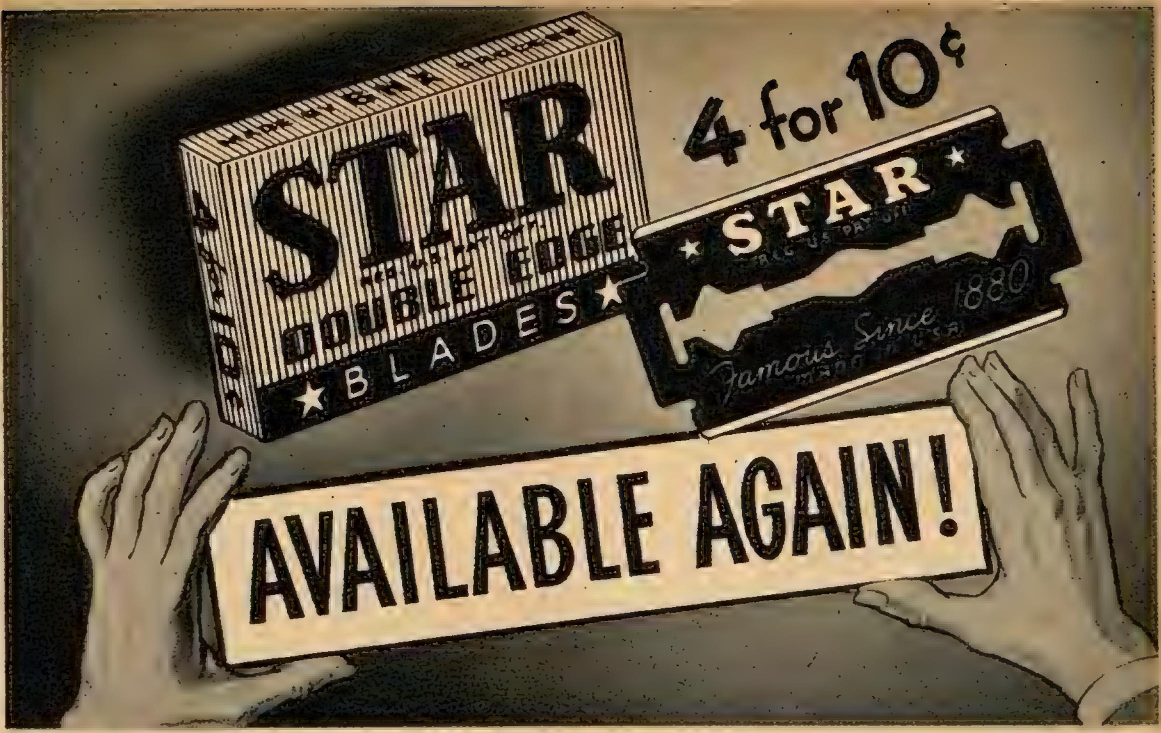
HARTWELL LOOKS AT THE MET

DICKSON HARTWELL "discovered" opera about ten years ago, when, as senior partner of a New York public relations outfit, he helped the Met solve some of its problems. Now, recently returned from four years in the Army (he was a lieutenant colonel in charge of Army Air Forces public relations in the Central Pacific), he takes a second look and finds OPERA ON THE UPBEAT.

NEXT WEEK



CHINA has 450,000,000 people who need almost everything. Can we help them get it? How? It's a Chinese puzzle, but if we solve it, there's A BIG PRIZE FOR US, according to Gunther Stein. . . . Hunger has sparked wars and baffled scientists since the dawn of history. Now come experiments in which brave men lend their bodies to reveal WHAT HAPPENS WHEN PEOPLE STARVE. Dr. Herbert S. Zim tells you the amazing results. . . . Dorothy Caruso gives a warmly human portrait of her husband in Liberty's Book Condensation, ENRICO CARUSO: HIS LIFE AND DEATH—a poignant story of great love.



DOES YOUR FACE *blaze* after a close shave? It'll *beam* when you refit your double edge razor with soothing Star *Double* Edge Blades. *They're here again*—to *step up* your comfort! To *double* your cheek-appeal!

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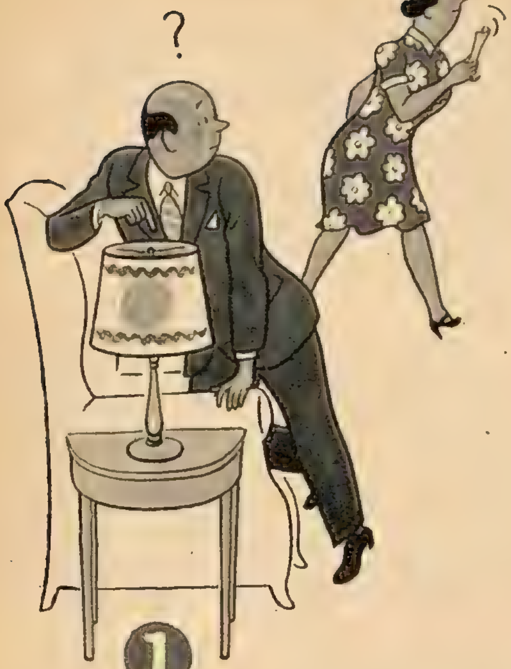
And the result? A blade so tough it's *super-keen* and *longer-lasting*, too . . . so *uniform* you can count on a snappy shave, a happy face—every time. Make this discovery in *super* shaving comfort today! . . . *Star Division, American Safety Razor Corp., Brooklyn 1, N. Y.*



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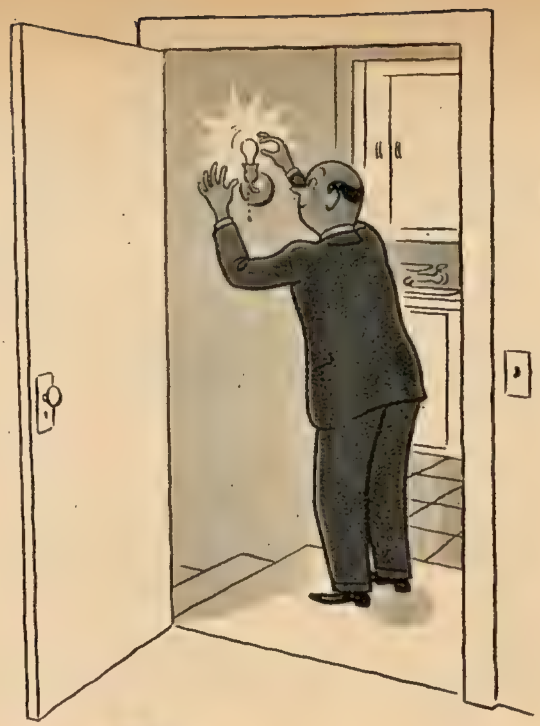

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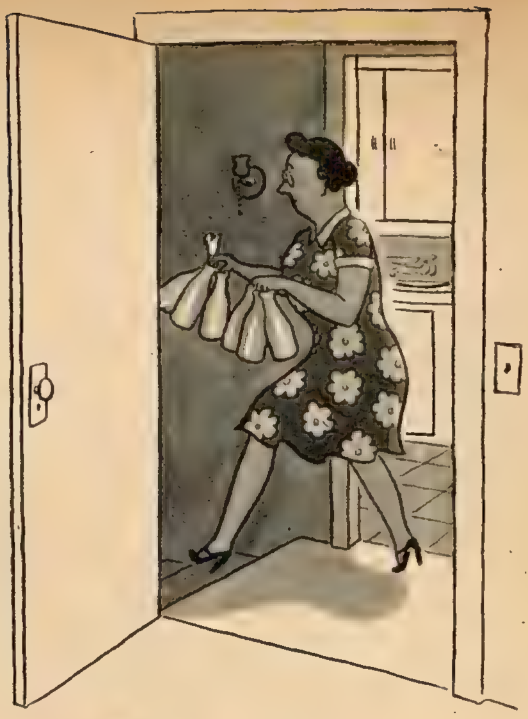

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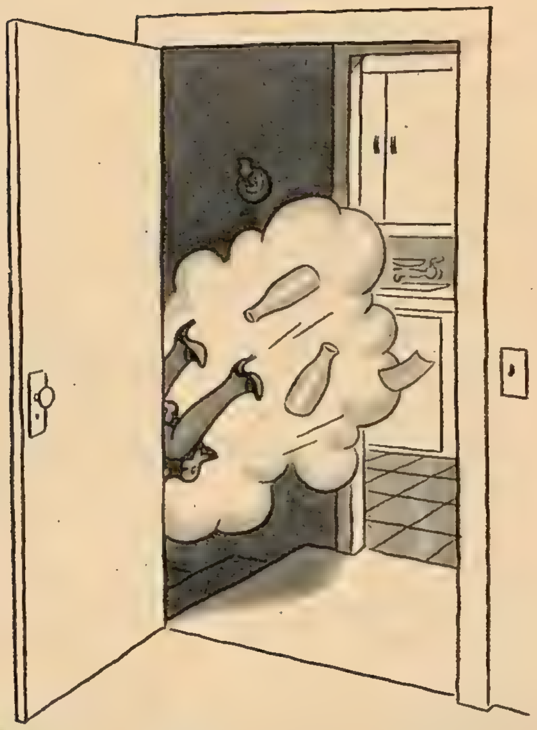

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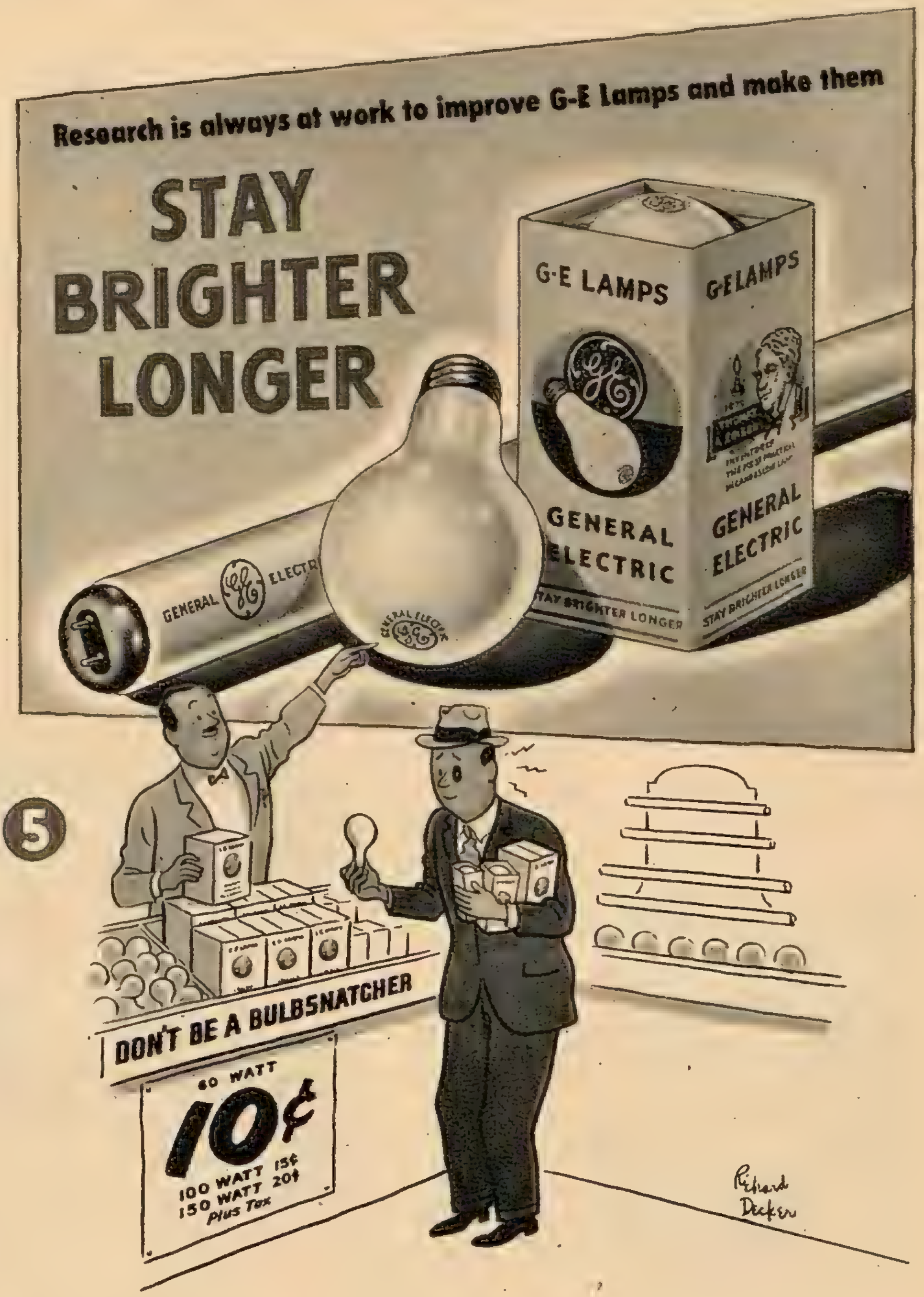
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SOVFOTO

Because of the war, Russia's cities are jammed—but her farms are sadly undermanned, and food is her biggest need.

Back of Russia's Poker Face

BY WILLIAM van NARVIG

Domestic headaches—colossal ones—are wrinkling the collective brow of the Soviet planners. Russia's food shortage alone raises a staggering problem. Here's a look at Russia's internal complications that helps explain her current attitude

ONLY too frequently one finds reports in our daily press headlined something like these: "Russia Erects an Iron Curtain," "Russian Policy Remains Secret," "Russia Refuses to Divulge Her Aims," "Russian Demands Are Cloaked in Mystery." The general complaint is that Russia is tossing monkey wrenches into the peace machinery; is stalling for time to pursue her undisclosed objectives. Only recently British Foreign Secretary Ernest Bevin invited Russia to reveal her demands — territorial, strategic, economic, and others.

To those who have known Russia intimately for many years there is nothing mysterious, much less perverse, in Russia's stalling for time. The simple fact is that Russia has zoomed from the position of a pariah among nations to that of world power unprecedented in her long history. And, like an obscure Hollywood extra who has risen to dazzling stardom overnight, Russia is flabbergasted at herself. Her current position of power is so entirely new that she must get herself adjusted to it. She requires time to look around, and more time to make up her collective mind. Prodding her won't help so long as she has not made it up.

At that, Russia does not occupy a unique position. Even we in the United States are rattled just now on how to exploit our freshly gained position of world leadership. For more than four years our entire national effort was concentrated on winning the war. With the war won, we discover a million and one questions plaguing our collective mind.

How quickly can we reconvert, not only for our own peacetime needs, but also for an intensified export trade which we need to keep our factory wheels running? On what new basis shall we establish our labor-management relations? For our national security, shall we institute universal military training? Shall we merge our armed services or continue running them as separate units? Shall we retain outlying military and naval bases, and which are they going to be?

These, and many others, are domestic issues, yet upon the solutions, one way or the other, will depend our future foreign policy — our course as a world power. But the answers aren't there. The best any ranking official in Washington can say is, "We do not know. It takes

(*Continued on page 55*)

Not Earl Carroll's, but the new Met, now giving (via Pat Munsel) the customers an agreeable eyeful as well as a high-class earful.

Opera on the Upbeat

BY DICKSON HARTWELL

The Met now goes all out for the little man and snubs the tiara trade. And it's beginning to pay off. A guy named Eddie has set the tempo for all this. Lend an ear to what's making with opera since it got a shot in the arm

WHEN the auditors closed the books of the Metropolitan Opera Association last May 31, they indulged in a small smile of satisfaction. When they communicated the news to Met officials, there were more small smiles. Everyone agreed it was a felicitous occasion. The mountainous Metropolitan Opera had concluded its labor of many years and had brought forth a financial mouse.

This mouse represented a net profit for the season of $5,872.59. That such a sum was barely sufficient to maintain an opera on the stage for more than an hour did not detract from the blessedness of the event. It was the first time the Met had been in the black for some years.

The pipsqueak profit resulted from a season of 168 performances of what even its most severe critics admit is the greatest musical show on earth. After an equal number of performances, another good musical, Oklahoma! would have returned a profit roughly 3,000 per cent greater.

This illustration of a basic difference between successful grand opera and successful show business is perplexing to many laymen who subscribe to the sound American business maxim, "If it's good, it pays off." But to Canadian-born Edward Johnson, who during ten years as Metropolitan general manager, midwifed the mouse and supervised its gestation, there is no such puzzlement. Nobody has ever offered him a script like Oklahoma! for Metropolitan production, and if they did, Johnson wouldn't touch it. For whatever he delivers in financial mice, to hold his job he must create of each season what the longhairs call an artistic success.

However, Johnson doesn't throw around phrases like "artistic success" as a cover for defective opera. He knows a flop by any other name would smell as bad. But he is aware that a growing number of people today hum arias from opera which were plugged over and over again before the public learned to like them.

From this simple fact Mr. Johnson and his associates derive profound satisfaction. Except for the social elegance of grand opera, the United States was once notoriously apathetic toward it. A few years ago a distinguished critic declared that no more than 40,000 people in the country were affected by opera. One thing is sure: just before Johnson took over in the early '30s, the Met was saved only by emergency injections of cash.

And then something happened. Where the Met had been forced to paper the house with free tickets, people began coming in droves. Today the live—and interested—audience numbers hundreds of thousands. Through the radio, up to 10,000,000 listen to opera on Saturday afternoons.

There is other evidence, too, that opera is what the uninhibited theatrical trade paper Variety would describe as "smash." The current season is expected to break last year's achievement of 113 tabulated organizations which presented opera in big cities and little towns. The list of communities giving opera covers

America. And these companies play to more than merely a select group. Few have heard of the Pacific Opera Company, for example, yet it draws audiences of 20,000.

That much of this development has taken place during the Johnson regime has given rise to some speculation as to whether it has been due more to his leadership than to something vaguely described as "conditions." Johnson describes his own part as merely that of another cogwheel in a machine.

IN musical circles the general manager of the Metropolitan automatically becomes as august a personage as is the President of the United States in the field of politics. When he took over in 1935, after thirteen years as one of the greatest romantic tenors the Met had ever known, Johnson was fully aware of the solemn dignity of the office. But to one of his genial good cheer the set-up seemed stuffy. So ever since he became manager he has been persistently kicking away at the pedestal on which he was supposed to sit. One of his first acts was to bawl out a prop man who addressed him as Mister Johnson after years of calling him Eddie.

People who have business with personages often assume an air of pompous dignity, something out of key with Johnson's friendly warmth and confiding manner. He quickly found a means of dealing with such visitors. Entering his office there is a low but unexpected step down. This often causes a newcomer to stumble. Johnson refuses to have this minor hazard altered, because the resulting momentary embarrassment clears the air and gets the meeting off on the democratic level where he most effectively functions.

Such human qualities have won for him the complete devotion of his staff. Even the leaders of the ten unions with whom he must deal have difficulty in seeing in him a menacing bugaboo. Nevertheless, the unions never hesitate to put the bite on Johnson when they think they can get away with it. Their past and potential demands have hog-tied him. He privately confesses that, while he has the responsibility for putting on the Metropolitan season, he has hardly enough authority to whistle. What he can do, how much he can do, and when he can do it depend fundamentally on getting the green light from the unions which control every Metropolitan employee but Johnson himself and his executive staff.

No miracle worker, Johnson nevertheless has, in the opinion of many informed observers, worked at least minor magic: he has kept the Met going. There is more to it than this, though. The Met is truly revitalized. Its productions have improved and the "star system" has been eliminated. No longer exclusively for what was once irreverently described as the "tiara trade," the Met has gone all out for the little man, even reducing its prices recently to give him a break where he needed it most. As a result, its audience has been widened to the point where it has more influence and more prestige among more people than any other musical organization in history.

But aside from using radio to reach the public, the Met has been singularly backward. A self-respecting three-ring circus would spend more on publicity than the Metropolitan Opera Association. Metropolitan tours, for example, have been arranged with both eyes fixed solely on the box office. Virtually any city can have a Metropolitan "season" if it can pay the fee. Not many have been able to do so.

Much of its success in linking itself so strongly to the public the Met owes to Mrs. August Belmont and her resourceful Metropolitan Opera Guild. Organized the same year Johnson took office, the Guild aided his career by working with him and for him. Starting from scratch, the Guild has collected more than 25,000 dues-paying annual members, a figure which this year it expects to push to 100,000. It has participated in two major money-raising campaigns and collected, not for itself but for the Met, more than $400,000. It publishes and nationally circulates the only magazine of opera in the country.

The Guild also has built a future opera audience of 100,000 school children by giving them full Metropolitan performances for the price of a good movie. It sells up to $100,000 worth of Met tickets a year. It has published and sold large editions of a number of books on opera and the Met. The Guild developed and now sponsors its own national radio program and has organized and provided outstanding speakers for dozens of lectures on opera. And in addition, to help run the Met, it has donated from its own hard-collected funds up to $30,000 a year for a not inconsiderable total of $175,000.

This kind of assistance enables Johnson to devote some time to one

(Continued on page 73)

Hank Greenberg on second? Guess again. It's Don Giovanni on stage at the Met that has this mixed crowd in a unanimous trance.

EWING GALLOWAY

A tightly-woven union has vastly increased the earning power of her skillful fingers—and those of a half million other mill workers.

They Work at the Weaver's Trade

BY MORRIS MARKEY

One way to spend a million dollars is to organize a labor union. That's what it cost to put the Textile Workers Union of America on the labor map. The people who make our cloth provide an interesting study in union organization—and operation

IN all the complex and turbulent trade-unionism in our time, there is no more perfect example of sure-fire organizing methods than that carried out by the experts of the Textile Workers Union of America. These are the people who make cloth—wool and cotton, silk and rayon and knit goods. There are about 1,250,000 of them. And for a hundred years professional labor leaders were convinced they could never be organized. Yet today nearly half a million of them are enthusiastic members of the rapidly growing union.

T.W.U.A. is the child of Sidney Hillman. It is doubtful if any other labor leader in the country could have united the textile workers. For when he began to organize them he was confronted by every conceivable obstacle except one: he had the money—about a million dollars, more than half of it contributed by his own highly prosperous union, the Amalgamated Clothing Workers.

He began work on the textile people in 1937, as chairman of a preliminary organizing committee. Here were the main difficulties he faced:

The textile industry is highly overdeveloped. We have plants and machines to produce far more cloth of all kinds than we need, except in the emergencies of wartime. So this industry, which sprawls through nearly every state of the Union, had for generations run a deadly economic cycle: two years of feast almost invariably followed by two years of famine. The working men and women (and children, until the child labor laws were passed) were the lowest paid of all American industrial laborers—earning in the good years only a bare subsistence wage. It was inevitable that such suppressed masses should be ignorant to the point of illiteracy, lethargic, underfed, and resigned rather than determined to better their lot.

The mill owners were relentless in cracking down on any individual who talked union. Detectives and spies were everywhere, most of them Pinkerton men posing as cotton-mill hands. (I know, for I once worked in a Pinkerton office not as a spy but as a co-ordinator of spies' reports.)

There were a few little unions. The

hosiery workers had a fairly effective one within their industry. The American Federation of Labor had a feeble organization called the United Textile Workers, but it was ineffective.

Hillman's organizing committee opened up first on the more sophisticated workers of the New England mills.

He wanted them as a nucleus before he attacked in the South, which all hands agree is the backbone of the whole textile industry.

By 1939 Hillman was ready to change his organizing committee into a full-fledged union and to step out of the picture himself. He has no official connection with T.W.U.A. now. But he was the man who sent his professional organizers out and welded together a union in an industry which no other labor leader believed could be organized.

WHY did he do it? Why did he use so much money from the reserves of his clothing workers to build a new union?

There are several possible answers. Hillman is sincere in his passion for improving the lot of working men and women and in his hatred of the exploitation to which they have been subjected by shortsighted management.

Hillman is also convinced that the political power of labor has been only tapped, that it should and will exert vast influence upon the future of the country. His Political Action Committee of the C.I.O. is evidence of that. I doubt that this most expert of all labor leaders has any personal political ambitions, and I know he is not a Communist.

At any rate, the textile workers have gained immensely, and not only in their pocketbooks, because Hillman decided they should be unionized.

When Hillman decided his job was done, he turned the union's operation over to three men he could trust. For president he chose Emil Rieve, who was born in Poland in 1893, the son of a textile-mill machinist. Rieve came to the United States in 1904 and at thirteen went to work in a Pennsylvania hosiery mill. He joined his first union at fourteen, and at twenty-two began his long career as a labor leader.

T.W.U.A.'s executive vice-president is George Baldanzi, whose career started in the Pennsylvania coal mines. He moved to the textile mills at Paterson, New Jersey, where he soon became a leader in the struggle to build an early union there. He, too, left the factory to become a union organizer, and was the first president of the Dyers' Federation. He is on the executive board of the C.I.O. and is secretary of the Free Italy American Labor Council. The secretary-treasurer of T.W.U.A. is William Pollock, also an old hand at union leadership.

The record shows these men have been honest and sincere. When they were first elected to office in 1939, their salaries were fixed at $7,000, $6,000, and $5,000 respectively. But when the going became tough, they and their staffs worked for a considerable time at half pay.

The extraordinary skill of these men as union organizers is best demonstrated in the field. The cotton-mill town of Danville, Virginia, is an example. When the organizers moved in, they found Danville the biggest single cotton-mill settlement in the country. There were about 14,000 actively employed. Wages were about thirty-six cents an hour. Out of the 14,000 only about twenty were high-school graduates and a shocking proportion were totally illiterate. The organizers felt it was hopeless to address these people until they at least knew how to read and write. So they set up educational projects. They established children's nurseries and launched a campaign for the control of venereal disease.

THESE are the modern methods of union organization and they bore fruit. The mill owners at first fought the newcomers without quarter. But soon they began to realize that the low education and mentality of the workers prevented them from inventing new machinery, new labor- and money-saving techniques—prevented them, indeed, from thinking of the cotton mill as anything except a daily period of imprisonment. There was no influx of new labor: any child of a cotton-mill hand who could learn to read or listen to the radio found life more attractive in the world beyond the cotton-mill villages.

The owners had, in fact, set up vocational training schools and sent a score or more of the brightest young men each year to Georgia Tech for a term of training. And, lastly, they signed a union contract—a contract

(*Continued on page 68*)

The union has reduced illiteracy, improved health and promoted culture among its members. This class is studying labor problems.

Actor on the Diplomatic Stage

BY KENT RICHARDS

IF, when the United Nations Organization was struggling to settle upon a location for a permanent home, the members of the council had been able to listen to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., they might have been persuaded to select Hollywood. Not that the housing situation is any less acute in southern California than elsewhere. But Mr. Fairbanks, who has had some experience in international relations and four years of Navy duty, has developed a convincing eloquence on the potential power of American motion pictures in disseminating amity among the fifty-one member nations of the UNO.

For an actor to broadcast opinions on affairs of state—and particularly one of Fairbanks' métier, whose roles have been somewhat less than profound—is usually considered a minor example of lese majesty. But Fairbanks was more than once diplomatic envoy for the President of the United States and, as such, represented this nation in numerous foreign countries. And through combat duty, he also has attained the not inconsiderable rank of commander in the U. S. Naval Reserve. These achievements give to his utterances a special importance aside from their merit.

Now out of the Navy and with RKO Radio Pictures, Inc., Fairbanks sounds off on the movies like this: "Let American moving pictures live up to their responsibilities as a world influence. Every film we make is a potential ambassador. Unless we fully understand the world and its peoples, unless we employ our medium for its mass effect, we can be a source of considerable harm." And that he believes they have in the past been a source of considerable harm, Fairbanks leaves no doubt.

Few people in or out of Hollywood are more aware than Fairbanks of the violent impact of our movies in forming impressions of America. He believes many years of righteous living will be necessary to erase the belief that we are a nation of obnoxious successes.

It is easy enough, as Fairbanks points out, to declare that we don't care what others think of us; we know we're nice people. But that kind of reasoning will make more for atomic bombs than for peace.

They'll be talking about the new Doug Fairbanks before long, because Doug, fresh out of the Navy, is going to do some strong talking himself—and not from a script either. Here's what he'll say and do—and why

It also has serious commercial implications. For example, a general repugnance toward things American will cut into our sales abroad, including movies. In the case of the films, which depend on foreign sales for one dollar out of every three of income, a little good will is a valuable asset. Though fully convinced that his reasoning is sound and that most anyone with whom he talks will agree with his theory, Fairbanks is not sanguine about enlisting the active co-operation of the movie industry.

For his own part, he intends to apply his principles in the company he will organize and head at RKO. He will have complete say as to stories, themes, and personnel. This gives him more scope than he has had before in pictures.

The theme of international co-operation for world peace as a conversation piece is more than slightly shopworn. When Fairbanks talks about it, though, it seems to take on new life.

This, however, does not necessarily qualify the man to handle a subject which has put many a hot-shot thinker on the intellectual ropes. The pay-off question is, what makes him think as he does?

Fairbanks' background might have produced most anything in the way of an intellect. He was born in New York December 9, 1909, and made his first of many trips abroad at the age of six months. Before he attained puberty his father was internationally famous and universally admired. No less fame was attached to Mary Pickford, his stepmother, and though young Fairbanks spent much of his adolescence with his own mother, Anna Beth Sully, his fate was inevitably intertwined with the Pickford-Fairbanks alliance.

Young Fairbanks' career in pictures started somewhat differently from that of the average aspirant. In his name, for example, he had a peculiarly rich heritage. No one named Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., could have grown up in America during the past thirty years without attracting uncommon notice. There was something else unusual about him. As the offspring of Fairbanks senior and the stepson of Mary Pickford, he offered a possible opening wedge into Pickfair, a more impregnable social fortress than Ward McAllister's widely publicized "400." In the argot of Hollywood Boulevard, all but a handful of top-drawer motion-picture people were referred to as "movies." Very few "movies" cracked the front door of Pickfair. To do a kindness for young Fairbanks was erroneously considered a

To see ourselves as others see us—and do something about it. That's the peacetime mission of Doug Fairbanks, a vet with ideas.

way to win parental social recognition.

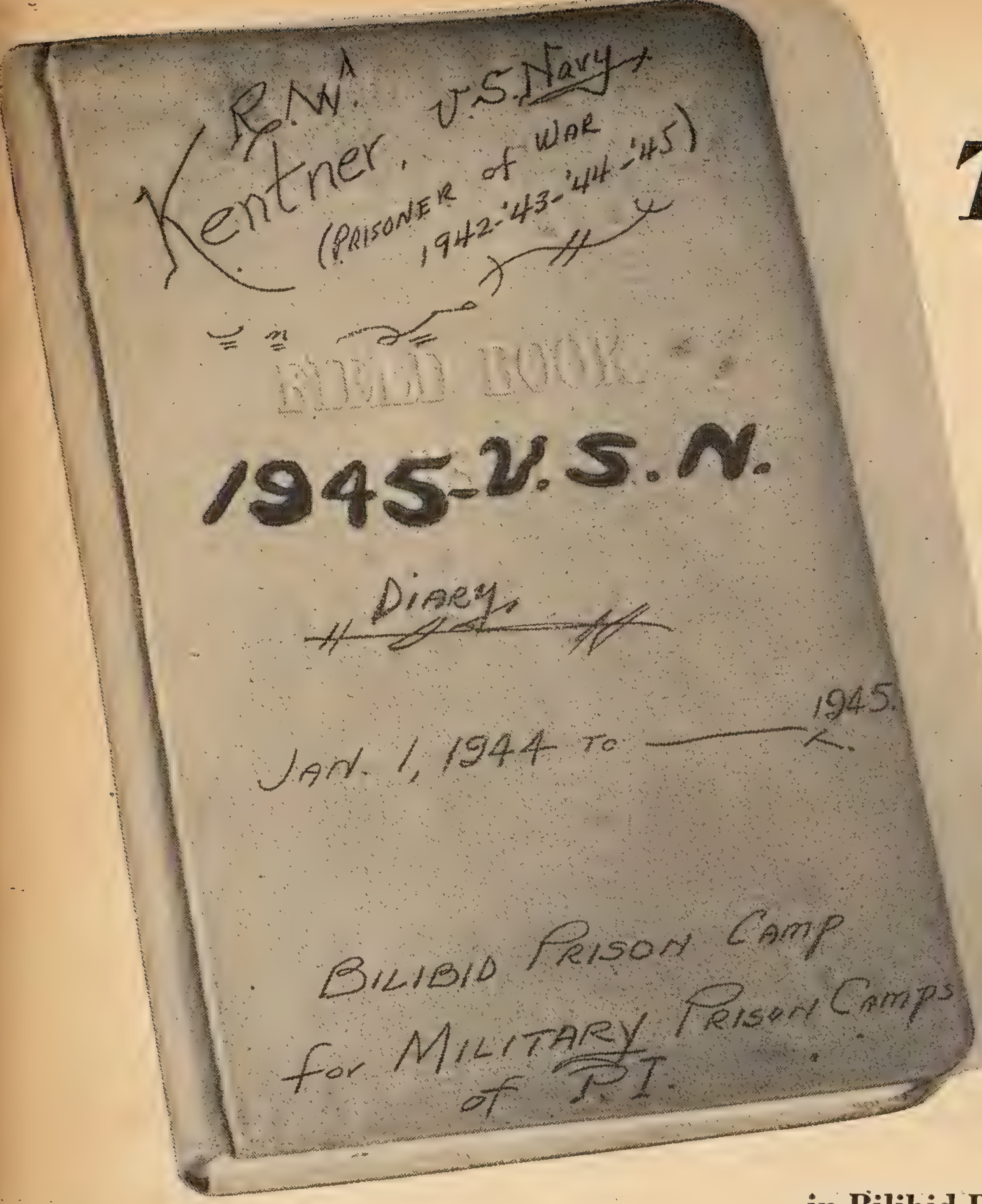
So when young Fairbanks was thirteen, Paramount pressed $2,000 a week on him to play a part in a turkey named Stephen Steps Out. Paramount's disappointment in both the financial and the social return on this investment was short-lived. Fairbanks came back after a temporary lay-off. Now he very sensibly sought to enhance his acting ability on the local stage. It was during the run of a play that he met Joan Crawford, who has been credited with having been the steadying influence of his sophomoric late teens. When he was barely nineteen he secured parental blessing to wed Miss Crawford. This marriage, though ultimately unsuccessful, marked the beginning of his seriousness.

The quality of Fairbanks' mind is not readily assayed. Some men would rather be dead than be wholesome, but there is a part of Fairbanks' mind that is precisely that. He is also an agile thinker. His interests lie in the field of government, foreign affairs, and political history. Appearing recently on Information Please, he carried off almost 100 per cent honors in this field.

Fairbanks is an idealist in that he believes vigorously what many people believe passively. His strange heritage and unusual gifts have brought him to a point where he may now be taken seriously as a public figure passionately interested in our foreign relations.

His qualifications for international affairs were considerably enhanced by his South American tour of five years ago and other diplomatic ventures. It is probable, however, that his war experiences did more to round him out as a man of promise than anything else in the past decade. Although the Navy Department has recently been anything but reticent in making the public aware of the

(*Continued on page 80*)



It's Kentner's diary, but the Japs really wrote it—in American blood.

The War's Most Incredible Document

by

VICTOR ULLMAN

What happened to every American in Bilibid Prison is recorded in an amazing secret diary. Nearly every county of every state has at least one family that this strange record has helped. How it was done is a story of courage and of a man who just "did his job"

EVEN on his honeymoon Pharmacist Robert W. Kentner, U.S.N., was not allowed to forget a long procession of his shipmates whose obituaries he had written in shipshape Navy fashion in one of the most incredible documents of the war.

Bob Kentner and his wife, Maureen, both of Buffalo, New York, were having lunch at their Asbury Park, New Jersey, hotel one day last June when a long-distance call from Chicago came for Kentner.

"Please forgive me, but I had to call you," a woman's voice said. "I begged your mother to tell me your whereabouts. She said you would understand." She stifled a sob. "My brother was in Bilibid Prison with you, and the Navy told me you kept a secret diary and—and I must know something about my brother."

She mentioned a name that took Kentner back to the Philippines. It was the morning of October 11, 1944, when Kentner said good-by to Arthur and watched him, with nearly 1,800 other prisoners, straggle out of the Bilibid gates for the death ride to Japan.

"Please, Mr. Kentner," the woman pleaded. "My mother is dying. Just a little encouragement might save her. Can you give me any hope?"

This was four months before the trickle of information began from the survivors of Jap prison camps. Kentner himself had been out of a naval hospital just six weeks after recovering from the privations of three years and two months of imprisonment.

The call upset him. "What could I tell her?" he asked his wife. "My log shows that Art was one of ninety-one pharmacists' mates in a draft of 1,784 men that boarded a Jap freighter in Manila Harbor on that October morning. Two days later the ship was sunk in Subic Bay and there were five survivors. None of them were pharmacist's mates."

Through two naval hospitals, on his honeymoon, and now daily at his Navy duties, Pharmacist Kentner has not been allowed to forget Bilibid Prison. He is besieged by telephone, letter, and personal visits. He is begged for some detail from his "secret diary," anything to provide a glimmer of hope for survival of their loved ones taken prisoner by the Japs so long ago.

Recently, however, with more and more personnel records in the War Department and the Navy Department changed from MISSING IN ACTION to KILLED IN ACTION, relatives want to know how their boys looked before they died. Or did they give Kentner a message before they left for Japan and death? One girl asked, "Did he ever mention my name?"

Kentner tries to remember each name and face out of the grim three years, and when he cannot offer a shred of solace, is as unhappy as his visitors. He tends to disregard the fact that nearly every county of every state has at least one family which has been helped by one of the most amazing documents of the war —an undramatic monument to a certain kind of courage.

In the armed forces this document has come to be known as "Kentner's Log." Transcribed from the scraps of stolen Japanese paper on which it was typed, the journal fills more than 200 pages of single-spaced typing. It is no thrilling epic of the war or gruesome story of imprisonment. There are no adjectives in it beyond descriptive qualifications of fact. Terse and purposeful, this piece of writing took three years and two months to complete, and it was written under the eyes of Japanese guards, yet without their knowledge.

Kentner (left), the Boswell of Jap barbarism, with mates who saw it happen.

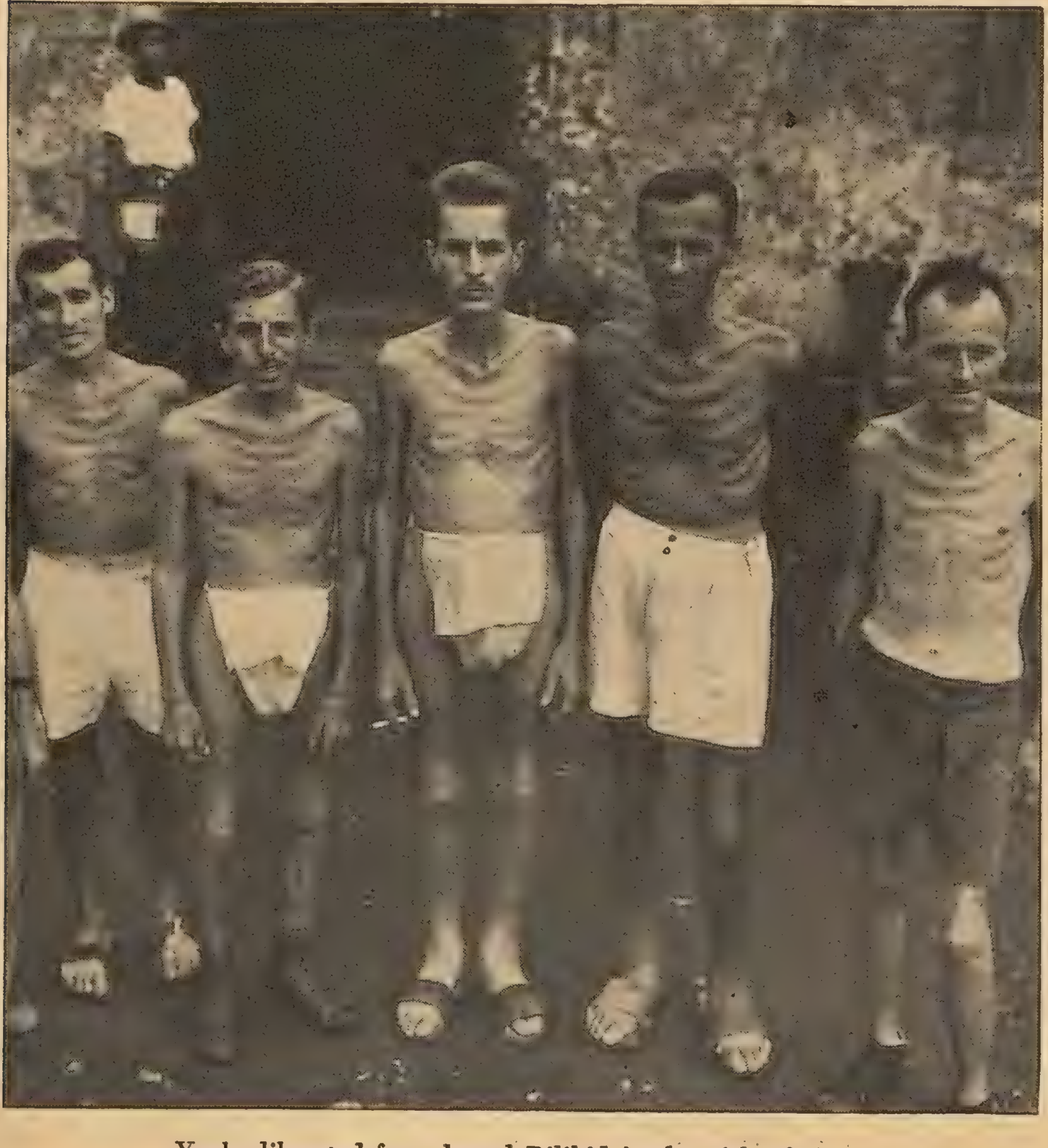
KENTNER'S LOG contains nothing but names, dates, numbers, and events with such consecutive entries as these:

"10-23-42: 78 men arrived from Cabanatuan, P. I. this date. HARBIN, Earl Charles, ChMachM USN, Ser. No. 271-90-28, died at 2245 this date. Cause of death: intraspinal injury (war injury). Buried in hospital plot, row 3, grave 17. Lt. L. W. King USA reported to this hospital this date from Cabanatuan for the purpose of experimental work in the propagation of yeast.

"10-25-42: Four gallons of yeast prepared and distributed to patients suffering from vitamin B deficiencies.

"10-27-42: SADLER, Edmund F., Pfc. USA, ASN, 19020690, died at 0805 this date. Cause of death: malnutrition. Buried in hospital plot, row 3, grave 18. . . ."

In a number of ways these entries assisted the thousands of families whose loved ones are listed. They derived some solace from the details of the death and relief from the continuing torture of the words: MISSING IN ACTION.



Yanks liberated from brutal Bilibid in the nick of time.

In a more concrete way, families were aided financially by these factual entries. Both the War and Navy Departments accepted the identifications and the fact of death as official for all listed in Kentner's Log. The families, therefore, were able to obtain the back pay, benefits, insurance and pensions, which could not be paid legally until death was established. The entries also helped many a wife and mother to accept the fact of death. Such as the woman in New York who wrote:

"Can you tell me only if my husband was alive on November 20, 1943? If he was alive on that day it will make me very happy because it was our anniversary and I told our little boy that daddy was thinking of us. We both prayed for him."

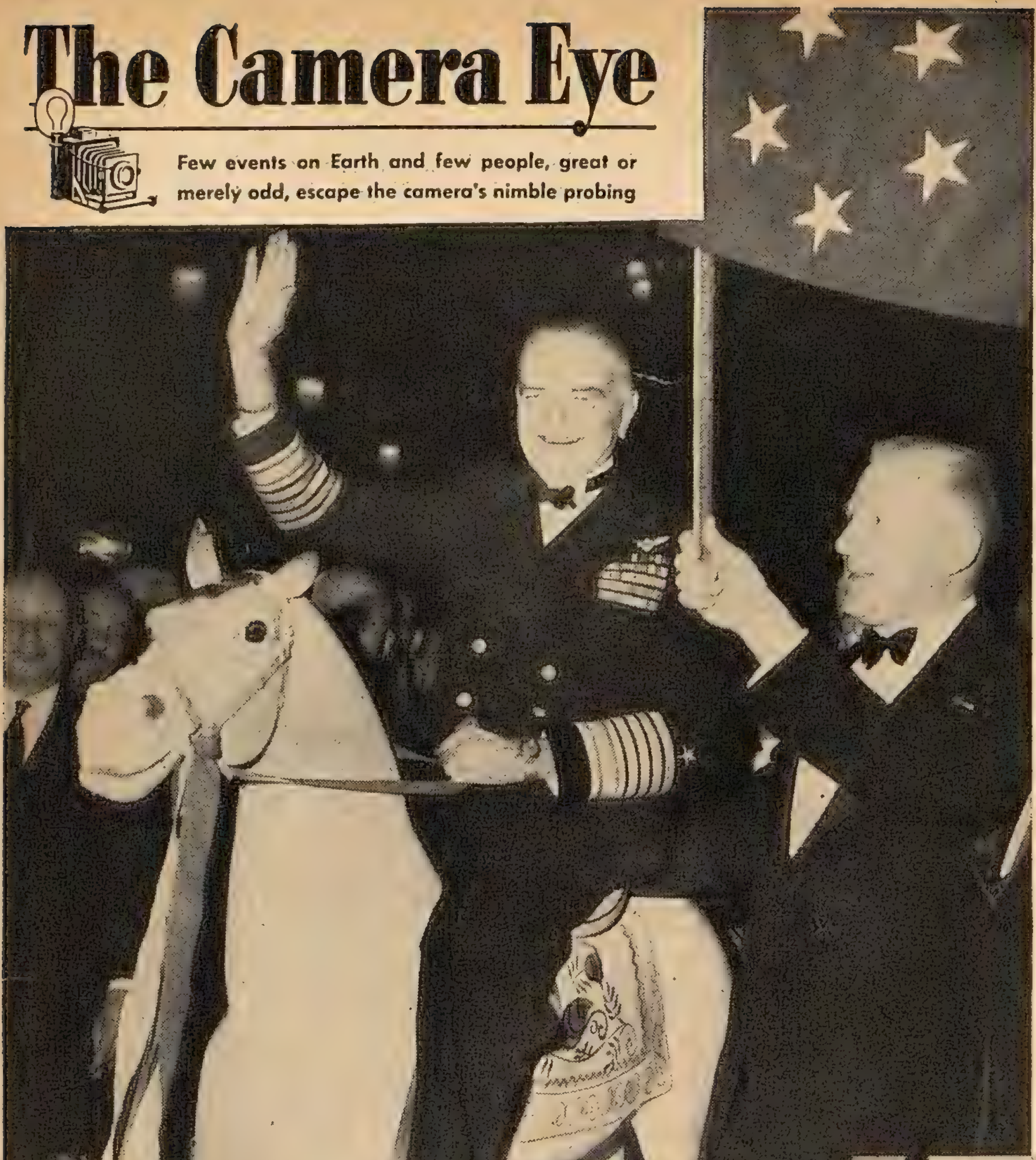
KENTNER was able to inform the wife that on November 20, 1943, her husband was in the isolation ward and that the day was one of the greatest in the prison lives of all the emaciated men because the first substantial supplies of Red Cross relief food were distributed. Her husband received a forty-seven-pound food package and the entire camp was filled with a holiday spirit as the men ate their fill for the first time in almost two years.

Since Bilibid was designated by the Japs as the major prisoner-of-war hospital in the Philippines, Kentner's careful entry of admissions from the other prison camps, from Japan-bound drafts, and from the dread work gangs constitutes an irrefutable record of conditions at these localities for the Americans. Day after day the log is filled with a

(*Continued on page 52*)

The Camera Eye

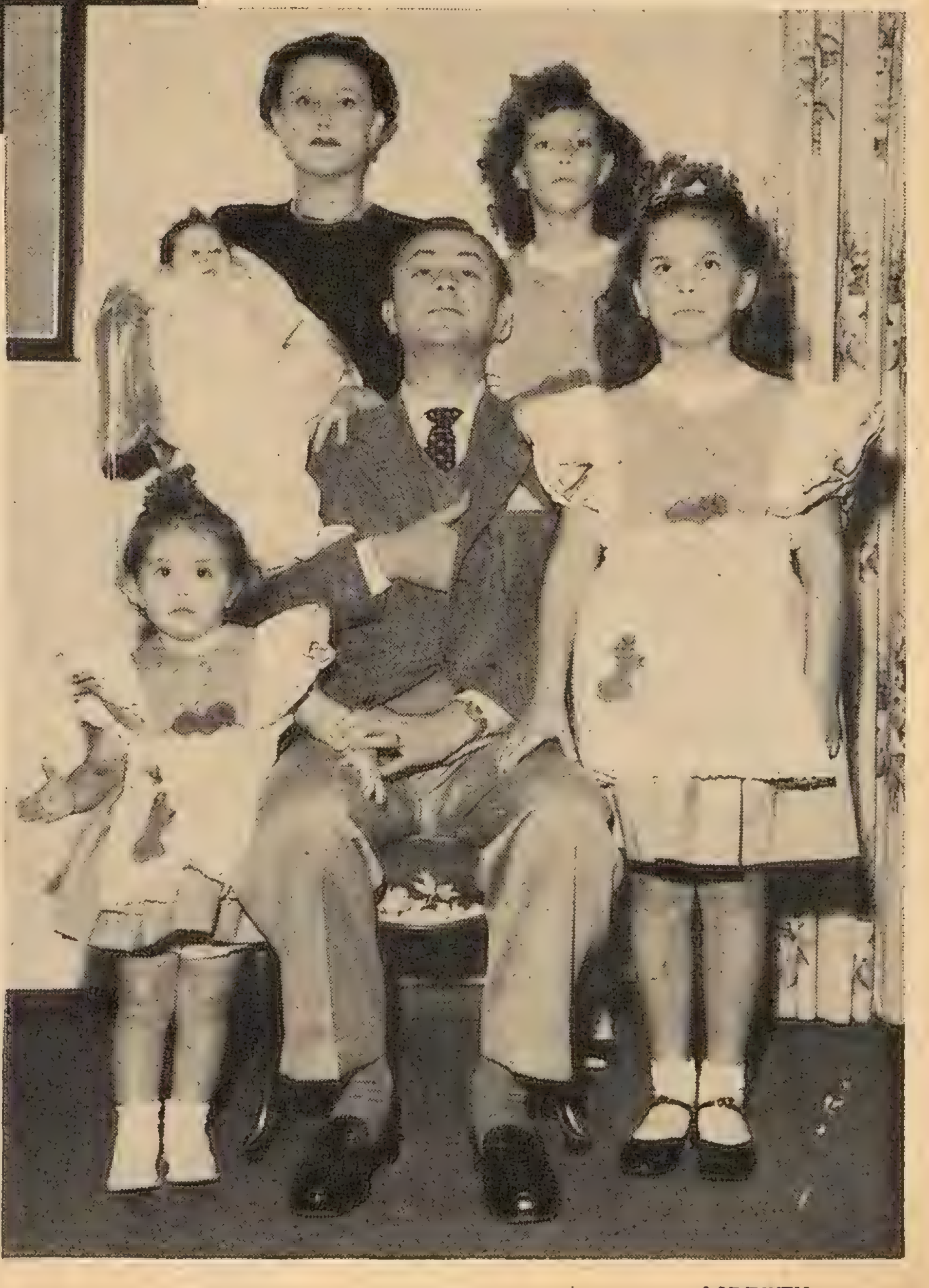
Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing

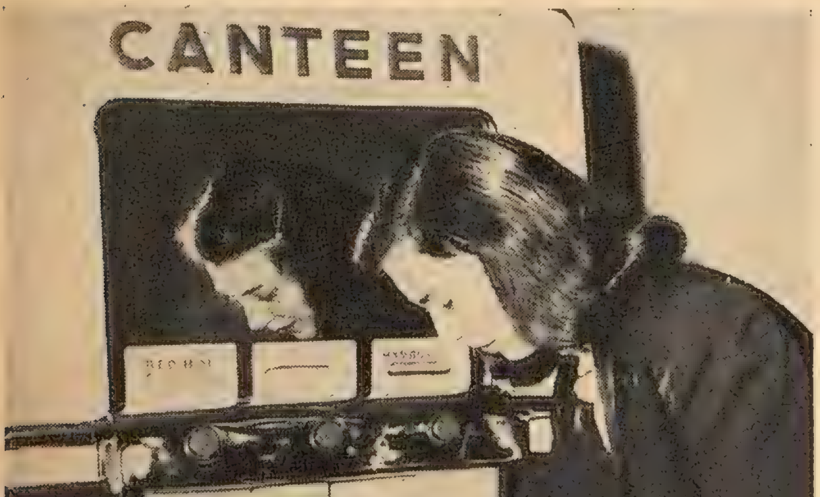


SAILOR ON HORSEBACK—It's New York and not Tokyo, but Fleet Admiral Bill Halsey gets to ride that white horse at a dinner—dinner and horse being provided by the Military Order of the World Wars.

THANKS TO THE MORONS—who draw mustaches and glasses on ad posters, John McIlroy of Passaic has had a job for thirty years—erasing them.

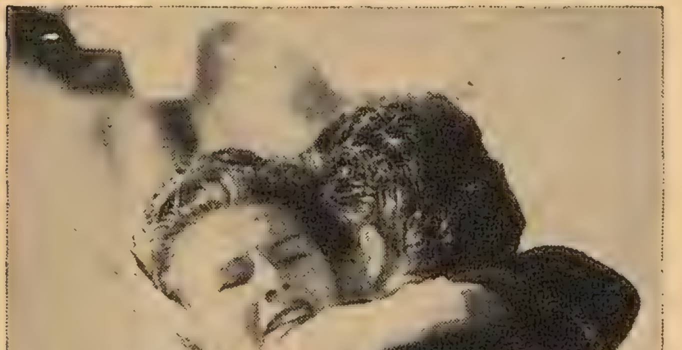
GET BUSY, CANTOR—The Bob Youngs, also of Hollywood, are running close in Filmland's daughter derby. They've got four—count 'em—and Bob's thinking up gags already.





TUNE IN ON YOUR FAVORITE HAMBURGER—on the new gastronomic gadget dreamed up at the G.E. electronics plant. You put the dime in, push the selector button down, and get hot dog, hamburger, or cheeseburger—heated by radio.

"flavor really rates!"
Mason
Black Crows



THIS WAS WORTH FIGHTING FOR—It's the first time Sailor Lee Shroeder of Philadelphia has seen the missus for two years—and he's losing no time making it up—on the double.

FLIGHT TO HAPPINESS—Noel Toy, a lovely Chinese lantern among the lights of Broadway, and Captain Carleton Young of the Air Force, toast their troth.

SHE PLAYS HARD—and, according to the A. P. sports wizards, exceedingly well. They voted Mildred (Babe) Didrikson Zaharias the outstanding lady athlete of '45.

Liberty's
SHORT SHORT
STORY

The

Hogan had always snorted at the idea of a "perfect crime"—until he heard the professor's scheme. "It can't miss!" he exclaimed, amazed. He was also amazed by what happened when the professor tried it

BY CAPTAIN ED SCHMID, JR.

ILLUSTRATED BY PAT HOLBROOKE

THE little man took one of the cigarettes Hogan offered, lit it, and blew out a thick cloud of smoke.

"Last night you were speaking of schemes for the perfect crime," he said quietly. "I gathered that you have little confidence in them."

Hogan nodded. "Professor, the guys have been trying to do a clean job for as long as I can remember, and there ain't nobody pulled it yet that I know of."

"But surely you'll agree that a perfect crime is possible?"

"Maybe. Maybe there's been a million of 'em already. I don't know. I can tell you this much, though—I've been around the rackets plenty and I've heard more than my share of smooth plans, but I ain't ever heard one that convinced me. There's always some little part that's shaky. Do you see what I mean?"

The professor nodded, "Yes, I see," he said.

"I'm pretty good at picking out the rough spots in a idea," Hogan continued. "If I wasn't, I'd probably have a worse record than I got now." He grinned ruefully.

The professor flicked the ashes from his cigarette, then leaned back and settled himself comfortably. "Some months ago," he said, "an idea for a bank robbery occurred to me. Perhaps you can tell me where its faults lie?"

"Sure. I'll rip it to pieces," Hogan replied confidently. "I'm sort of a professional compared to a guy like you. I ain't even sure if you'd rate being put in the amateur class."

The little man smiled. "Assume that a man with a fairly high intelligence level—" he began.

"You mean a guy like me, or an extra-smart guy like you?" the other interrupted.

"Perhaps I'd fit the plan a bit better. Your record would be a hindrance, of course. Now, Hogan, here's the situation. Let's say that I studied theatrical make-up and practiced it until I could disguise myself with a beard, a mustache, and an artificial limp that would pass any but the closest scrutiny. We'll say that the banker is seated at his desk in a swivel chair with comfortable arms. There are large windows in the office and the lower portions of them are covered with a monk's cloth drape so that the people passing by on the sidewalks cannot see inside. Yet above this curtain there is a wide expanse of uncovered window to admit the daylight. I believe that most banks are like this. You may recall that the First National is."

Hogan nodded. "Yeah. I been in there. It's a swanky joint."

"All right. I walk in and introduce myself to the banker, using an assumed name, of course."

"Sure."

"We sit down and I tell him the sum of money I want."

"Look, professor." Hogan shook his head sadly. "You got it all wrong. If you're gonna heist a place, you don't shake hands with a guy. How you gonna scare a guy into giving you a wad of dough if you don't wave a heater in his face?"

"Simple enough. Psychology. While the average individual is frightened by something known to be dangerous, such as a pistol, science has long recognized that the same individual experiences greater fear when he is confronted with a situation in which the same danger is probable but not so certain. For example, a common daylight hold-up will not excite one as much as walking up a dark eerie alleyway where one suspects that a bandit is lurking in wait."

"I see whatcha mean. Alleys is spooky, all right."

"Now, I tell the banker how much money and the denominations I want. Naturally, he thinks I am speaking of a loan."

"Nacherly." Hogan grinned.

"I explain the basis for my request by asking him to observe a certain window with its shade pulled low on the second story of the building directly across the street. Then I say something like this: 'A confederate of mine is behind that window with a high-powered rifle aimed directly at you. If you don't give me the money—if you make any sudden movement—or if I give a signal—you will be instantly killed!'"

"Hey!" Hogan exclaimed, startled.

THE professor continued, "'Don't consider falling to the safety of the floor,' I tell him. 'It would mean your life. Remember, the accomplished gunman of the old West could draw a pistol, aim, and kill before the victim was able to complete his own draw. My assistant is ready to fire *now*. Further, if you so much as move your chair back from your desk so that you could leave it, you will be killed.'"

Hogan whistled. "You know, I think you might have something, professor."

"I would also say, 'Don't make an outcry. I have but to raise my hand and my assistant will fire. And don't count on the window glass deflecting the bullet. A pane of glass will not alter a bullet's trajectory unless the angle of incidence is large. In this case it is not. Naturally, I have selected an expert marksman to assist me, since his missing you or merely wounding you would result in your court testimony sending me to the penitentiary. This man will not miss. If you make a foolish move and force him to kill you, I will appear innocent. I have in my pocket papers that will support a legitimate business appointment with you. My story to the police officers would be that I know nothing more than the fact that during my discussion with you, you were shot by someone outside the building.'"

"BUT, professor, them banks have got push buttons and things in the floor and under the desks so that all the guy's got to do is push 'em and the cops get the alarm at the station. Radio cars would have the place swarming with cops in three minutes!"

"That's right, Hogan, but I'd anticipate that too. I would warn the banker against touching an alarm button, by explaining that my confederate had a short-wave radio with him, tuned to the police broadcast frequency. Of course, if such a report was broadcast, he would hear it and shoot instantly."

Hogan slapped his knee. "Professor, you're a genius! Honest, you're a genius," he said fervently.

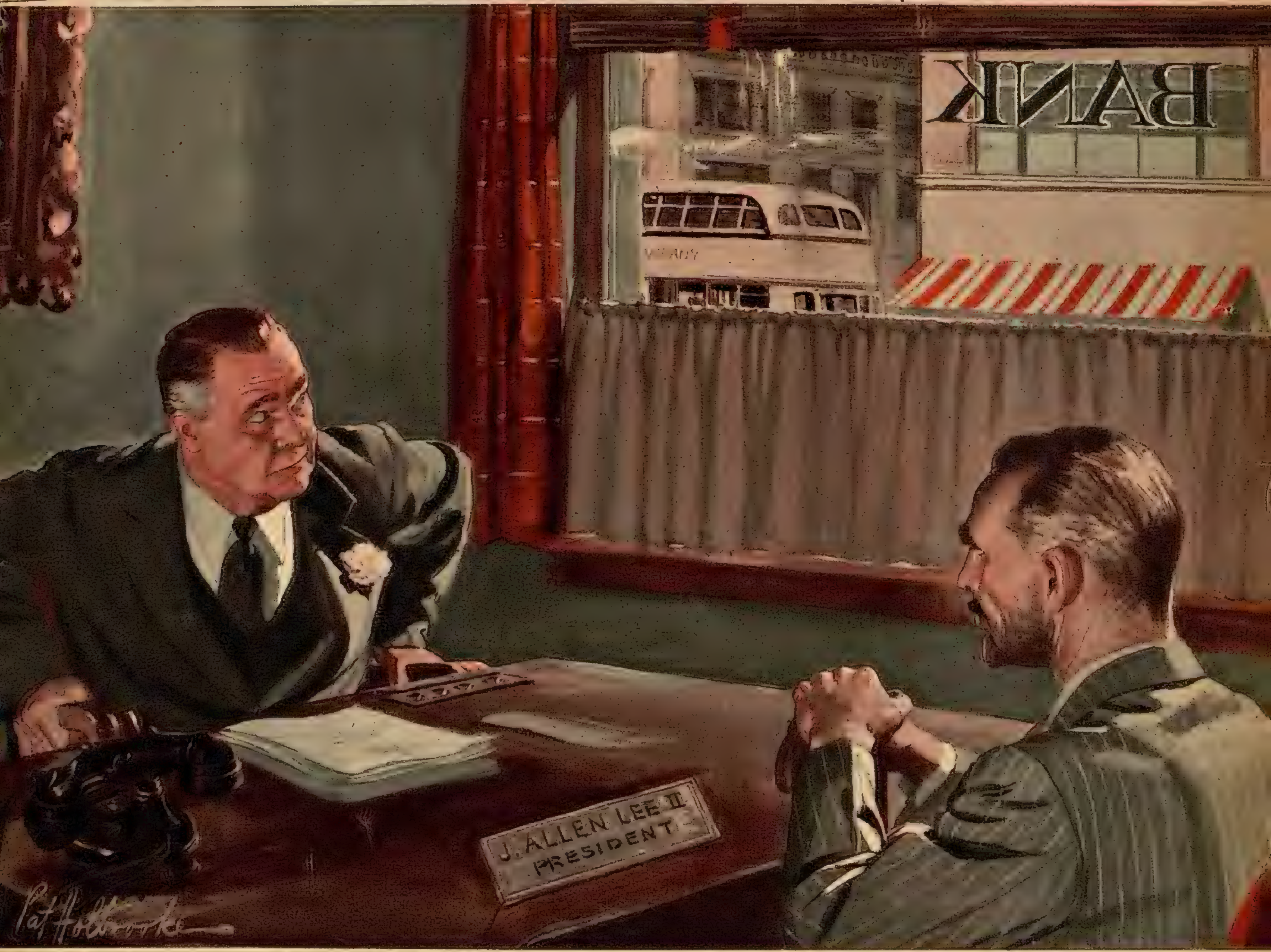
"Thank you, Hogan," the little man said with a smile.

"You gotta make a get-away, though."

"Certainly. I would then explain to the banker that I would require a few minutes to make my exit, and tell him not to make any report or alarm for ten minutes after I departed with the money. I would give him permission to conduct the usual business from his desk, but warn him not to mention what had occurred until the ten minutes were expended, since *any* alarm, whether made by him or by another, would result in his instant death. If I was followed, I would explain, or detained by anyone, my confederate would shoot.

"Upon leaving the bank, all I would have to do is walk leisurely to a near-by rest room, remove my make up, change clothes, and resume my natural walk to make good my escape. While it is possible that the banker himself might be able to identify me on close inspection,

Professor Plans a Haul



"If you dont give me the money—if you make any sudden movement—you will be instantly killed!"

I could mingle with the crowd on the streets in complete safety if I so desired."

"That beats anything I ever heard of!" Hogan exclaimed. "Bust open a bank like that without even having to carry the gun!"

"Oh, yes, I believe I neglected to tell you that guns are not needed at all."

"No gun? How about the guy across the street?"

"That, too, would be psychological. After all, he needn't be seen to be feared. The fear would come when the banker believed my threats. Having a confederate would mean a split in the profits and that my secret would be unsafe—and, if something went wrong, the possibility of a murder charge. Far better a plan if performed alone—and unarmed."

"What a idea! What a idea!" Hogan said softly. He was silent a moment, and then burst out, "It just couldn't miss! It's perfect!"

The little man blew a thin stream of smoke at the ceiling and watched it curl away.

"It's more than an idea, Hogan," he said mildly. "I put it to test."

"Man alive! What happened?"

"Every detail was planned to perfection. My actions, the very words I used, even the inflections in my voice. Because I was confident that the plan was flawless, I was completely at ease and my words were convincing."

"Gee," Hogan sighed with a note of admiration in his voice, "I bet you had the guy scared silly."

"Yes, he was frightened all right —he was almost petrified with fear when I warned him not to push an alarm button."

"How come?"

The little man slowly got to his feet and walked over to the barred cell window.

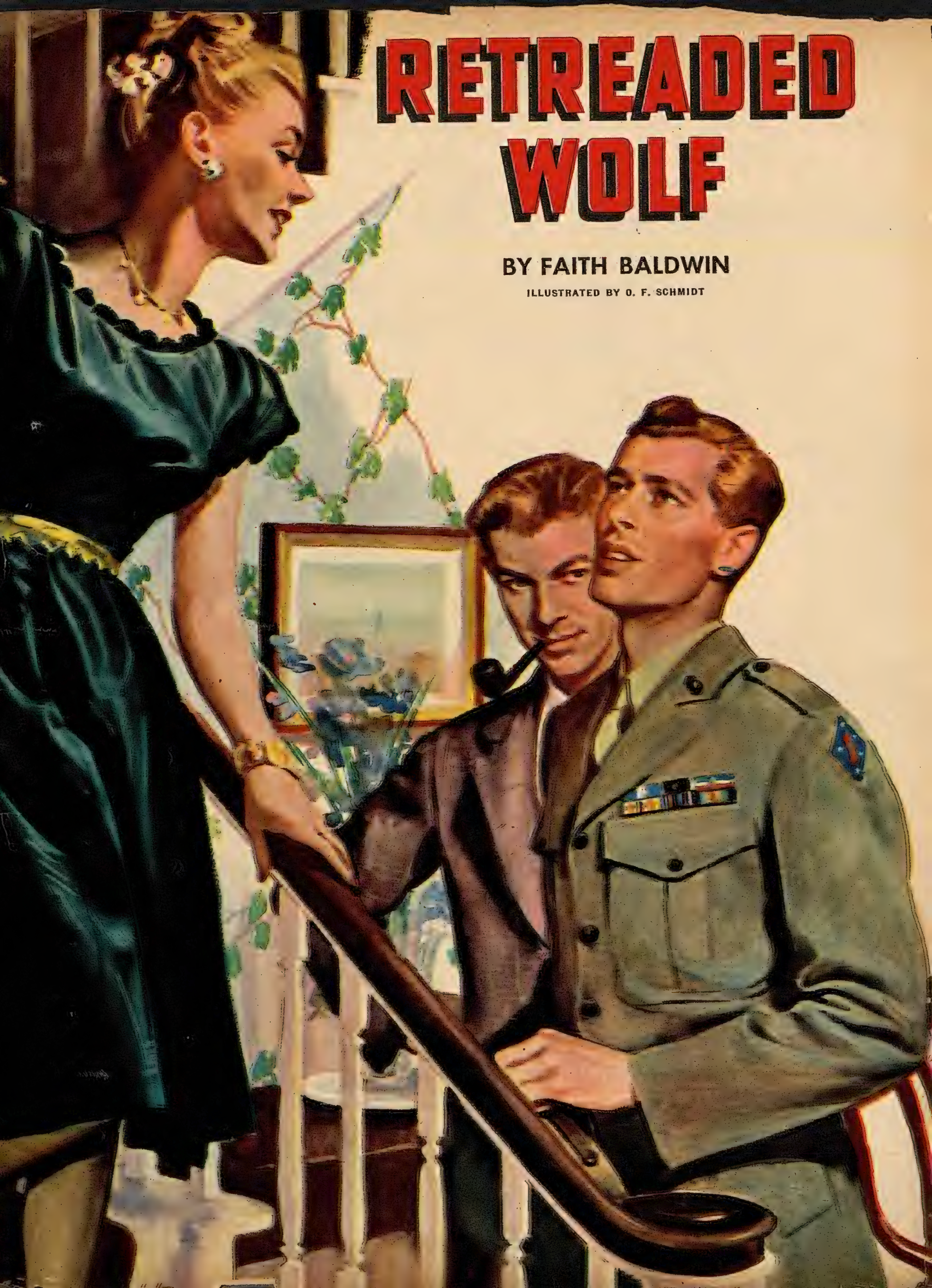
"He had already pushed it," he said.

THE END

RETREADED WOLF

BY FAITH BALDWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY O. F. SCHMIDT



As the only unwed male in town, Rusty was used to a clear, fast track in his race for the fillies. Now Sam was back with a chestful of ribbons—Sam, the flustered, blushing wallflower. But that was pre-Pearl Harbor Sam. Brother, how things—and Sam—had changed!

I'M Rich Hamilton. They call me Rusty because of the color of my hair. At the time of going to press, I am unmarried. I hope this will not always be the case, as I am basically a domestic character—even though I have been playing the field in an entirely impartial—blonde, redhead, brunette—fashion. But I'll explain that later.

I've just disposed of a nasty post-war problem. It was all tied up with Silent Sam Jenkins. I take it you've heard of him? If not, you don't read the newspapers.

Sam was, and is, my best friend. The fact that he became a one-man army while I remained at home, just one man, period, was not what endangered our friendship.

To make you understand the whole thing, I'll have to go back a bit. Sam and I are the same age. We were born in a very pleasant town in the Adirondacks. A crazy little river runs smack through the center of it with plenty of bounce. The mountains stand high, close in, retreat, and slope away. Every season of the year is good and the air has a special sort of zip.

Sam was the doctor's son. Doc Jenkins. They have a white house with screened porches and their land ambles up a high hillside. We live practically next door and cookie jars are interchangeable. As kids, we were in and out of each other's houses most of the time, with Sam's mom or mine yelling, "Boys, mind you wipe your feet!"

We went everywhere together, we learned to shoot, to ski, and to swim at the same time. Sam was better at books than I was. I was a little faster on my feet and could always lick him in a fair fight. He went out for track and I for football; we both did all right.

But when it came to girls, I was in there pitching and Sam was in the bleachers. Not that he wasn't the type girls go for. He was a tall gangling guy with a tow head and a sleepy smile, on the Gary Cooper side. My kid sister thought he was the last word in dream boats. Our dog Vick—a crazy hound, a clown dog, all gallop and git, an English setter bigger than a cow—would sit down and cry real tears if Sam didn't wrestle with him.

"Well, Sam Jenkins," said Pat. I watched Sam's jaw drop. He started turning purple, and for the first time since his return I heard him stammer.

But girls!

Sam was scared of them, especially those he liked more than a little. Just any girl would start him stammering and swallowing his Adam's apple, but if she happened to be a girl with a special appeal, he would turn every color in the spectrum. He didn't dare pursue the ladies himself, so he tagged along with me. He said maybe he'd learn something.

He could say that again. But whatever he learned it was pure—well, usually pure—theory; just academic.

When we were in last-year high he took to mooning over Sally Edwards. Sally was cute. She put up with Sam as long as she could. "Honestly, I tried, Rusty," she told me later. "Sam's wonderful, but three hours of sitting watching him turn from purple to mauve gets on a girl's nerves."

Still, he was wonderful in a crowd. If we wanted to dance, he played the piano or the accordian, and did both well; or changed the records. If we wanted to sing, he raised a neat baritone. If we wanted to eat and went to the Busy Corner, he'd slide around back of the counter and help Joe Peebles slice the bread; at the drugstore he helped Moke at the fountain, carried trays, and sometimes paid the check, *in toto*. You get me?

IF I dug up a new date, I always took Sam along. Of course I knew every girl in town, but summers the cottagers came and the hotel guests; and in every season there were likely to be visiting firewomen. Sam was useful. He made my impression for me. He was background, display window, accompaniment to the old tune. There was something in his silence which made me talk. I sounded better when Sam was around saying nothing. So I'd drag him to the summer cottage or the hotel, to the movies and the soda fountain. There he'd be, like my shadow, taller, thinner, and keeping his mouth shut. So I'd audition, and Sam would laugh at the right time, and the new girl would start thinking that I was a very funny guy indeed.

After we got to know each other better, she and I, Sam would sort of drop out for a while until the bloom wore off. Or if she turned out to be a drip, or clinging vine whose clinging was unwelcome, Sam stuck around. He was a pal.

We graduated from high together. I did it *cum* difficulty and Sam took all the honors. Naturally, he was supposed to stand up and make a speech about going into the bright new world. But he wouldn't. Sally Edwards made it instead. At that time she had freckles and she was skinny. She was a nice kid, though, and we liked her, Sam and I.

Sam was going to be a doctor, like his old man. That worried me. Sam sitting in an office with a nurse in the offing didn't add up. He might fall for her a little, which means that he'd turn blue and pink every time he looked at her and would be totally incapable of giving her an order. As for female patients—if one walked in he would probably ask feebly, "Madam, do you happen to have an aspirin handy?"

Sam went to the University of Vermont. It isn't very far from where we live to the big blue lake. You cross that and head for Burlington and there you are with the Green Mountains around you and the Adirondacks over the water. And that's not bad. I used to go see him now and then, and he came home week-ends and holidays.

I DIDN'T go to college. I went to work with my father. My father was, and is, the best damned mechanic in this or any other state. He's a natural. He has the garage in our town and the gas station and there isn't anything he can't do a job on. He just takes a long thoughtful look and makes with the poke in the right places and an engine starts purring like a cat. He taught me all you can teach of that. By the time I was through high I had assembled more darned cars out of nothing at all. Sold 'em too. They ran. Well, that's for me, building the body beautiful out of some stuff in a junk yard or wrestling with a no-account motor until it behaves.

My old man and Doc, Sam's dad, had a lot in common. Together, they knew all there was to know about what makes men and machines tick.

But during Sam's first year premedic, his father died. It was everyone's loss. Doc was a grand guy, and a whale of a doctor.

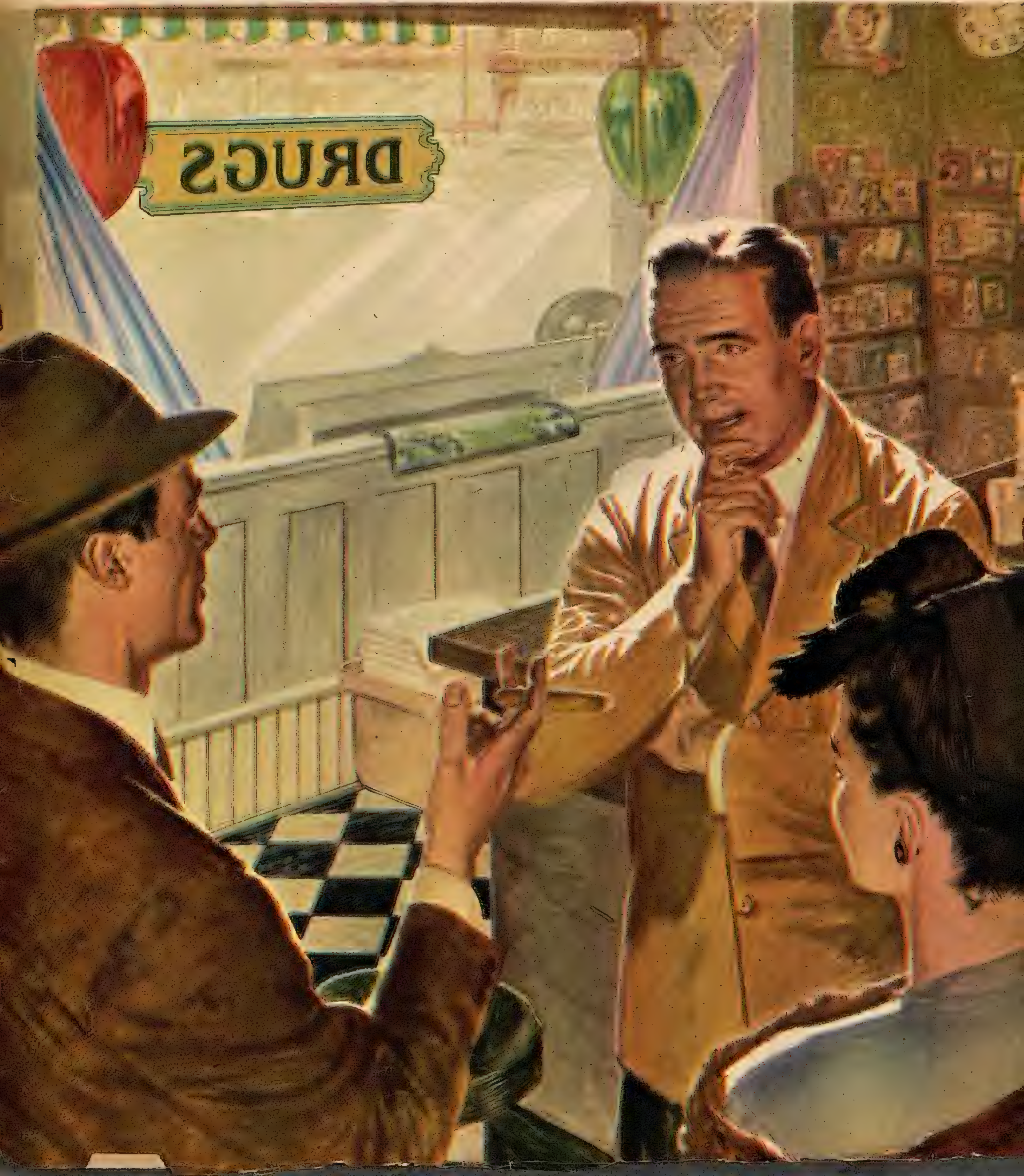
Perhaps it was Doc's death made me restless. It had changed things. Just looking at Sam and his mom, you knew how changed. Anyway I had to get out of there for a while. My dad had a good helper; everything was all right. I had saved a little money and I had ideas. I was

(*Continued on page 64*)

Was it worth it? Being minister, psychiatrist, chaperon, and truant officer—when his business was being a druggist. Mel had his answer one fateful night—in a race to save a life and a doctor's reputation

BY NEILL C. WILSON

ILLUSTRATED BY VAN SWEARINGEN



The Old STAND

MEL reached his drugstore at quarter to eight. He faced a tough day, and he knew it. His fountain girl had skipped out the night before, leaving her department strictly in the status known as quo.

He'd cleaned up before he went home, but he'd been dog tired and probably had overlooked some details. This, however, was a new day, and Mel Bassett habitually felt reborn on a new day. After a dozen years, he still got a thrill out of walking into his own drugstore of a morning. Its odors, as he unlocked the front door and pushed it inward, always affected him pleasurably—the aroma from the cigar case on the right-hand wall, the whiff from soaps in wire baskets, and the mild bouquet compounded from a hundred stoppered jars in his prescription room. That cell in particular was his sanctum, his professional preserve. Through its glass partition he looked out into the rest of his store and saw deeply into the hearts of his townspeople.

But this morning the cloying waft of chocolate and strawberry in unwashed shakers halted him as he entered. Jane Mackey, his fountain girl, had gone out fast last night. She'd taken a vacation without notice because her husband, a sergeant, had slid a leg over a stool and drawled, "'Lo, Jane." Hoke Mackey was supposed to be deep inside the Japanese Empire somewhere. When Jane saw him sitting there big as life, she'd dropped a glass with a coke in it, squealed two octaves above normal, and leaped to Hoke's smothering arms amid a crash of spoons. Mel sensed she'd not be back for some days.

Mel cleaned the shakers, then went around the store, straightening its display. The phone rang.

It was Hec Forbes' mother. Hec, who delivered by motor bike after school, had found a better job.

Mel hung up, again aware that this wasn't going to be his day.

Trade started in standard fashion, though. Bright-haired Eleanor Lee, pretty as a bowl of cherries, after weeks of devotion to carmine, decided to treat her lips and nails to an exciting vermilion. Dr. Lucas dropped by to ask Mel about his stock of digitalis. "I'm anxious about Lute Horst's heart again," said the old practitioner, who had brought Mel and most of the town of Markham into the world.

TWO hooky players from the fourth grade stole in to polish up their reading on Superman and Batman. Young Dr. Brace Corning, a newcomer recently released from the Navy, came in to obtain some background on a patient whose trouble seemed more emotional than actual. Mel straightened him out.

Dr. Corning said, "You get to know everything about everybody around here, don't you?"

"Seems like," responded Mel.

At ten o'clock there was a breathing spell, and Mel went out and straightened the magazines. Frank Hardy was doing the same across the street. The Key Drug Co.'s store, which Frank managed, always looked like a bandbox. Frank's windows were created by a professional dresser from headquarters. Rules for the conduct of the store were drawn up sixty miles away. Youngsters were never permitted to sit on the floor like a row of solemn turkeys, reading the funny magazines without buying. A customer for a toothbrush was always asked, courteously, Did he wish tooth paste?—we have a special today. Frank said the company had charts proving the mathematical step-up in volume traceable to the policy of Always Try for Two Sales. Complete stocks and attractive specials kept business at the Key store lively; Mel had to meet that competition by friendlier service and longer hours.

Mel grew weary, but occasionally he'd had compensations, as when a woman waiting in his store for the 8:40 P.M. bus had once said to him, "No matter what town I'm in, I always look for the lights of a drugstore and do my waiting there. One feels *safe* in a drugstore." For a moment Mel had quite felt like a pillar of the republic. Other nights though, when his legs were wilting, he wondered why he had ever become a pharmacist in the first place, or bought out Old Man Fisk in the second, instead of going after a salaried job with shorter hours.

AT noon the high-school crowd trooped in, and Mel had a rush of work, but he also got a little help. Several of the boys and girls had worked for him at odd times, and they went behind the fountain counter now and jerked cokes and cut sandwiches.

"Hey, Mel, going to stay open tonight? There's a dance."

Dance. He'd forgotten that. Rhoda and he had thought they might go to North Markham and see friends—

"You will, won't you, Mel? Where else can we eat after the dance?"

That was true enough. There was nowhere they could go for cokes and milk shakes. Nothing was open at midnight in Markham except a joint favored by truckers of the noisier type, down by the auto camp, and a cocktail spot out near the lake.

"Why don't you get the Key to stay open sometimes?" parried Mel.

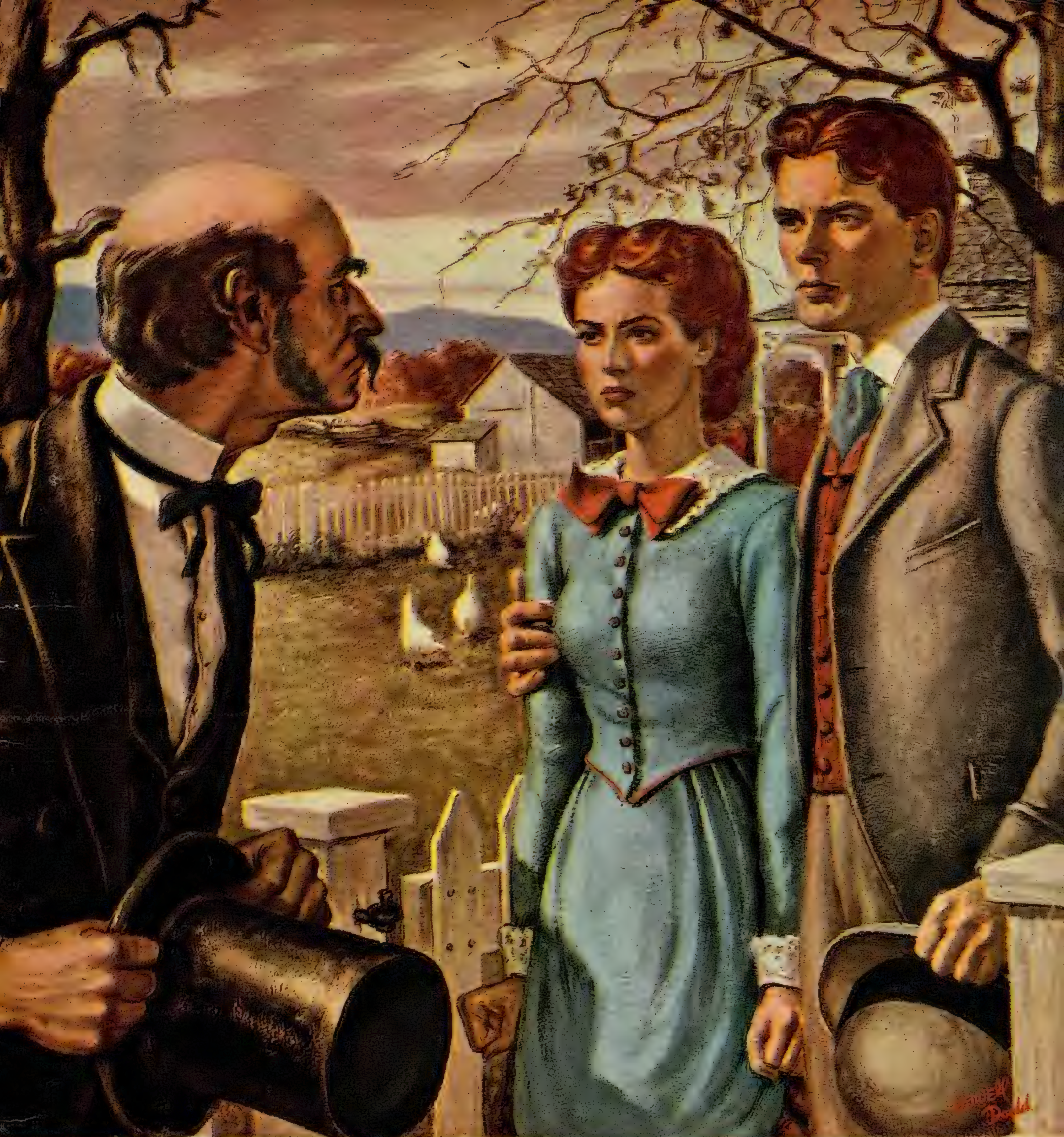
The kids hooted. "The Key!" Always on the stroke of 7 P.M. Frank Hardy locked his door.

A boy with cheeks smooth as petals murmured to Mel, "I want some safety-razor blades, please." It was Jimmy Cotton's second purchase of that kind to date.

The purchase was completed, but Jimmy followed Mel to another part of the store. He followed until Mel reached the counter at the rear. Twice Jimmy opened his lips to speak, but customers were near and he stayed himself. One customer, who'd pushed through with assurance, was Tug Cherrill, a worldly youth back from the wars with a row of ribbons and an injured heel.

(*Continued on page 76*)

"We're forming a chain in your line of business." Al said. "How would you like to throw in with us, Mel?"



"You'll see the time when I'm using your store-bought clothes for a scarecrow," Tabe threatened.

Watt Holly

BY CLIFFORD DOWDEY

ILLUSTRATED BY HOWELL DODD

and the City Lady

If there had been a vote to choose the man least likely to succeed, Watt would have won hands down. But, as sometimes happens, a woman marked her ballot the other way

IT is a gloomy place now, the great windows and doors boarded up, leaves strewn on the broad verandas, and weeds making a wilderness where a lawn once sloped majestically to the river. But the folks of King Charles County Court House say it just *looks* deserted. They won't give you a straight answer if you ask what they hear around the place and whom they see running on nights in the dark of the moon.

The tales are fanciful, of course. They only go to show the hold that Watt Holly—all these years after his death—still has on the imagination of King Charles County.

Watt Holly had always lived in the county—he had been born there not long before the Civil War—but in his youth he had been ignored. In fact, the first time any attention was paid him was when they made him an object of ridicule.

That was just after the end of Reconstruction, when the United States armies of occupation and the carpetbag government had gone from Virginia, and the people had their own land again. There was much bewilderment among the people and much apathy, and none was more bewildered and apathetic than Watt Holly's father. Before the war he had gotten by well enough on his slaveless small farm, for he was a powerful man and skillful in his work. But when he came back, crippled by wounds, he could no longer do his own work and there was no cash to hire anyone. His wife had died during the war, and his only companion and helper on the desolate farm was young Watt.

It was not that the boy was unwilling. On the contrary. But he seemed really at home only when talking with the freed Negroes, and as if to make up for his unhandiness, he went at every chore pell-mell in a frenzied burst of energy. If he was told to plant seeds, he sowed twice as many in his earnestness; if he went to drive in the milk cows, he chased them in at a gallop, wild-eyed, with their tongues hanging out. In the fields, he couldn't plow a straight furrow, and with any growing thing his was the touch of death. Horses kicked him, goats butted him, even rabbits bit him. When he called in chickens for feed, the alarmed hens went scurrying into the woods. Finally Old Man Holly, discouraged past help, died.

That was in the fall of the year. Their poor little harvest was in. Old Man Holly's last words to Watt were, "Sell everything 'cept the goat 'n' cart 'n' cow, and buy yourself some clothes what are proper for appearing in the city. Take milk to Richmond in the goat cart and sell it there. Whilst doing it, learn the ways of the city. You got to find work there 'cause, before God, you don' belong on no farm. But before you can get the milk, you got to learn how to milk that Jersey cow right. Otherwise, you might's well jump in the grave after me."

THIS was said before Tabe Torrington, the undertaker and most important man in the county, and a few neighbors who helped arrange for the funeral. They were the pallbearers and Watt was the mourner. Though several of the near-by families went to the grave, Watt stood alone. As the coffin was lowered, Watt inched to the edge of the grave to watch it to the end. As long as he could see the coffin, covered with fall flowers and a homemade Confederate flag, he still felt the nearness of his father. Thus it was that, as he peered into the grave, a gust of wind blew his hat down in it.

Acting on the panic of losing his only hat, Watt instantly jumped into the grave after it. He had to be helped out by Tabe Torrington, who said loud enough for everybody to hear, "I think he was taking his old man's advice and jumping in rather than learn to milk that cow."

At the grave the crowd couldn't laugh, but they made up for it later. The tale grew big in the telling, until the retrieving of the hat was omitted and, as the county heard the story, Watt had jumped in after his father rather than learn to milk the Jersey cow. People passing by stopped to ask if he had learned to milk the cow yet. When he told them he had, they laughed the harder, not believing, and Tabe Torrington offered him fifty dollars for her so he wouldn't have to learn.

BUT the truth was, his father's last words had gone deep in him and in desperation he had learned. Every other day he took the milk on the goat cart into Richmond, because he knew he had to make good in the city. But aside from selling his milk there, he didn't seem to progress in learning the ways of city life. He brooded over this failure, for this was his last chance.

Avoiding the people who laughed at him, he talked only with the Negroes. They were as bewildered as he and had also fared badly in ventures to the city. The only thing they were certain of was that city people cheated you. For this reason Watt had not yet bought the city clothes. But as this remained the only part of his father's advice he had not followed, he now decided to do that.

In the hushed atmosphere of the tailor shop on Main Street, the bolts of cloth and drawings of elegant gentlemen confused him. He couldn't get the connection between what he wanted, the cloth, and the fancy pictures. The dignified proprietor explained that the pictures represented how the suit would look on Watt.

Holding the heavy checked gray cloth, Watt asked in desperation, "You mean that if I buy this, I will look like *that?*" He pointed to a drawing of a tall attenuated beau with a drooping mustache and supercilious expression, a shiny beaver, and folds of a cravat flowing from a wide collar under a pleated waistcoat, outside of which a rakish coat followed the form down to draped pantaloons.

"My dear sir," the other said, "you will not look precisely like that unless you buy identical habiliments, grow a mustache, and effectuate a change in your—er—general bearing. I merely offer this figure as an approximate model, since you yourself are taller than the average and lean. For now—"

"For now," said a female voice, "why don't you give the lad a straight answer?"

Startled, they turned together to look at the young woman. She was enough to take away a man's breath, all nestled in a soft blue cloak that was tight at her waist and flared out over her hips. A little hat rode gaily on the side of her head, and from under it and down behind her ears, mingling with the silver-colored fur, was curly light-brown hair. Her face, everything about her, was of a softness such as Watt had never seen except on a little chick or a young lamb or a kitten.

Then he heard the proprietor say, "Yes, Miss Dodd. Is there something I can do for you?" It was a reproachful tone with a sort of reluctant respect in it.

She said, "Mine can wait. I'd like to see this boy get a suit that properly sets him off."

The proprietor was all pained dignity, but the lady paid him no attention. She moved close to Watt, and he almost jumped at the sweet smell of her. She was like—like wistaria, only sweeter. She felt of some cloth, glanced appraisingly at Watt's build, and then in her soft voice told the proprietor the cut of suit she wanted. He seemed to forget his pain in his professional interest. A tailor emerged from the rear shadows. All three of them turned Watt around, tugged at him, argued among themselves. The sweat was pouring off him and he began to feel like a horse at a stock show.

At that point the lady said soothingly, "It'll be all over in a minute."

"That's good. I was afraid you-all'd ask to look at my teeth next and see me canter."

They all laughed, and suddenly Watt realized there was a friendly feeling all around. The proprietor called him "Mr. Holly," and suggested a store for his shoes and haberdashery.

Watt was sorry it was over. "Well," he said to the lady, "I sure do thank you, ma'am. I don't know what I'll do without you—getting all these other things."

"I'll help you with those, if you like."

"You will! There's nothing I'd like better except—" he paused, seeing the tailor and the proprietor glancing at him with amused curiosity. He said, "I'll tell you outside."

It wasn't until they were on Main Street and he saw the glances of other people that he realized what a strange pair they must make, and then he wondered how he'd ever had that rush of nerve to ask her to help him. But she seemed to understand.

She said, "Mr. Holly, as a Richmond girl, I know a lot about the hardships of people like you in trying to get along in this city since the Yankees and new people've been here. I saw my father fail at it when I was a little girl, and I decided to make friends with the Yankees. A lot of people here, like those in the tailor shop, don't like me because I had Yankee friends; but those people never helped me when my father died, and the Yankees did."

"Yes, ma'am. I can sure understand that, because my father just died too, and all the people round the country they ain't never helped me a bit. They laugh."

"I know about that too, Mr. Holly."

"You make me feel funny calling me Mr. Holly. My name's Watt."

"Well, Watt, my name is Francesca Dodd."

"Fran—Franchester. I never heard that name before."

"Fran-ches-*ca*. I got it out of a book. My name was Fanny, but when my father died, I wanted to change everything."

"So did I. He told me I wouldn't never make no farmer and I had to learn the ways of the city. That's why I'm getting these clothes."

Francesca looked at him out of her soft dark eyes. "We'll see what we can do."

The way she said it had a strange sound. It kept going around in him, reminding him of the way the tailor and his boss had looked. But when they started buying shirts and cravats and collars, he began to see the end of his money. When the clerk started taking down hatboxes, Watt whispered frantically, "This is taking all of my money—the last copper."

She was silent for a moment.

"You didn't think I had a lot, did you?" he asked.

She shook her head and it was as if she had come to some decision. "I was thinking of something I learned from the Yankees. 'You have to spend money to make money,' they said. The way you look is an investment. Go on, spend your last copper."

"If you think that's right for me—"

"I think that's right for you," she said and met his eyes squarely. Her look unsettled him because it reminded him of the determination he had seen on other people, like Tabe Torrington, and it always made him feel how he couldn't be determined like that about anything.

EVEN when he bought the derby hat and saw himself in the mirror, Watt did not lose the unsettling feeling. When they were on the street, he turned to Francesca.

"You know when we were in the tailor's shop I said I'd like you to help me buy these clothes best of anything except one?"

She nodded, as she studied him.

"Well, that thing would be for you to eat dinner with me in a hotel."

She laughed. It was the gayest and sweetest sound he'd ever heard. It was like up to now she'd had on

(*Continued on page* 60)

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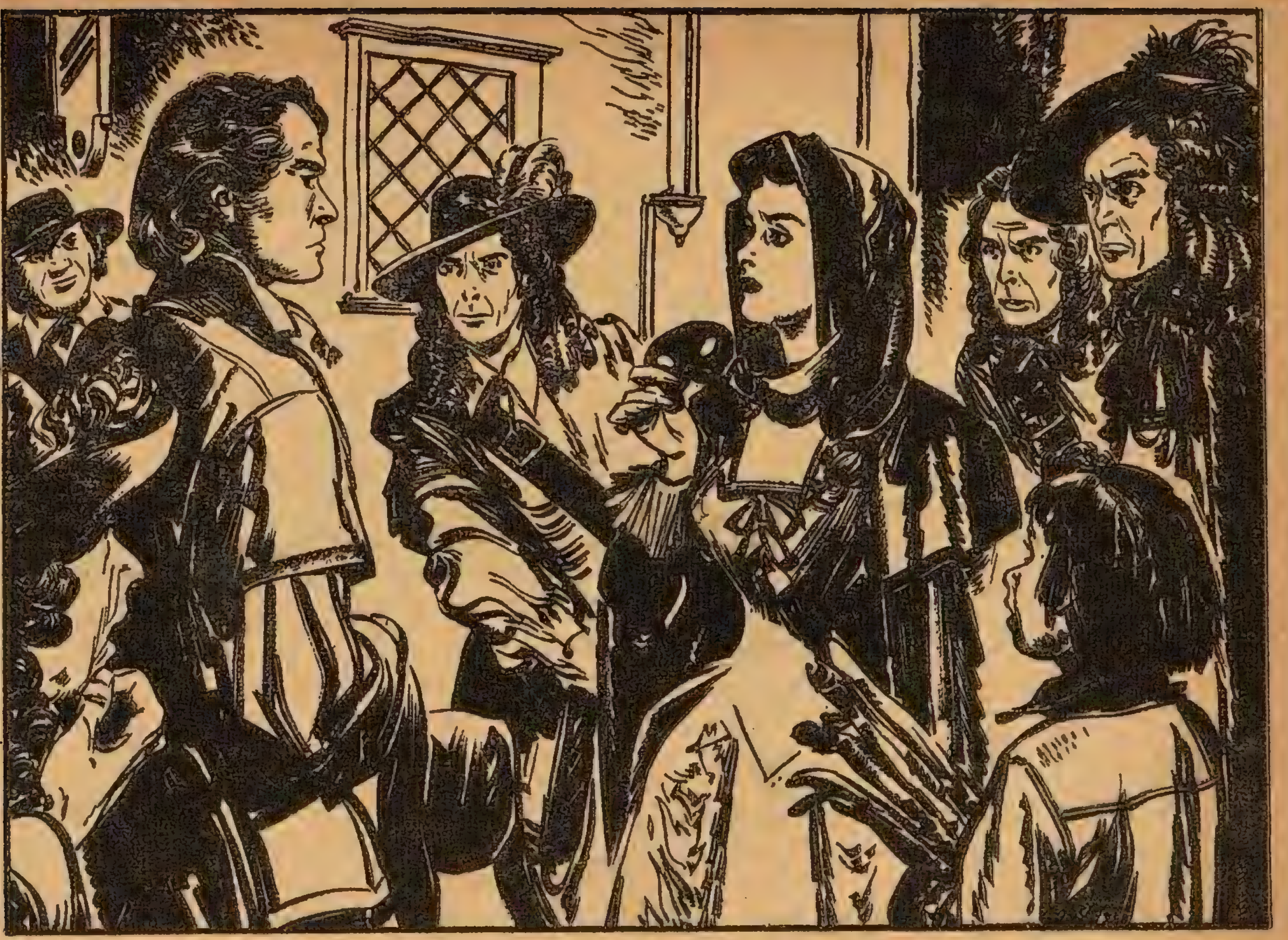

Dr. Tom Dover's flight from Lady Aurelia led him to piracy and the love of Molly Tawne. A dramatic, powerful novel: high-masted galleons, villainous cutthroats, and a weird adventure in a land of fabulous treasure and romance.

Burning Gold

BY ROBERT HARDY ANDREWS

TOM DOVER went to bed at three in the afternoon, for the first time in twenty hours or so of being active and angry. But when evening began to come down through the rising fog he lay comfortably half awake. Thin cries and thick smells rose through the old building, the only house in Great Chan Street that was not openly a brothel.

Finally, without enthusiasm, Dover got up and went to a window, looking out and down. As on a thousand eight hundred and something previous London nights, he saw torches flaming in front of some of the houses along his narrow street, and lanterns at some of the doorways, and a horde of people hurrying everywhere. The street was all filth and mud, and its people were no cleaner.

Dover could see all this without looking or listening. And beyond this little hell in Great Chan Street he knew other hells in other squirming little endless streets that ran from end to end of London. He knew by heart, from walking up and down at all crazy hours of the day and the night, the corners on which there stood some dwelling houses and a few churches whose clean grace and dignity were not surpassed by the landmarks of any city on earth. But more than this, he knew London. He loved London, or he could not have hated it so much.

Anne was Queen in Dover's England. A Churchill made war across the Channel while his wife ruled everything at home, but babies died every hour in the slums, around the corner from the houses of Parliament, for lack of a pint of milk. London had torn down some of the ruins left long ago by the Great Fire, and people had forgotten most of the dead in the Great Plague; but London was still London, like no other city in the world.

Dover poured water in his washbasin and began to

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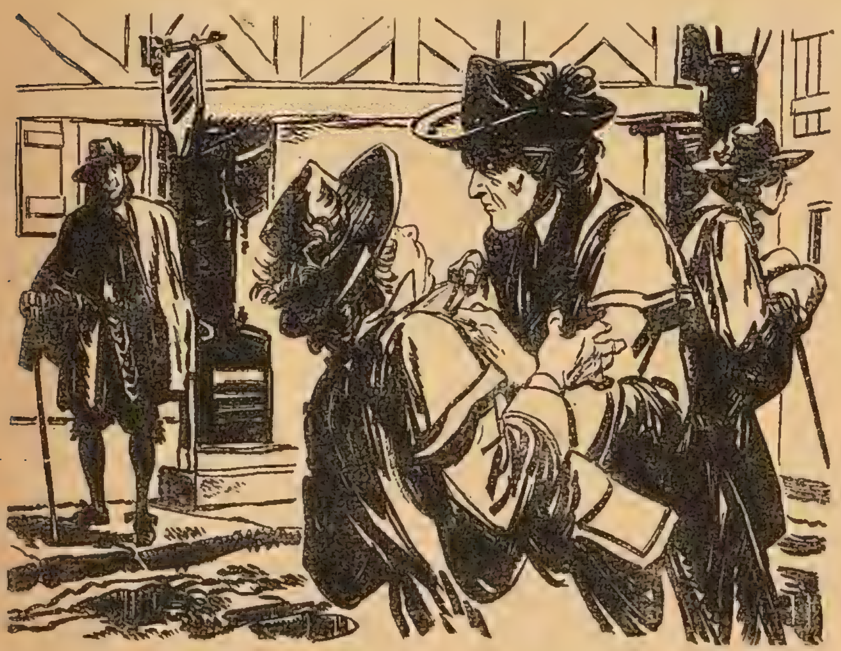
shave by guttering candlelight. He took twice his usual pains about the job, so for the first time in his memory he let his razor slip and cut his neck slightly just below the left ear. He dabbed at the welling blood and meanwhile considered himself.

It was hard for strangers to tell his age. He might be younger than he looked, or he might have inherited from his mother—along with the Irish habit of being a rebel—an Irish faculty for never looking as old, or as young, as his actual years. His jaw was lean enough; his eyes were deep-set and more gray than green; his ears were set close to his skull; his mouth was incongruously friendly. His hands were too usable and used to belong to a gentleman.

He held the blood-stained fabric closer to the candle. Then he took from a shelf one of five books he had not yet been willing to sell and read for a little while from *Harvey on the Probable Circulation of the Blood.* Finally he put the book away carefully and began the process of dressing, with as much precision as his small choice of raiment would allow.



He was at the point of combing his dark hair, which he wore shorter than the mode, when he heard Samuel Ely thumping up the stairs and banging at his door.

"Come in, Samuel, come in," he called. Then quickly he slipped *Harvey* and a thin book on medicine into his pocket.

He turned like a small boy caught at the jam pot, to face his cousin, Samuel Ely, who looked at Tom Dover angrily, as if blaming him for everything.

"We're late. I told you the New Jerusalem Coffee House, no later than half after seven. I waited for you on the corner. Finally I gave up and came after you."

Tom Dover nodded soberly and took the three remaining books from his shelf. "Samuel, how much do you think you might get for these? They've been read a good deal, but no pages are missing. They're not popular. There's no crime and punishment in them at all. But I'd like a guinea in my pocket once again."

Samuel Ely took the books grudgingly and looked at them with contempt. "You'll take a shilling and be lucky. Perhaps not even that."

"I'll keep the books, then. Samuel, tell me what you got for my scalpels and the medicines and what you've done with the money. Then we'll go to the coffeehouse."

Ely fumbled in one pocket, in another, in a third. Coins clinked, betraying him, and so he fished them out and handed them to Dover. "That's all. I don't care if you don't believe me. I didn't even buy a drink."

Then Tom Dover led his cousin down the breakneck stairway, out onto Great Chan Street, and along through the crowd.

"London, farewell," he said finally to Ely, who bumped close against him, keeping to the inside against the wall, careful as always to put Tom Dover between himself and any possible danger to Samuel Ely's cherished hide. "Now tell me, Samuel—where next? Is Bristol heaven, where London is hell? A man doesn't change his life by simply changing his place of living—does he, Samuel?"

Now Dover and Ely were shoved back by a press of cursing people, making room for a shining gold-and-black-and-crimson sedan chair.

The sedan chair stopped. A great lady must be curtained inside it. Her equipage was too grand, too wide, to pass down the cul-de-sac to Madame Rafel's establishment. So now the lady would have to get out and walk her ways.

If she came to see Madame Rafel, then Great Chan Street knew that the lady was on business it would be safest to know nothing about. So a space began to grow around the chair, and even in the shadows where Dover stood with Samuel Ely there was a sliding movement as shadowy men and women and children—even the most gin-gone and wild—began to edge away toward other shadows farther away from Madame Rafel's alley and the great and therefore dangerous visitor.

There was a burst of loud singing and crazy laughing. Out from Madame Rafel's establishment, out into Great Chan Street and around the sedan chair, there came a spate of fine creatures in wide-brimmed hats and black capes swirling from shoulder to heel.

There was a feeling of scurrying movement all along the street. For now the raquelos were circling all around the sedan chair, snatching at its curtains, laughing, calling in drunken voices, "Come out! Come out!"

Their roundabout Spanish capes were called raquelos, and hence these wild gentlemen and others like them took their name when they went out hell-raising on the town of London. They wore swords, and jewels glinted in the hilts, and there were glittering rings discernible on their lace-dripping hands.

"Come out! Come out!" They began to dance, all hands around, while the chair bearers fled.

The raquelos were incredulously aware of a man coming at them from across the street, and before they could stop dancing the attacker hit one of them with a big hand, square beneath the ear, and kicked another in the side, and was shoving and manhandling all five. A viscount's only son went face down in the stinking mud. Then Tom Dover flattened a duke's pride and joy across the filthy cobblestones, and felt the hot breath of cold steel an inch from his throat. He caught at the viscount's son and whirled him, using him for a shield against the stabbing rapier point, and the viscount's son screamed and used his teeth like a ferret. But now another rapier came out flashing, and another, and the duke's son grabbed along the ground and got his hands on Tom Dover's legs and tumbled him.

IT was a thing for Tom Dover to remember as long as he lived. Not that three swords began to come down at him from above, but that he looked up and saw the sedan chair's curtains drawn aside at last and saw the flash of red heels. Very great ladies at Queen Anne's court had made red heels a fashion, and he thought how strange it was to see red heels in Great Chan Street.

He came up, trying to use bare hands against steel, and found that a woman stood calmly between him and the raquelos.

She stood tall, at least to Dover's shoulder. In spite of the black camlet hood that framed her head and the black velvet cape that flowed around her, she seemed slender. She wore a small crimson velvet mask, and when she turned toward him Dover saw that her hood was lined in crimson.

"I have never thought of an unbudded black tulip until tonight," Tom Dover said.

She removed her mask and surveyed him.

As silently calm and sure as when she let him see her face, the lady turned from Dover toward the raquelos, who stood like sheep in a row.

Now he saw that the raquelos knew this lady and that they were as amazed as he could be to meet her here in Great Chan Street. She had put a key to the door of future favor in the hands of each of these five when she took off her mask to save Tom Dover's life.

Yet no one spoke to Dover or admitted his presence.

"Will you take me home to St. James's Square?" the lady asked the raquelos.

There was a flash of red heels as they placed her back on her cushions. Something fell at Dover's feet, unnoticed by the lady or by her cavaliers.

He stood silent and tall, watching after the chair and its bearers until they were gone out of sight around the corner toward the Square. Then men and women and children went on with their businesses. The noise grew, and the crowd grew with it.

Samuel Ely came from where he had been watching, in time to see Tom Dover bend and pick something up out of the gutter—something bright and probably valuable.

"Cousin," Ely cried, "you've gone fighting yourself into trouble! I can do nothing to help you. It's too much to ask. There's no real blood tie between us—only marriage. Tom, Tom Dover!"

He kept on with warnings, complaints, and fears. All the time Tom Dover walked along saying not a word in reply.

"What did you find? What did the lady leave behind her?"

Dover turned suddenly, taking Ely by shirt and shoulder, lifting him up a-tiptoe.

"Samuel, listen to me. I met no lady. So she could have left nothing behind her. You have no scandal to sell to Mr. Daniel Defoe, the journalist. Am I clear and understandable?"

The fat little man squirmed and gasped and shuddered. "Tom, you're strong; you hurt my shoulder. You know the name of the lady with the red heels, don't you, Tom?"

"There were no red heels tonight in Great Chan Street."

Tom Dover went shouldering away through the crowd so quickly and so dangerously that Samuel Ely could not have followed even if he had dared.

Thereafter Dover walked, and kept on walking until the sun came up and the night began for the people in his own part of London. He went home at last and looked at the thing the lady had lost in Great Chan Street. It was a frail, useless, jeweled, lovely fan, inscribed in enamel:

Doubt thou the stars are fire;
Doubt that the sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar;
But never doubt I love.

HE had come to call on the Lady Aurelia Carden. She would know why he had come, he told the servants. He would wait until she chose to see him, and no man was big enough to throw him out. He was waiting in the room where Lady Aurelia's father died while drinking a second bottle of port to celebrate his daughter's coming of age, and the Lady Aurelia knew, without wondering how she knew, that Tom Dover would keep on waiting until he stood face to face with her.

She planned and changed plans and began over again while she dressed—and dressed with seemingly unhurried care. Her gown was green damask, looped back with narrow braid; her hooped petticoat was of white satin; her hair was arranged in a low pompadour; her high red heels completed the picture she had made of herself; and finally she was ready to go to ask Tom Dover, "How much must I pay you for my fan and your silence?"

Although the red heels clicked sharply in the airy, columned, high-ceilinged hall, she saw Tom Dover before he seemed to hear her. She had a moment to realize how tall he was, how wide-shouldered and thin-hipped, how shabby and, she thought, how arrogant. Then, as he turned and looked at her, she went to her father's table, sat down, and became the Carden fortune, adamant and sure.

The late sun outlined her head and set fire to her hair. Both nodded politely; both were studiously silent while the Lady Aurelia waited for Tom Dover to come from the window toward her. He took his own time about this. He began to smile a little.

She wrote his stature in her mind, according to the rules her father had taught her for giving a dangerous adversary full credit and a little more.

She thought he was probably sardonic, intelligent, something of a professional rebel, and from the looks of him she might say he had known better days. She thought he could be controlled and careful unless she could find a way to let his anger loose; but, once he was angry, he need not be too hard to manage. She was sure he would have a gift of words, since she guessed that he was more Irish than English. He would call himself a gentleman and be touchy about manners. His shirt was ragged but clean; he had shaved sometime in recent hours; his shoes had been expensive and were still well polished—which should mean that he had some kind of stubborn pride.

Having made her summary and tested it, the Lady Aurelia revised her plans again.

"Have you brought my fan?" she asked him quietly.

He came toward her now, at last, taking the fan from his pocket and placing it on the table near her hand.

"It was no place to speak names, but it seemed to me you might want to talk to me again," she said. "So I left a clue for a clever man to follow. As you have followed it."

She felt the lie was told badly, but probably well enough, and now let him see how much she despised him for what she thought he was. Then, in a moment, when it became definite that he could not be pushed into speaking, she asked him, "Do you mind telling me your name? We are alone here."

"Dover," he told her. "Tom Dover. Dr. Dover."

At this last she smiled. "Are you acquainted with Sir Hans Sloane, or with Sir Samuel Garth? Is Radcliffe friendly with you, Dr. Dover? These are all good friends of my family."

He was angry—she was sure of it—yet he began to smile at her and answered quietly. "Sloane and Garth and Radcliffe are strangers in Great Chan Street. Unless they, too, have business with Madame Rafel that is not my business."

She stood up to face the man but stood well away from him, as if to escape contamination.

"My fan is worth a good deal of money," she said slowly. "Not as much as you think, but a good deal. You found it on the street, but not in Great Chan Street. You returned it to my door, where you were given a satisfactory reward. You do not know—or have forgotten—the name of the owner who paid you for her fan. You will have to take the money with you now because, of course, I do not know the way to Great Chan Street, nor even the street's name, nor yours, nor that you claim to be a doctor. I have had respect for doctors."

The tall man stepped away from her and put his hands down at his sides with the fingers tight together. He laughed a little, honestly, his anger drowning in a kind of amusement while he spoke.

"I came here because it occurred to me between last night and now that you might be less beautiful than I remembered and less damned than I thought. The least child in Great Chan Street, like the oldest drunkard, is informed that when women—young or old, more or less beautiful, but always rich—come down to Madame Rafel's, they come for one or all three of the things she sells. Yet I came here carrying a fan and smelling its perfume. Well, you're beautiful. For the rest, I have just now forgotten this house and its mistress, and I think I leave with more respect for doctors than I had when I came in."

He picked up the fan, smiled at it, tossed it back on the table, and half bowed. Then he went out of the room, leaving the Lady Aurelia to break the fan's back in her slim, strong hands.

THREE days went by, and then Tom Dover, coming upon a crumpled copy of the London Review, read a bit of Mr. Defoe's gossip:

"In Rope-maker's Alley, which adjoins Great Chan Street, there is a woman who makes wigs in any mode whatever, and dresses hair for ladies and gentlemen in the newest taste. Also, she gives cash for hair. Also, it is whispered that sometimes this woman does private business with great ladies who come in their sedan chairs, masked and secret; and what they buy is said to be almost too precious to be sold. Now the editor hears of a strange meeting, when on occasions bent a London lady who is almost as beautiful as she is rich must needs encounter a moneyless doctor who wears no sword. Yet the doctor was first a gentleman before he was poor, and so he rescues the lady from distress and from her errand in Great Chan Street. And the town asks how grateful the great lady will be, and how proud the doctor. The editor will hear more of this and may tell what he hears, if only to encourage a better morality in our city of London."

Later Dover went out and sold all his books but his *Morgagni on Medicine*, and his silver spoon and buckles. He bargained coldly and got five shillings.

Much later, when Mr. Daniel Defoe appeared at Dover's lodgings, he found that Dover had gone away. But his cousin Samuel Ely was there, occupied in an effort to sell Dover's chairs and table and bed for whatever he could get.

It was Daniel Defoe who showed him richer profits, coming with a sack of golden guineas given by the Lady Aurelia Carden. "She has learned your cousin has gone to Bristol," he said, "where ships are, and berths for men who would leave England. She would know more. Go now and serve her, and, so doing, you may serve Tom Dover more than ever previously."

Then Mr. Defoe went back to his scribbling rounds, and Ely took the coach to Bristol, traveling with haste and hope.

DOVER sat waiting in the commander's fine cabin on board the *Duke*, soon to sail from Bristol on a two-year voyage.

The commander, Sir Roger Woodes, came aboard very late, very drunk, very pleased with himself.

"I have great faith in you, Doctor," Sir Roger said, pouring himself a mug of brandy. "It needs not the fact that the owners have indicated—as they have, I may confide in you—that Dr. Dover is sponsored by someone of vast weight in our syndicate. I was able, when I first saw you, to estimate you because I have a talent for judging men. You shall have all consideration and friendliness from me. But we must exercise economy. Moderation, in all things—except in profits—that is what our owners expect of us and what they shall have."

When Dover said he needed light and air for his hospital more than he needed room, and asked to have openings cut in the hull so that the cockpit might be ventilated, Sir Roger said he had never heard of such a thing.

"The owners trust me not to spoil our sailors," Sir Roger said. He poured brandy. "Now, Doctor, tell me how you found so much that must be done here on board last night that you could not attend with the other officers the grand ball given in our honor. I must say your absence was noted by the owners."

Dover shook his head and made it grimly clear that he would give no other answer to his commander's question, and Sir Roger decided, after some purpling of his wattles, that he would pursue this subject no further at this time.

Then, one day later, the music played, "Hey, Boys! Up We Go!" and all the sailors were marshaled at respectful silent attention while Sir Roger brought the owners and their wives and families aboard to see what a great commander he was and to make formal inspection before the *Duke* and her sister ship, the *Duchess*, sailed.

Last, and most noticeable of all who came aboard, the Lady Aurelia Carden came to see what her investment had purchased and how her plans had been fulfilled. As always, she wore shoes with high red heels.

As the ship's tour went on, there was some sober confabulation between Sir Roger, Lady Aurelia, and other owners of the syndicate, concerning the international situation, in which this voyage might become a new spoon stirring up a boiling pot. For England and France were playing a dangerous game for enormous stakes in the Americas, equally eager to drive the Dutch out of the Indies before—which was, of course, inevitable—they leaped at each other's throats again.

Near by, in a group, all wearing the best they owned, were the ship's officers, including Dover. Lady Aurelia seemed not to see or remember him; he never looked at her. Sir Roger, who had been told in whispers that he had Dover for ship's surgeon at the insistence of Lady Aurelia Carden, was mystified.

As Sir Roger began naming his officers—those who were also credited as gentlemen—he saw that Dover had left the group. The mystery nagging Sir Roger's mind was made greater by this and his hatred for Dover burgeoned by the moment.

When it was time for the anchor to come up, Dover still stood apart from the group. Now he looked openly at Lady Aurelia. There was thoughtfulness in her dark eyes as she looked at him. He stood so tall, he was so hard, he had such an air of seeing neither her money nor herself, that for the first time since she was born the Lady Aurelia Carden had no confidence.

Sir Roger began to bustle toward them with some muttered gallantry that Dover did not hear and that Lady Aurelia ignored.

There was a silence.

Then Dover walked toward Lady Aurelia until they stood close, and hesitated, as if preparing to tell her something very important, but said nothing. Instead, he took her suddenly in his arms and kissed her cruelly.

Her teeth cut into her lips. He held her as if he would never let her go. Finally he released her and put his hands down with an effort and stood staring at her as strangely as she stared at him. Sir Roger heard her sob a little, yet she seemed to be smiling.

Then Dover turned wordlessly and went 'tween decks, stopping only to look for a moment as Lady Aurelia's red heels stepped from deck to gangway, and grinning oddly when Sir Roger glared at him with baffled, bullish fury.

That night, when Dover went into his surgery, he found a contorted figure that writhed and whined and chattered, wept and accused.

"Samuel," Dover said unbelievingly. "Samuel Ely. Samuel."

The night before the *Duke* and the *Duchess* set out from Bristol, Samuel Ely had been stopped in the street by three tall men who stood facing him, smiling at him, chuckling, nodding to one another. All three wore cutlasses and had epaulets on their jackets. A rope went round Ely's wrists, and he was dragged on across the cobbles toward the ship's boat waiting in a sheltered cover.

While Dover was kissing the Lady Aurelia next morning, Samuel Ely's name was being written down—not by his own hand—on the ship's articles for the *Duchess*. Finding Ely too soft for a sailor, too weak to lift powder sacks for the gunners, too worthless for anything, the bos'n settled matters to his own satisfaction by naming Ely as second scullion to the officers' cook. Now he lay in Dover's surgery aboard the *Duke*, his sharp little nose flattened, smashed for spilling coffee on his captain's coat.

THE island of Grande, off the fabulous coast of Hy-Brasil, was steaming hot, rank with fever swamps, but green and very rich. It lay well past the Line.

The *Duke* and the *Duchess* with their banners flaunting lay anchored in a snug harbor and were made most royally welcome by a Portuguese governor who hated and stole from the English. He invited Sir Roger to bring ten—but only ten—of his favorite gentlemen to dine in state at the governor's palace on the hill. In this company Dover found himself included.

They sat down to dine at a long table that had been made in Seville for a cardinal, and ate enormously and drank toasts on and on till nearly evening. At last Sir Roger said quietly to Dover and the others, "Now we must get back to the ships."

When they reached the longboat, a sergeant from the *Duke* was waiting for them. He had been sent to report that a vicious mutiny and wholesale desertion had taken place within the hour, in which Samuel Ely had taken a great part. He said twenty, or twice twenty, had cut ropes and dropped down with boats released from the davits and had rowed away from the anchored ships, out past the headland, and away up the coast. He said one boat, half filled with deserters, had been sunk by a Long Tom firing from the *Duke*. The other, larger boat, with Samuel Ely and others of the more violent and clever mutineers, had outrun gunfire and ill-organized pursuit.

Sir Roger at once declared that the fugitives must be hunted down and brought back to their duty. He said Dover should command a search party which must go immediately to find, subdue, and return this filibustering party.

"It is kindness, as I see it," Sir Roger said strangely to Dover, "that I place you in command of this expedition, since it is evident that your own cousin has been the stirrer-up, the poisoner, the very Cromwell of this plot."

Now Dover laughed a little. "Sir Roger," he said quietly, "I shall go as quickly and as wisely, leading the Marines you give me, until our errand is accomplished, as I could go if I set out to track an enemy of my own; you have my word for that. But I must state that the man who credits Samuel Ely with either the cowardice or the courage requisite to such a conspiracy as seems to have broken out during our absence today—that man, Sir Roger, is more romancer than fool, and more liar than either."

If Sir Roger had with malice aforethought culled out twelve Marines from all on the *Duke* and *Duchess* who would most readily slit a throat or steal a cadaver, he could not have chosen better. Yet Dover showed no special trepidation, even seemed amused. He went to his crew, considered them, commanded them to get down into the longboat, and then followed and gave orders to lay to with the oars.

They had been rowing for almost three hours, and darkness had closed in, when Dover said—standing and looking off to the east, into the open ocean—that something was moving, and he thought it must be the boat from the *Duke*. He had them muffle the oars in their shirts and gave a slow count while they worked the longboat alongside what he had seen.

Then suddenly a lame cockney jumped up, letting his oar fall away, giving a loud yell; and so did all the others, in a wild confusion, seizing up their muskets and cutlasses, firing without aiming, leaping, almost oversetting the longboat, giving Dover's sharp commands no heed.

Perhaps ten men were in the stolen boat. Before these could do more than curse and pray—since none of them had weapons more than knives—they were falling in the boat, or in the water, shrieking, bleeding, dead, or drowned.

Dover beat with the flat of his sword and then stabbed with the point, crying out to his crew to end this slaughter. Then there was an unbelievable close roar of a musket whose barrel was thrust against Dover's body like a lance. He fell backward, and the cockney trampled him.

A one-eyed giant held the boats together long enough for the dead to be tossed over in case there might be needy sharks in this area, long enough for the cockney and two helpers to take back into the longboat such skins of wine, small casks of water, and sacks of bread and meat as the deserters had been allowed to take away.

Dover was lifted up and tossed, and the cockney said surprisedly that Dover was not yet quite dead; but no one, not even the cockney, felt the ability to kill any more at this time. They let the longboat drift and wallow and had gone far out of sight of the stolen boat before they remembered to look for it.

They found the *Duke* again, just after dawn. They swore that the mutineers had attacked them out of nowhere, and they were hard put to defend themselves, and Dover was a hero who was shot down and fell overboard, and that they rowed for hours but could never find trace of Dover's body.

A SEA gull that had come on floating treasure cawed and flew up in angry fright from the thwart under which Samuel Ely lay bound. For Ely had moved a little, his closed eyes tormented by the sun. Sometime toward noon he got one hand free, and then the other. In time he set to once more, until by accident or Holy Grace the knotted riddle that still trapped his feet was solved. When he made shift to stand erect he had no balance, and fell headlong.

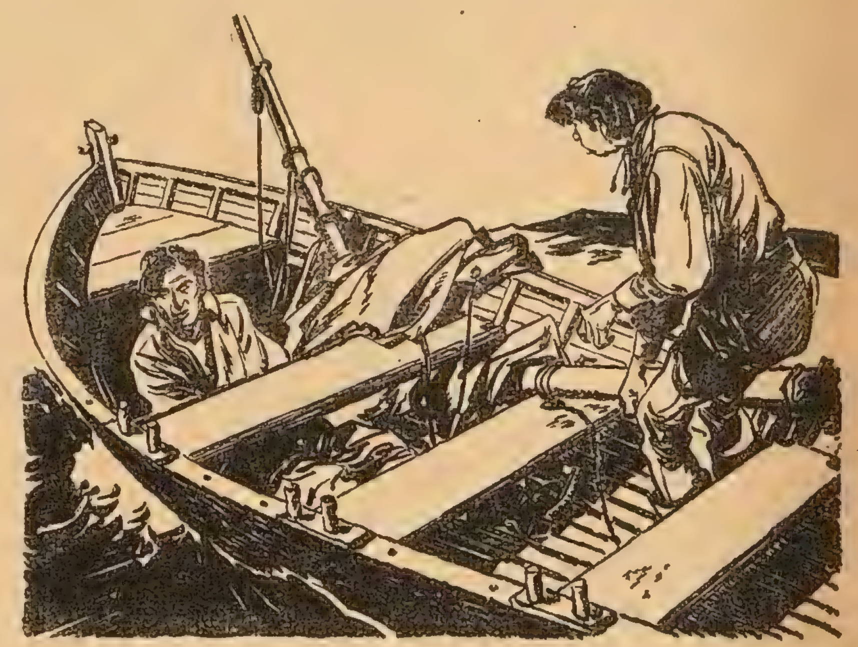
He croaked whisperingly. His hands had touched cold blood on Dover's living face.

Dover lay crumpled like an Incan mummy in the bow, his whole shirt front crimsoned. He could not wake or move or speak.

The boat went one way, then another, at its own volition.

Just at evening a pettiauger—a large dugout canoe made of two trees hollowed out and joined together, having a single triangular blue sail—appeared from beyond an island headland. It altered course, with its crew rowing shrewdly, and soon it came alongside the drifting little boat.

There were four half-naked men in the pettiauger, one of them a one-handed monstrous Negro who had strange tattoos on forehead, chest, and shoulders. Each man was armed with several pistols, a cutlass, and various long-bladed knives. A brightly dressed small woman, not quite beautiful, sat comfortably on brocaded pillows beneath a square of scarlet silk rigged up to shade the stern.



When presently the pettiauger moved on, the gulls came down and perched disconsolately on the empty drifting boat. They were still cawing hungrily when a starless night closed in.

MOLLY TAWNE stepped to the sand, while the one-handed Negro lifted Dover in his massive arms. Ely scurried close beside the Negro, but Molly Tawne's crew shouldered him aside, forming a close guard, showing their pistols, moving as Molly Tawne commanded, toward a roundabout path that would lead by backways to her house on the island of Tortuga. It was called Turtle by the English and was known as the most dangerous island on earth.

Ely scuttled after Molly Tawne, her men, and his cousin, quartering this way and that, darting from one tree to the next, groaning for breath as their way led high and higher up the mountain. He reeled out into a small clearing, in the center of which he saw a neat one-roomed stone house—very old, with a roof of matched red tiling handmade by some long-gone Huguenot.

Inside, the monstrous Negro put Dover down on silken coverings, in a wide, graceful bed whose rare mahoganies were inlaid and patterned with ivory and mother-of-pearl. Molly Tawne brewed leaves in boiling water, dried the mixture in a warming pan, worked up a whitish paste, and called on the Negro to force open Dover's tight-locked jaws.

Dover began to moan and writhe. He spoke thickly, unintelligibly, of the Lady Aurelia Carden. At one time he seemed sensible for an instant, smiling charmingly at Molly Tawne, muttering something in Gaelic. Instantly she set thumb and forefinger deep into Dover's throat, forcing his mouth open, placing the pain-destroying paste on his out-thrust tongue.

Near morning Dover seemed stronger for a moment. When Molly Tawne stripped and bathed him—while the

Negro slept, exhausted, head hanging between sagging knees—Dover muttered something, as if expressing polite desire to know the name of his benefactor, and stared at her with sharp intelligence in his deep-sunk eyes. With a surgeon's clarity, appraising his own wounds, he asked what cutting knives she had, and when she showed him her razor daggers he said these were adequate.

At his direction, she probed and drew out slugs and shards. As she worked, she told him her name. She said his cousin, Samuel Ely, was gone somewhere, perhaps into some cave or jungled hiding place.

Finally Dover lay white and cold as clay, and silent. She woke the Negro and sent him outside; and she blew out the guttering candles and then stripped off her bedraggled fine dress. She found sufficient luke-warm water remaining in the fireplace kettle to make herself clean.

Then she put on an embroidered robe and went to the door, calling the Negro, who came hesitantly.

"If they shoot off guns in the harbor and a ship is coming to anchor and I do not hear, come quickly and pound your sword against the door," she told him. "If in the morning you see a ship, or any boat at all, then I must know at once."

She went in, closing and placing a heavy bar across her door. She waited, listening, until she heard shuffling footsteps and a clink of steel. She stood a moment in the shadows and then threw off her robe and crossed the room and lay down close to Dover.

All through the day he lay motionless. She cradled him in her soft arms, sometimes touching his eyes and throat and mouth lightly—demanded imperiously, eternally, that the strength and the warmth in her body should make him live.

She would never remember at what hour it was that she fell asleep. But when she wakened, long after, in the shadows of another night, it was because Dover spoke her name.

"Molly Tawne," he said softly. "Molly Tawne."

His mouth was close to hers. He had turned toward her. The deathly coldness was gone from his body.

"Molly Tawne," he said again. "Molly."

She sprang up from the bed and found somehow, and wrapped round her body, and held tightly with crossed arms, a square of white velvet twice as large as herself. She stood so, trembling, breathless. Then he spoke her name again.

She ran to him, crumpling on her knees beside the bed, her arms holding him; crying, laughing, crying.

THE weeks went as swiftly as days. Each day Dover was perceptibly stronger, not quite so gaunt and pale. Molly Tawne bathed, fed, imbued with her own vitality, coddled, praised, laughed at and told incredible stories to Dover, and was the first woman he had known—except his mother—to whom it meant nothing at all if he were doctor, blackguard, fool, runaway, or everything, or nothing in the world.

He asked, one day, how she had come to be on Tortuga.

"I came away from where I was," she said at last. "I came west and south, where I could be warm the year around."

She placed a pillow for his head, and sitting at the far end of the bed, feet drawn up, elbows on her knees, hands cupping her square chin, told him her story.

"I was brought up fatherless on a street in London, by a mother who whipped me as often as she remembered me. I wore man's clothes mostly, from the time I was seven, to keep myself away from men. I was called dirty names and locked in jail.

"Then followed various troubles," she said finally, "about which I shall not tell you. I was transported to work seven years as a slave in Jamaica. There are things I would give freely that no man can take from me as his slave. I came away soon, and to Tortuga. The rest is my own affair."

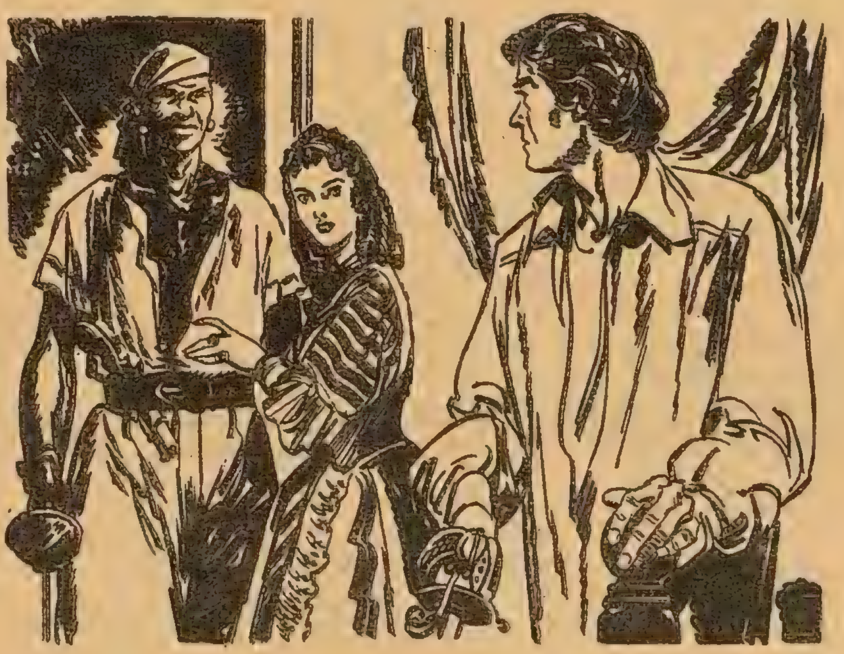
She left him, then, and left her house, going nowhere, expending hours before she would return. When she came again through the doorway she saw that Dover had gotten painfully from the bed, put on shirt and trousers rummaged from a box and placed himself upright in a viceroy's throne chair near the door, where he sat waiting, watching for her. She cried out and held him and was tearful and harsh and desperate, saying over and over that she must never leave him at all, would never leave him, and he must never leave her, never while she lived.

Each evening at sundown she would fill two glasses with a purple wine or pungent brandy, but Dover discovered that she drank nothing—only wet her lips and looked at him across her glass—and from this and other things he learned slowly that she was more and more on guard against something unexplained.

One day she called her Negro to come in and sit near Dover's bed, and not to leave his post until she should return. She chose out a wide-skirted gown of purple and black, and rings, bracelets, and a large emerald pendant. She came from behind the tapestry hanging that made her dressing room, accoutered for adventure in such fineries as Tortuga expected of her.

Then she brought out red-heeled shoes. She was proud of their satin and gold, their impractical elegance, their tall supporting spikes. She set her small feet carefully into these treasures and pirouetted, making her skirts swirl, creating a flash of scarlet against black and purple; then, thrusting one foot forward, she arched and poised.

She looked to Dover for confirmation or compliment, and saw that he had been staring only at her red-heeled shoes. She waited, strangely breathless, until he looked up. His eyes were masked; his face was managed, but in that moment she saw her rival plain. Then she bent quickly, kissed Dover briefly, and left her house, walking very slowly, but making her skirts swirl, so that Tortugans might admire her tall red heels.



She was informed by this one and that one along the way, "Captain Anstis and his ship are so long gone that we take it they have been lost in storm or battle."

She said she could think of no power on earth, above, or below, that would deter the sure return of Captain Anstis to Tortuga, late or soon. She said this laughingly, believably.

She said of Dover, "He lies in my bed because he is too frail to do more, and will move quickly and far when Captain Anstis tells him, 'Now it is time for you to rise up and walk.'" She said this contemptuously, as if derisive of Dover, and said further, of herself, "Would I be dressed as I am, wearing high red heels, if I had cause or wish to bide at home?"

She went finally by a winding, rising path to the only house in which God lived on Tortuga: a stone building with a peaked roof and a ruined spire.

She came back toward her house late in the afternoon, walking as sedately as a Quaker's third wife returning from town market—but on bare feet, with the red-heeled shoes swinging in her hands.

"I went to our chapel," she said, answering Dover's question. "We have religion here on Tortuga, as we have all other conveniences. The priest at this time is Murtaugh Bryan, more Irish-going than yourself. And I went to the Dove-cote. I talked long with M'sieu Bertrand d'Ogeron, and you were much discussed."

Then she sat down close beside him, sought his hand, and told him, "M'sieu d'Ogeron is master of this island. He is known to few except by what is done at his orders. Only those of his House of Lords may go up the iron ladders to his Dove-cote. No other woman save myself has seen or spoken to M'sieu d'Ogeron since his man Roc Brasiliano was put to guard the ladders. I could not have come home to you this night, except with his message, which is that as soon as you are safely recovered and your wounds have healed you must go up with me to M'sieu d'Ogeron, and he will then determine what is to be done with you: if you may leave Tortuga or if you must stay."

VERY late, when the candle had gone out and the door was closed and barred, she placed rugs and a pillow behind the tapestry hanging and lay down, still clothed. Her decision was made, and she was calm.

Dover had put one hand out, as though to touch her, but slept too deeply to know she was not there.

Suddenly there were thudding footsteps coming toward her house, and then a sword hilt banged against her door. She saw Dover start up, cast the cover aside, and take up a basket-hilted sword, even as she ran to the door.

There was silence, until she and Dover could make out the one-handed Negro's muffled, gabbling clamor. Now she unbarred the door.

The Negro stood alone, enormous in the night. He nodded, shuffling, pointing. Ships' guns were firing inside the harbor, and there was a burst of shouting, a scattering of musket shots from Tortuga's beach and taverns and from ships at anchor.

Dover watched while Molly Tawne triced up her ribands and arranged her stays, then lighted candles and sought, found, and put on her red-heeled shoes.

"A ship of ours has come home, and by the noise her voyagings were profitable," she told him, needlessly explicit. "The *Gunsway* is a large ship," she went on. "M'sieu d'Ogeron and his decemvirate—ten of his House of Lords—are her chief shareholders. The captain of the *Gunsway* is Captain Anstis. They tell great stories of this Captain Anstis."

She turned away, lest his gray eyes search in too far behind the mask she kept on so determinedly. When he put her pistols in his belt, she went to stand beside him in the doorway.

"Shall we wait for Captain Anstis, who cannot be killed, or shall we go and meet him?" He put his hands on her shoulders gently and drew her closer. "I have not seen him, and until tonight I did not know his name," he said. "But I will know him. I have done him no despite, by my own reckoning, but in these matters each man must estimate his own injuries. I will not have you afraid for me; I will not have him touch you as I touch you now—unless I am sure that is your desire—and I do not think I will ever be sure of any such desire in you."

He would have kissed her, but she stepped back so that his hands fell away.

They heard—both at the same moment—a rattling of scabbards, the clink of pistols, the coming of armed men along the path from the beach.

Dover moved unhurriedly, putting out the candles. He drew a heavy chair into the doorway, so that no one could come at him except through a narrow space. Quite gently, but with a force she could not withstand, he placed Molly Tawne toward a corner out of harm's way for the moment. Then he stood waiting patiently, and she saw that he placed thumb and finger on his sword wrist and knew he was assaying his pulse beat.

Then torchlight flared in the clearing. They saw figures coming quickly toward the little house.

Dover called out, saying, "I think you have come near enough, until I know which of you is Captain Anstis."

The oncomers halted, clashing their weapons. There was a moment of silence.

Then Dover felt Molly Tawne's hand on his arm and heard her laughing.

"None is Anstis. They are all captains in the House of Lords. And if they come, then they were sent because M'sieu d'Ogeron has given his verdict." She ran out toward the gathering.

Dover came from the doorway as she spoke to the men. "He is wounded and just out of bed. But M'sieu d'Ogeron must not be kept waiting."

A moment later they began to march him away as their silent prisoner, and Molly Tawne went with them.

Two thousand steps above the beach, they climbed up nine successive swaying ladders, anciently cobbled of ship's hawsers and salvaged capstan bars. This tortuous staircase was the only way by which M'sieu d'Ogeron's fortress might be scaled.

When they emerged at last upon the circular flat eminence where the Dove-cote stood, they saw Tortuga's priest, bright-haired, black-robed, standing sober as a statue against the morning-colored sky. Murtaugh Bryan pointed toward four of Roc Brasiliano's guardsmen coming from the Dove-cote and said, "Go with them." And Molly Tawne stood silently, then, while Dover and his guard went in through the iron-sheathed door that was the Dove-cote's only sally port.

AN hour later Dover stood alone in a small cell-like room. The door was barred outside, and he knew that Roc Brasiliano's watchers kept sentry guard in the corridor.

What air there was came through an opening set high in one wall, screened by some arrangement of metal and thick cloth that all his efforts had failed to dislodge.

Then suddenly the cloth was drawn away. He heard a rush of voices, and found that he could see Tortuga's lords, the grand decemvirate, piracy's bright pride, coming in procession into a domed, windowless, elaborately curtained room. Bright candlelight revealed chairs, all bolted to the floor, in a half circle facing toward a dais where a kind of throne was placed behind a table. Near by a clerk's large desk was set between tall gilded flambeaux that might have graced a palace in Madrid.

A man sat magisterially on the dais. The conclave's last-comer, Murtaugh Bryan, placed a sheaf of papers and a ledger on the clerk's desk.

The priest's flaming pate and shabby robe were not one half as weirdly paired as the outfittings and embellishments sported by the quasi-lords. What one lord wore 'twixt crop and midriff would pay an Irish earldom's taxes for a year.

These, then, were Tortuga's fat cats, purring in a row.

There was a roll call, and at last Captain Anstis stood and named himself. He was wide-shouldered, spare at hips and waist, straight, lean-faced, high-colored, with well-shaped nose and jaw. He had longer hands than most men, much bigger hands; unscarred, thickly furred from wrists to knuckles. His hair was yellow, close-cut, and his light blue eyes were straightforward.

Dover saw that there was a stirring, much whispering behind hands, as Captain Anstis kept the floor to give the lords the report of his voyage.

He gave the names of his officers, the tonnage of the *Gunsway*, a précis of the Account under which the ship had been outfitted, a résumé of his original sailing orders; and the man on the dais noted this and that as any magistrate might set down details of the evidence before the fact.

The whole procedure seemed, to Dover, to be most incredible because of its adherence to the skeletal components of some state hearing in England's actual House of Lords. He knew of these Tortugan lords that there had been many of them within the century, but that none had held their titles long, since few could live beyond the two-year span that was the average for those who captained cruises out of Tortuga.

Captain Anstis ran up a roster of ships taken, cargo loaded, heroisms, and escapes. He was fastidious in praise, giving full details of how each of his common men had dared and triumphed, paying tribute to those who were killed.

"We lay becalmed," he ended, "and neither wind nor tide nor prayer could move us at that time."

"We have all come to doldrum stages," the man on the dais interjected. "Pass on, Captain Anstis, to your next encounter." There was a silence.

"Was it not in the Windward Passage?" the man asked at last. "Was the prize not called the *Swift,* an Englishman with passengers and their personal fortunes? It is our Account that such plunder may be retained by the takers but shall be reported to the lords for their decision. Will you tell us now, Captain Anstis, of the *Swift?"*

There was no answer. At last Anstis, his eyes agate-bright, took up his hat and walked out slowly. The lords sat as they were.

At the trial room's door Roc Brasiliano's men took Anstis as their prisoner.

Watching Anstis with half-admiring intensity, Dover was unaware that the barred door of his own cell was opening. Molly Tawne appeared.

"Quickly!" she whispered. "You are to go with me quickly."

She led him up a winding flight of stairs inside the Dove-cote's outer wall; and then, again, along a corridor, and by another stairway to a door. Here she worked hurriedly at a mechanism of bars and bolts until the door opened and they went into such an incredible eyrie as few living men had seen. The room faced toward an open terrace, as wide and long as a great galleon's deck, railed waist-high with stone. Beyond this the green-blue sea was limitless, breath-stopping, empty of any sail.

Dover heard a whimpering, as from a frightened child. This sound drew his attention toward an alcove, where there were tables and cases piled and filled with books, and a tumbled couch as large as an admiral's pinnace. Beside this couch Murtaugh Bryan, the priest, stood with folded hands and muttered some office of the Church.

He indicated that Dover should come closer. As he obeyed, Dover saw a creature that writhed in a tangle of agony: a withered bundle of thin bones and parchment skin.

"He has no faith in priests and none in doctors," Murtaugh Bryan was saying in the singing-soft Gaelic of their own country. "But in such pain and travail he cries out like any child for easement, and in charity to the rich man we must do what we can, for he has fortune but no friend. He is a hundred and three years old, and for fifty of these he has denied the enemy within his breast. This is the master of Tortuga, who will give you all he owns, if you can doctor him so that he may endure."

So Dover listened to the old creature's lickerishly going heart, questioned what M'sieu d'Ogeron customarily ate, how often and in what amount, and declared that sleep, more than any medicine, was his patient's lack.

The creature seemed enthralled by the small clacking noise of Dover's stirring spoon that whipped a froth of muddy-colored liquid in a cup.

When Dover held it out d'Ogeron clutched the cup close, glared, and whispered, "Sleep"; then gulped. There was no exact moment at which he fell asleep.

Then Dover went about the business of opening the iron-sheathed door.

"I may return before M'sieu d'Ogeron is wakeful, or I may not," he told the priest. "I hope I may have time enough, and sufficient fortune, for what must be done by morning. Your prayers may aid that hope."

A LONG time later Dover stood in Anstis' cell and said, "We have business between us."

Anstis got up suddenly, white showing around his nostrils, his furred hands closing at his sides. "You are either wet-eared or moon-blind, to think I'll bribe the best of you," he cried. "What I have I keep, and if I am not to carry it away where I go, then it will bide till I am born again, or forever. Get out quickly."

He lunged at Dover, but Dover placed a hand against his chest and shoved him back, not angrily, therefore more effectively.

"Our business is not concerned with your treasure, if it exists, but M'sieu d'Ogeron, your ship the *Gunsway,* and a plan that may produce liberty for you, myself, and others. Will it aid you toward a calmer state if I tell you that my name is Dover, Tom Dover—a name I believe you heard spoken of before you came to this present pass in your affairs?"

Anstis sat down, quirking an eyebrow thoughtfully.

"Dover, Tom Dover," he murmured. "The castaway, the pretty doctor, the fancy man who crawls into my bed when I am from home, and uses up my possessions, and comes before me wearing my shirt. You come before me wearing no sword, and I have no weapon by me. But you have dirtied my honor before a whole island of my acquaintances, and for this I demand redress."

He came up now, standing as sleek as a wrestler, moving his furred hands eagerly.

"If you declare I have robbed you of more than this shirt I wear, then, Captain Anstis, you lie infinitely," Dover told him calmly. "No man owns any woman, save as she may give herself. We need not to fight here, if there is a better place, a freer time, where victory for one or the other can have meaning, as it will have none in the Dove-cote."

Anstis stared at him. "What is your wise plan?"

"To go from here to M'sieu d'Ogeron's quarters," Dover said. "To make certain arrangements, as precaution, there. To go, then, down the ladders. To seek out such *Gunsway* Brethren as by now have spent or been rooked of their *Gunsway* shares. To drum them up by morning, if Anstis is captain enough and they will sail with him once more; and if enough should rally, then to go aboard the *Gunsway* and get out to sea. And then to settle what still must be resolved and go our separate ways."

There was a long silence after this. Anstis looked at Dover, up and down, then put on his black-and-purple-velvet coat and went out of his dungeon, preceding Dover as by right. They retraced the tortuous route back through the Dove-cote's labyrinth until they came to the final inner door, where Dover must knock repeatedly, call his name loudly, and still wait some time before the locks and bolts were drawn and Molly Tawne appeared.

She looked at Captain Anstis, put her hand up to her mouth, drew back, then cried at Dover, "This was wrong. Oh, this was never meant!"

Near the couch where M'sieu d'Ogeron still slept like one dead, Murtaugh Bryan sat at his table, pen in hand. After some moments the priest sanded what he had written and said humbly, "I can do no better. This is an art that I have never learned."

Dover was reassuring, confident. "M'sieu d'Ogeron's signature will not be scrutinized too sharply. That we claim we go with Captain Anstis only so he may disgorge his hidden plunder, so to buy his life, will give such verisimilitude to our errand that it should go easily."

The business of the ladders was quickly finished, with no untoward occurrence. Much credit for this easy progress went to Anstis, who put actor's fervor into a broadly craven delineation of a prisoner who went in whining terror and would give so much loot for his life that each Tortugan, even Roc Brasiliano's ladder watchers, would be rich. This was a facet of his skillful, undisguised usurpment of command, which was manifested even more clearly when he stood with Dover, Molly Tawne, and Murtaugh Bryan a safe distance from the guard post at the mountain's base and told them to follow and say nothing, leaving all to him alone. The priest was dubious, and Molly Tawne attempted challenge, but when Dover told them, "I have a bargain with Captain Anstis," both were silent; and the drumming of a crew was done as Anstis ordered, up and down the island.

AND so the *Gunsway* sailed and for days that went on into weeks quartered under heavy canvas, north, east, south, and east again, wandering as Captain Anstis ordered.

The Brethren went from restiveness to overt menace as the time ran on and still they got no prize to slake their greed, but Anstis remained cool and secret of his plans. He began to draw aloof, until he kept to his cabin at all hours, where he slept at intervals on clean silk, bathed frequently in cold sea water, and studied maps and papers brought from M'sieu d'Ogeron's most private cabinets. All action, any word, affecting Dover, touching Molly Tawne or Murtaugh Bryan, was withheld.

This reticence, so Murtaugh Bryan argued, was the full cause of the captain's strange seclusion: that his vengeance might be sweetened, and his hatred pleasured, by sustained delay.

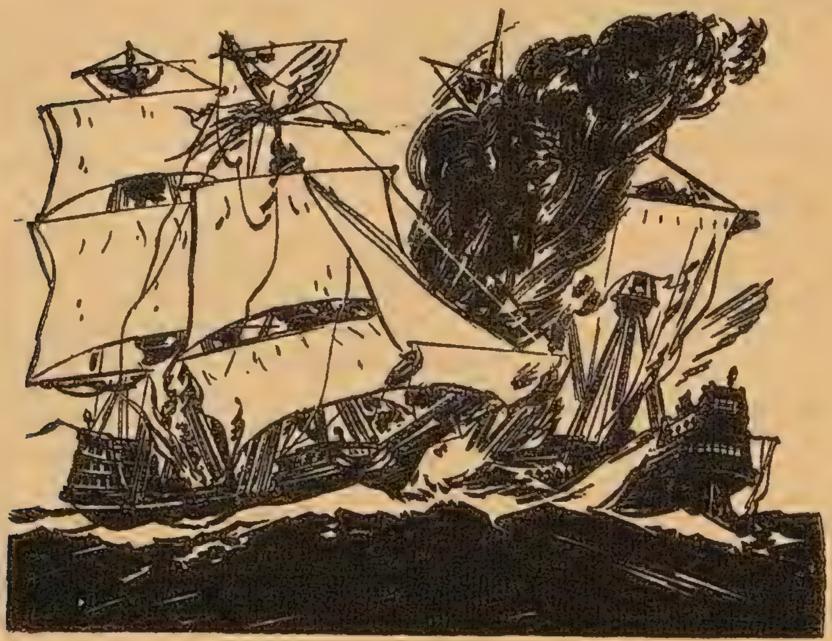
Dover answered, "Have you thought that Anstis had a future sketched and signed, which was destroyed, or damaged, or put off, when the trap closed on him within the Dove-cote? Anstis, too, now sits a saddle that may not be vacated except at a risk of claw and fang."

An hour later the priest came on Molly Tawne, where she stood watching Dover, who was going here and there, from one group to another of the roaring Brethren: seeking some objective and at last, somehow, achieving what he sought.

The priest and Molly Tawne were silent, following, when Dover led a grumbling squadron down into the 'tween decks, near the stern. Here they were witnesses to the creation of a sick bay, such a surgery as never pirate ship had owned before: a large room, cleansed down to the bare planks, whitewashed, with square windows cut to let in air and sun.

There Dover did more doctoring than he had ever done in Great Chan Street or on board the *Duke*.

Molly Tawne stood beside him, helpful, close, and saw him grow weary past the point of sleep. There were times when she went from his surgery to Murtaugh Bryan, as to the confession box.



"He has told me not to come to the surgery again unless he sent for me," she said one day.

Murtaugh Bryan told her soberly, "What help is available, within his scope, he will employ—he must—and he will not be conscious that his helper is exposed to what his patient suffers from, not while he treats the case. Afterward may be too late. You must release him from the enchainment of your womanly unselfishness, which is a greater selfishness than you now comprehend."

Samuel Ely, gone in limbo for so long, came toward them now and strutted half a step ahead of Dover.

"They found him in a tavern on Tortuga when the lords recruited slaves and servants to remove the cargo from the *Gunsway*," Dover said, aside, of Ely. "He has been given employment as a servant to Captain Anstis and comes to me with the captain's wish that I should dine tonight." He chuckled, seeing how they stared. "I am required to wear a sword, since Captain Anstis says a belted weapon is the earnest of a gentleman."

He spoke to Ely: "Go now, Cousin. Say to Captain Anstis that I will come as requested, with warm expectations, and he has my compliments."

Hours later, past the middle watch, he came to Molly Tawne where she lay sleepless, clothed, her razor dagger at her side, and told her soberly, "'Not yet, not yet,' is all I have from Anstis. There our bargain rests."

He told the evening's story, ending, "Anstis has a treasure that the lords did not discover when they emptied out the ship. I am sure of this; I have an Irish positiveness, based on instinct beyond my proof. I think that Anstis was not certain, until we were out of Tortuga, that what he hid remains where it was hidden. I think it must be gems."

He took Molly Tawne in his arms and held her, saying she must sleep and should not think of Anstis but of time to come. When she was quiet, warm against him, he was gentle with her. When—to meet his need—she closed her eyes, pretending sleep despite her wakefulness, he went back to his surgery, where he put his head upon his arms and slept.

A GABBLING cry from Samuel Ely wakened him at sunrise. Ely stammered, his words meaningless, and then screamed wildly, for a bleeding buccaneer appeared, careening, groaning, whimpering. Then suddenly a tumult exploded everywhere along the *Gunsway*, and Dover went out to the deck.

Together in the back swirl of confusion, he and Molly Tawne and Murtaugh Bryan watched how mutiny's mob spread from the captain's walk up to the yards and tops.

Suddenly there was an outcry, silence, then a whispering. Anstis had come out of his cabin. He wore black velvet, set off with a white shirt and his scarlet sword belt; had not put on his plumed hat, and carried beneath one arm a rolled chart that was turned to show M'sieu d'Ogeron's well-known imprimatur. He made a gesture with his sheathed rapier, at which the mutineers retreated, one step, then another.

Then somewhere a whistling, sighing noise began. All stood stock-still and listened. Something crashed against the side, at deck level, ripping through the ship. The *Gunsway* lurched and shuddered. Murtaugh Bryan staggered, fell, and Anstis was thrown across the deck. A fire burst out below, and black-and-orange smoke poured from the hatches.

A shocking hammer stroke smashed down the foremast. Splinters rained down. Slack cordage and a pall of canvas fell and held and covered bleeding, struggling men.

Thrown down near Ely, Dover left that wailing creature and went through the smoke and dust in search of Molly Tawne. He found her seeking him and then saw Anstis, standing at the shattered rail.

An English ship of the line, of the fourth rate, having sixty guns, rushed at them, wide, tall, towering black against the sun. Her twin Long Toms fired regularly, but the range was long, and water spouts leaped up a cable stretch astern.

The ship was bigger than the *Gunsway* and immensely stronger, a fast sailer, ably captained, proud. Along the decks, not only sailors and Royal Marines but whole redcoated troops of soldiers stood their stations, all prepared to fire and board. Atop the admiral's cabin, women and some children were seated happily to watch the fiery show.

The *Gunsway* could not run, so late, and with her canvas fouled. The Englishman's bright banners, then, said that a pirate had been apprehended and could not escape, but would be stamped out quickly, without mercy, by the book; and then the *Gunsway* would be put in tow for prizing at Jamaica, but her people would all hang.

But as the Englishman sailed on a long tack, to cross the bow, lay a full broadside on the *Gunsway*, and do all at once, the *Gunsway* leaped and plunged and went about and showed Tortuga's colors and began to fight.

Not even Ely could malinger or lie low, for Anstis saw him, kicked him, drove him to work as a powder boy. Murtaugh Bryan, bloodstained, went here and there as Anstis ordered.

The Englishman came on, and Anstis managed an evasion, and the ships passed close. Both sent their broadsides simultaneously, while small-arm volleys rattled, but the English gunners fired too high. A flaming cloud of canvas came down on the *Gunsway* as she came about to rake the Englishman.

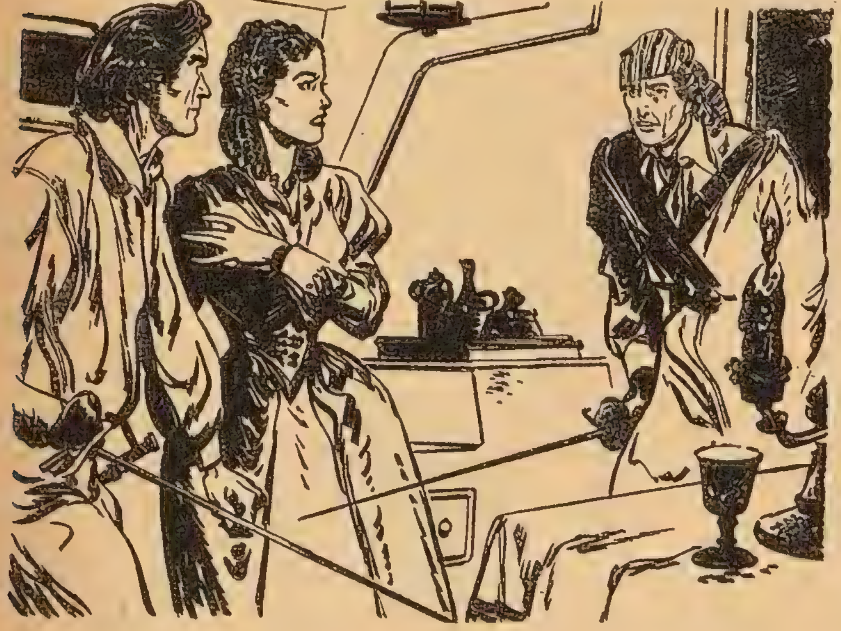
Amid all this Dover gave such treatment to the buccaneers as he could offer and invent and found that Molly Tawne was always near him, helping as she might.

The *Gunsway* came in under the Englishman's counter and raked him fore and aft. The Englishman struck back and would not turn or run. Men fought so close that they could hear each other, yet could not see an enemy, the fire and smoke and dust created such a crimsoned wall.

Suddenly the ships collided with a rending crash. From everywhere along the *Gunsway* bloody, black-faced, naked Brethren, waving pistols, with their knives and cutlasses between their arms and bodies, ran, jumped, disappeared. Immediately a volley from the English soldiery flashed.

Dover worked with a grim, silent madness, carrying the wounded to his surgery. He went stripped to the waist; his feet were bare; his body shone with crimsoned sweat and powder grime. Murtaugh Bryan followed Dover and Molly Tawne where they went, seeking to help or ease.

Sometime within the half-hour after Anstis led the charge against the Englishman the smoke began to thin.



At length the sun struck through; the clean blue of the quiet sky was seen.

Much later, Molly Tawne caught at Dover's arm.

"The Englishman is taken. Anstis has assumed command and has enlisted forty of the Englishman's people, who deserted to our side and turned the battle in our favor."

Dover took his saws and knives and wrapped them in a strip of linen. "There may be more wounded on the Englishman than her doctors can serve adequately at this time," he said. "I thought of offering myself as assistant, if honest English doctors will permit the presence of a pirate in their operating cabin."

Following him as he went along the littered, bloodstained deck, she told him suddenly, "There are no wounded on the Englishman, and no surgeon. There is no surgery. Our first broadside struck in that quarter of the ship. Captain Anstis sent word that you were to know that there is no work for you aboard the Englishman and no need for you to come aboard. He published it that now there are women enough for all, and it is beneath the true pride of the Brethren to dispute such treasures, and at this all cheered."

She clung to him, yet shuddered.

"We go," she said, "two ships and an enlarged enlistment, to Panama, where Anstis has been before. We will be on the Spanish coast. Ashore, there are swamps, snakes, the fever, unconquered Indians—nothing else. It would be Anstis, if he told you and me, 'Now I keep my bargain, fully, by the letter, and I set you both ashore. Go your ways; I go mine!' "

Dover turned from watching a pinnace that had begun to row from the Englishman toward the *Gunsway,* and Molly Tawne saw that he had bitten into his lip so it bled. His lean face was pale, his gray eyes were frightening. He turned again to watch the pinnace, as though he fought against desire to turn and was defeated.

They stood so until the pinnace bumped the side and a rope ladder was thrown down by all the Brethren gathered at the rail.

The noise aboard the Englishman went on but could not now be heard because of the inchoate roaring that went up from the *Gunsway* as Anstis came up across the rail and stepped down to the deck and stood aside, smiling, moving his furred, ring-blazoned hands.

The Brethren formed a waiting circle and were silent while the women were brought up. Each man looked at his mate, each making a choice, each wondering if a finer prize might still appear. Then all cried out and crowded, pointing, as the last one came from the pinnace and looked at them coolly, standing tall on tall red heels.

So Dover saw the Lady Aurelia Carden and heard Anstis say, "I claim the captain's choice," and knew that the Lady Aurelia chose not to hear what Anstis said, nor to admit the presence of the Brethren for this moment, while she stared at Dover, he at her.

He was no more than half aware when Molly Tawne put her small hand on his arm and looked at the Lady Aurelia Carden, then at him, with dark eyes that said, "Now I see my rival."

Then he came from his waking dream, roused finally by Samuel Ely, shouting in the crowd, telling the Brethren of how many cargoes came and went at Bristol under Carden flags; of what ransom might be shared by all who claimed their rights in this tall lady, this cold ivory treasure; of her fabled virtue, against which noble lords were amorous in vain.

Anstis drew his rapier, reversed it, and struck Ely with the hilt. The little man dropped on his knees, but still he shrieked of leathern sacks of coin—of tall red heels. Then Anstis struck again, and Ely sprawled and yelled no more.

As Lady Aurelia went where Anstis indicated, toward the cabin corridors, she walked unhurriedly and had a golden regalness—as though she could not, would not, like all other women, be brought down.

The ships made easy progress, near together, through the favoring night, until they were berthed at last, at the mouth of an unmapped river of Panama.

The *Gunsway* lay aground, close by a sheltering island. A broadside's range away, the Englishman stood in the channel, all sails spread, with anchors clawing in the bottom's sludge.

ONE midnight, near the cabin corridor, Dover moved from the shadows, where Ely scurried on some errand set by Anstis, and caught the little man.

"Has Anstis sent you to her cabin? Have you spoken with her? You must answer, Samuel, quickly."

But when Dover eased his grip Ely darted ferretlike across an open space, and then could not be seen.

Then Dover proceeded until he saw candle glow that framed a door. Here, where he must go in, he paused. He thought of Anstis, with furred, pointed hands. He cursed without words and touched the surgeon's knife hidden in his belt, and tried the door. It was not locked. He hesitated still another moment and went in.

Lady Aurelia Carden was dining. She wore a wide-skirted gown of silver and brocade, elaborately tucked, and fitted snugly at the waist, with a soft stomacher held by bands of violet ribbon and rosettes. Her hair was done high, held close to her perfect head with an arrangement of silver leaves and diamonds.

Wine bottles, glittering glassware, candles in slim holders gave enhancement to her meal: a stew of beef, cooked *arrosé* in fine Madeira.

"Why did you come from London?" Dover asked suddenly, with a control she had not bargained for.

She left the table and went toward him, carelessly defiant. She mocked him as she smiled. "If you are—or you were—a doctor by some other elevation than your own presumption, then will you answer this: Will not a doctor lose his breath as soon as any simpler pirate when he hangs?"

He said quietly, "That I am less or more than you have cause and right to think is something we lack time to argue." He went to the door, drew it half open, looked along the corridor, and told her soberly, "Anstis will hear of my coming to your cabin, if he is not already informed. I must declare to you that I know of no way by which you may escape this ship, or Anstis, and of no way in which I can be helpful to you; only that I will do what I can."

"I am most happy," she said, "that your pure robe of innocence seems in such good repair. May it hold out to keep you warm on the cold morning that is coming. For your pity, I will keep it till the day when I go to see you elevated in a cage of chains at Execution Dock, at which time I will return it to you, all unused."

He asked her, "Is it not the time for truth between us?" When she would not answer, but retreated from him, he moved suddenly. His hands closed on her slender wrists. She fought him with much strength.

"I will not ask you: 'What of Anstis?' " he said harshly, loudly, holding her. "I have done all I could to kill what has gone with me since a night in London, since a day in Bristol; all has failed, and now I am past caring."

He forced her so that their lips met. Their final drawing apart was imperceptible, and still neither spoke.

He turned from her. Then she saw, as he had seen, that the door was opening, and Anstis stood there. He seemed—to Dover—ravenous, cruelly keen. That the Lady Aurelia was not yet possessed by Anstis, and could never be, had been made clear in one marvelously completed moment.

Dover put one hand on the small knife in his belt and stood prepared for deadliness. He laughed.

"This has been long put off," he said.

But slowly Anstis loosed his rapier and tossed it from him, to clang on the wall and fall across a row of red-heeled shoes. Now he sat down in a chair, one knee across the other.

"I am a pirate," Anstis said. "I am proscribed by Spain, and hunted by the French, and damned by all the Dutch; and, taken on a London street, I will swing on a rope. All this is true, and yet this is not all." He spoke with neither pride nor shame, arranging plain fact according to a careful scheme. "All nations are abroad to sink the *Gunsway*, and England is more angered than the lesser nations, for we took an English ship of the line. Shall I swing beside the Brethren, then, as captain of the *Gunsway?* Or shall I, like Henry Morgan, leave the Caribbean named a pirate, and return a sir and royal governor?"

"You walk a steep road," Dover told him quietly.

"I have the quality," he answered, almost calmly. "More, I have the means."

His glance went toward his rapier when Dover laughed. His small teeth showed. His furred hands crept along the chair arms.

"See him plain and measure him by his own measure," Dover said to the Lady Aurelia, seeming not to watch toward Anstis.

Anstis saw the Lady Aurelia's half-smile, which was for Dover. He moved with a cat's quickness and took up his rapier. But Dover sat unmoved and told him, "We have but the first part of your plan. We are all interest for more."

ANSTIS studied them: the lounging doctor, more a puzzle than he would admit; the golden lady, who had humbled him. At last he put his rapier aside.

"The Brethren think I will direct them in repairing the *Gunsway,*" he said, "and fly the black flag from the Englishman, and with twin wolves go ravaging. I have no such intent. I mean to take the English ship, and no more for my crew than a handful of men, enough to sail us to an English port, where with my witnesses I will depose that I have served the English Crown by rescuing a ship of the line against the buccaneers in Panama.

"I mean, that is, to leave the Brethren to rot here in Panama, and they may keep the *Gunsway,* with my going," Anstis said. "I have a private fortune in rare gems that were not marked by their late owners. I will not share these with the Brethren; I will spend their value when I purchase my estate, not far from London."

This Anstis asked: that Dover should work in the surgery, examining and testing all who came to him, enlisting some of these—not many—to be ready for a grand desertion at a time that would be set by Anstis. If his plan should be betrayed, by Dover or by any other man, then he would name the story a vast lie, designed to breed mutineers and liars. If all was well done, then he would give a gentleman's assurance that Dover would be set ashore on some convenient populated island; that the Lady Aurelia would have full protection, by Anstis, contra Anstis, until she was in her house again in St. James's Square; that, once in England, he would come to her one day as wearer of a new name, asking no more than her silence of his past condition and her aid in founding his career.

He waited courteously beside the door while Dover and the Lady Aurelia made decision wordlessly.

He would be faithful to no pledge, they knew. He meant to use them, each in separate ways. But they were able, now, to turn from one another and they could smile as Anstis smiled. He stood aside for Dover to go first out of the cabin. So the confederacy was sealed.

At midday Dover had six followers, a third as many as he must enroll by sundown, to fulfill the bargain he had made.

For another hour he weighed the Brethren and got four names for the roll of his conventicle. He was not able to encounter Molly Tawne. He knew, from Murtaugh Bryan, that she had a hiding place. But by mid-afternoon he gave up his vain search and went up to the surgery.

Presently he heard a mingled shouting, and a culverin was fired. He went out to see the cause.

Anstis in white and silver, nobler than a duke, stood forth with all his guardsmen at his back, beside the ship's helm. The Lady Aurelia's lovely hand lay on his arm; her beauty was addressed to him. The Brethren were ranged in a straggling regiment along the rails. A boat came from the Englishman, called by the culverin, and its crew tumbled up the chains.

AT last, with a fine gesture, Anstis silenced all. With easy eloquence he told his gratefulness for the grace with which his people had abided his delay and said he had been slow because he wished to give them a venture grander than their last. Much study of his charts and records and of M'sieu d'Ogeron's own papers had been required, he said, before he could complete his thinking. Now he cried a name: Potosí, the Villa Imperial.

"By either name, it is the largest city in the hemisphere," he said. "To Potosí's port our company will go."

The Brethren raised a shattering roar.

"Tonight," he told them, "we shall have music, dancing, and a true Tortugan feast. I have retained a store of brandies, rum, and wine; of pork in casks, dumplings boiled in sea water and dried, priest's tobacco, and some sacks of comfits. It is your captain's order—and his lady's wish—that these supplies shall be shared out by sundown and consumed by sunup; sooner, if you please."

With this, grand pandemonium rocked the *Gunsway.* But in an instant all upon the deck gave their attention to the Lady Aurelia and to Molly Tawne, who had come from the press.

The women were as contradictory as their colorings. The Lady Aurelia was almost as tall as Anstis, straitly poised, while Molly Tawne had a boy's stature and was supple, pliable. Both wore shoes with red heels, but Molly Tawne had walked in mud and climbed on ladder steps. Her knees and hands were scratched. She had no stockings. She stood in what she owned, but had a dignity beyond her element.

Then—with a startling suddenness—a rasp of steel was heard. The pent-up savagery in Anstis was unloosed, and he moved catlike toward Molly Tawne, his rapier held halfway down the blade. But he was halted when the Lady Aurelia put her hand out, touching him, and smiled.

He kept his pale eyes toward Molly Tawne. She shook her head distressfully. Dover, watching, knew this was not in fear of Anstis and his rapier, but in her helplessness against a kindness she could not refuse. She was no longer equal to her adversary and walked blindly through the melee that blazed up when Anstis sheathed his rapier, finally, and placed the Lady Aurelia's lovely hand upon his arm and cried out nobly to the Brethren, "Follow, and be fed."

Hereafter there was madness on the ship.

Later Dover made his way along the deck between the casks and drinkers and saw Molly Tawne. She danced on bared feet while the music played. She seemed all Tortugan, exalted, wildly gay. The Brethren grasped at her, and she eluded them with such precision that they praised her shoutingly. Across the circling celebrants she looked in Dover's eyes, gave no least sign of memory, took a rough sailor named Portugues for partner and whirled with him, back and forward, flauntingly.

When Dover could endure no more and stumbled, going to the surgery, he realized that Murtaugh Bryan was beside him. The priest said nothing, steadying him.

Two hours after midnight there was no movement on the ship. The priest slept quietly until the first false-dawn graying of the sky. Going, then, on deck, he found a weirdly quiet group preparing the pinnace to be put over the side. Anstis, in black, with pistols at his belt, directed his intrigants. The priest saw that the Lady Aurelia stood watching Dover, and not Anstis, and that Dover was bandaging a long slash in Molly Tawne's right arm. Her clothing was in disarray; her dark eyes were defiant.

"Portugues," Dover told them, and for a moment said no more. Then, finished with his bandaging, he spoke to Murtaugh Bryan. "Bartholmey Portugues would be a hero to the Brethren, reporting desertion at the final moment, killing Anstis and asserting first right to the captain's woman," he said tonelessly. "But as he spied and hesitated he was stabbed, with his own knife, and now he is dead."

The priest began to murmur Latin words, and moved as if to shelter Molly Tawne, who had done murder for the sake of Dover; therefore, for the Lady Aurelia Carden.

On board the *Gunsway* all slept as before, while on the Englishman all went as Anstis wished. Six axmen poised to cut the cables; four chosen gunners had their matches lighted, with the Long Toms laid to smash the *Gunsway* just below her deck, should any on her wake and cry discovery.

As always, Ely squirmed and twisted at his captain's beck, but hugged a bundle to his middle, at which Anstis looked more often than at any other thing.

Presently Dover went toward Anstis, asking so that all would hear, "Captain, is it not time to cut our cables and be gone?"

Others began to echo Dover's question.

"None but the coward flees before the battle is prepared, and here all men are brave," Anstis said, and was courtly, unhurried, while he took the bundle Ely carried. "Who strikes with ax or other implement before I give the word, will know that I am captain," he said quietly. Then he went on, to Dover, pleasantly, "Now we must talk a little, privately."

Then he delayed, for Dover to walk first, and so they went to the state cabin, where they found the Lady Aurelia had preceded them and stood as golden-calm as if this were St. James's Square. With a low bow to her Anstis unrolled his bundle and took from it a large sack of fine morocco leather. This he upended, high above the table, spilling out a colored rain of jewels: crimson, blood-red, pink, blue, white, opalescent, and incredibly translucent. Then suddenly he seized a necklace studded with great rubies.

"These to deck my lady," he cried grandly; he worked the necklace clasp and went to place this splendor round the Lady Aurelia's splendid throat. She flinched and put her hands up. With a womanish fury he grasped at her, and now Dover struck him, so that he reeled back against the table, oversetting it.

The necklace clattered to the floor amid a hail of jewels, and Anstis saw the Lady Aurelia's red heels set upon the pledge that had been meant to buy her. At this he screamed at her and leaped at Dover, stabbing with a dagger, lunging for the heart. But Dover used his arm as shield, accepting a deep wound, while his right hand tugged at his rapier.

"This has been a great while coming," Dover said. "Now, Captain, is it time to cut our cables? Is it not?"

Anstis rushed at him; then they fought to kill.

Both men were deaf to a loud thundering somewhere outside the cabin until they were thrown sidewise as the Englishman rolled drunkenly. The ship had been holed above the water line by a round shot from the *Gunsway.*

Reeling, the duelists—both wounded—fell together, drew apart, and once more their blades crossed and clanged. Then Dover dragged a bleeding arm across his blood-filmed eyes. The second of clear seeing revealed Anstis, thrusting, postured *élongé.* Unthinkingly, by instinct, Dover turned his body, dropped to one knee, held his rapier up. So clumsily the thing was done.

He swayed, gasped, got to his feet, whispered, protested—while the Lady Aurelia used strips torn from her gown to stanch the wound above his eyes. Then, finally, he could see Anstis, in the center of the cabin, who drew Dover's rapier out of his middle body, looked at the weapon curiously, coughed, muttered, and made a wide gesture, pointing at his jewels—worthless, a child's bright-colored pebbles—at his feet.

Dover watched his enemy, but put his arm about the Lady Aurelia, whose cool hands touched lightly on his arm, his eyes. She would not turn toward Anstis for some time, until she heard him walking slowly, heavily. At this she made her body Dover's shield. But Anstis had forgotten Dover, had forgotten all but that he was a captain; he went determinedly to the door and opened it.

Past Anstis—in the corridor—Ely and Murtaugh Bryan stood back, making way for Molly Tawne. She showed no fear or triumph, although Anstis muttered, coughed, reached out, and stumbled toward her. Then a round shot roared against the Englishman's foremast, and the ship rocked and slanted toward the stern. Anstis fell forward, struggled, his face against the planking. All in the corridor looked down at him who had gone so high, whose jewels lay unwanted, and whose scheme to go to England and become a noble lord had come, at last, to this.

"The *Gunsway* is putting boats into the water," Molly Tawne said finally. "Our helm is rudderless, and we are hard aground. We can abandon ship by the lee rail and go on shore, into the jungles. Or we can await the Brethren and their mercy."

Suddenly all followed her as she went on bare feet—all leaving Anstis and his jewels where these were.

As they came on deck flames leaped along the rigging; smoke swirled up to mask the rising sun. The Englishman was stranded, turned across the channel. The *Gunsway's* boats came closer. Pistol balls struck in the bulwark, close by the priest and by Molly Tawne. A trail of fire ran across the deck.

No one, of all who left the Englishman, had memory afterward of how escape to shore was managed, but all reached the sheltering, entangled trees. Here Dover marshaled those of the small company who had brought weapons and—with Molly Tawne as his lieutenant—made such preparations for defense as there was time or space to set.

Shouting in a vengeful chorus, the *Gunsway's* punishers appeared upon the Englishman's wide decks, but cringed before an apparition. Anstis walked forward, as nobly as when he mocked the lords and M'sieu d'Ogeron in the Dove-cote, when ambition was his strategy.

There was a moment during which the watchers could see only blinding light, the listeners heard only their own hearts. Then all were hurled down by the pounding air. Mud rose toward the sun in an obscuring curtain. A pattering was heard upon the leaves. Small bits of timber fell out of a cloud of spray and mud and smoke. A choking smell spread everywhere. Then, finally, those who still lived looked through the fiery haze at what had been the Englishman.

The ship's side was torn away. No living thing moved anywhere. Now Anstis would not walk again.

They fled the way the river ran, because the inland mangrove tangles were impregnable. The priest went first, close by Molly Tawne and the Lady Aurelia.

The wound that Portugues put in Molly Tawne's wrist and arm throbbed furiously, but she owned a numbness against simple pain. Determinedly, ruling eyes and mind, she seemed to take no special notice of the Lady Aurelia. Both were courteous.

In this disarmed alliance the two women reached a compact, furthered with each step, for both were more thoughtful of Dover than of selves. This was not a new thing for Molly Tawne. It was small comfort to her that such rare consideration had not been a weakness in the Lady Aurelia before this day, in all her regal life.

Once, when Dover, with a determination to be doctor, nothing else, would have taken Molly Tawne's wounded wrist in his hands, she would not let him touch her.

"Go to your golden lady," she cried helplessly. "Peers dance by couples; let the rabble watch outside the windows and be grateful for such gifts."

Always at night, while the others slept, Dover knew that Molly Tawne was wakeful. She would be silent when the Lady Aurelia lay down near her. She would be up at sunrise, deeply engrossed in the small morning tasks she had assumed; would never look toward Dover—never speak, except of little things. She had grown pitiably thin. Her wounded wrist and arm were a continuing trouble to her, yet she asked for less than kindness and gave more than courtesy to her tall golden rival through the days.

ONE morning the passage over Panama was done, and they could wade into the Pacific, as Balboa and Pizarro did. All went forward side by side, until their slashed and bloodied feet were laved by this incoming watery foam.

Only the Lady Aurelia and Molly Tawne remained apart, and when they saw a shining, rock-encircled pool not far off, shadowed by a leaning cliff, they went that way. Stripping off their rags, they hesitated, each to let the other go first into the cool shallows, while the sun-lit surface mirrored their opposed perfections. Their breasts were firm, high-borne; their thighs were smooth, impeccably rounded; they were utterly unlike, except that both made gracefulness a lovelier art.

But suddenly anger, heartbreak, bitterness, and jealousy were fused in Molly Tawne. She stumbled and fell down clumsily. She felt cool hands and struck out blindly. Impartial, gentle, nurselike, very strong, the Lady Aurelia held her, until a fit of shuddering was done. Molly Tawne whispered helplessly that God helps the rich; the poor know how to beg. Without protest she permitted the tall lady to bring her to her feet and clothe her; and after many minutes said, "Now let me help myself," and went unsurely to a shelving rock, where she sat down.

"Do not tell him Molly Tawne is frail, while you are clean of wounds," she begged.

The Lady Aurelia asked, "Are we in such sad case that we speak poniards only, every word a stab; or are we partners in a venture not yet balanced, and two women grown?" And then whatever enmity they had was put away, not to be used again.

At evening Dover spoke to all: "This coast is closely settled and trading schooners go between the towns and I have heard of Indian fishermen. Follow me along the sandy road until we find some hamlet, town, or harbor where there is a boat."

TOWARD dawn they came upon an Indian village. An unused, masted boat was drawn up near the houses. Dover and his advancing covenanters struck no blows. Their gleaming weapons and their whiteness were enough to send all living beings in the village into panic flight. A little later they were out at sea and laughing at the spectacle of Indian women wrestling with their children over English coins tossed along the street in payment for the boat.

The hours wore on. A series of enormous lightning flashes and incredible long thunder rolls brought hail, then sleet, that cut the skin and froze the hands. Still they were driven nowhere, while the night closed in. Dover realized that Molly Tawne stood by him at the rudder, and her laughter, challenging the storm, told him how sure her faith was.

The lightning showed fanged shoals and rollers taller than the boat's mast. The rocks came nearer, nearer. Now a racing stern sea, climbing higher monstrously, seized at the boat and set it on one end and buried it. A moment later the boat was an upturned wooden corpse at which the people grasped. Some—but not all—were hurled on shoreward, raked by shoaling sands, their lungs filled up with water. Some were thrust up against a granite cliff; some lay submerged in shallows, until others tugged them farther on.

The priest ran here and there and shouted names; and Dover, bleeding, sick, found the Lady Aurelia and Molly Tawne. No one could speak; all huddled close for warmth, and so they stayed until a grayness simulated dawn.

They saw, then, a ledge that ran along the cliff, upward, and the company toiled up and stood on the blank rim of limitless space. West, the ocean spread forever. East, a dry and draining heat came from the treeless hills.

Dover chose to lead them south. Whenever he stopped and sat down, all sat down near by. The day's heat, night's chill, a corpse-face moon, and Molly Tawne's stark, low delirium were parcel of their punishment. They neither slept nor waked.

It was the Lady Aurelia who cried to Dover that she saw a fire: a light that did not move. Then Dover told the priest to guard the women and command the men, and started on, alone.

He looked back once and saw the Lady Aurelia, tall against the sky. She had been silent, unprotesting, when he left her. She knew—must know—how dubious his errand was. But she had done him the best kindness he could ask and would not hold him from his last endeavor.

When he reached the fire, he saw the gleam of weapons: muskets placed against a rock. He saw two, four, or a half-dozen figures: men, who toasted meat on swords, and ate, and drank from bottles.

He walked forward, toward the guns, his empty hands extended.

"My name is Dr. Dover," he said. "I am English, and I beg your charity. We came here by wind and wreck, are cast away, possess no arms, and have no destination. My following is made of six weakened sailors and two boys; two women, one in fever's dark extremity; a priest."

They led him before a lank man, their captain.

The lank man cried loudly, breathlessly. "Tom, Tom Dover!"

He was Captain Dampier who had been sailing-master on the *Duke*. Victim, like Dover, of Sir Roger Woodes' treachery, he was now ashore with sixty men and four longboats.

The night passed slowly, in talk and silence, memoir and debate. By morning they began to plan their business; what Dover's covenanters might add to Dampier's regiment, how the longboats would be more strongly armed, and other matters, in which they would work as partners, laboring toward a day when their long journey home would be resumed.

In days that followed, Dover kept close watch near Molly Tawne.

She said one evening, "Heartbreak is lame, but it walks fast"; though her voice was fragile, she was tender, loving, gay, not sad. Her fingers found and fondled Dover's hand, but her eyes were closed; she was with Dover in her small house on Tortuga. Soon she slept.

When sunlight and the sounds of morning wakened her, she saw that Dover slept at her bed's side, his head bowed on crossed arms that rested on his captain's desk: an upturned powder cask. A candle in a bottle had burned down to dirty wax.

Against volition she reached out to touch his half-seen hand. When he did not stir she smiled in relief, treasuring his nearness.

She was told, late that evening, that Dover had gone away in the longboat with a crew. The watcher who gave her this news was the Lady Aurelia, who stilled her sharp outcry and told her, "There is thought to be an island, San Felice, where Captain Dampier hazards there may be a secret Spanish harbor and perhaps a rich prize; Captain Dover has gone there to see. It will not be a long cruise. Captain Dover means to be with us again within the week."

Before that time Molly Tawne said the fever had gone out of her; she asked for food and ate with child-like greediness. And in the gray darkness of the dawn when Dover's signal shots from covey, beach, and ravine were heard, and the men in camp ran toward the path that led down to the beach, Molly Tawne preceded all, crying Dover's name. The Lady Aurelia stood where she was.

When Dover's arms enfolded Molly Tawne, the torches, bobbing closer, showed calm gallantry and renunciation in the Lady Aurelia's watching eyes.

Torches flared along the beach below them, revealing four prisoners: three Indians and a corpulent Spaniard.

"The island has no harbor," Dover reported to his people. "There are small inlets, rocky, shallow, but no safe deep-water anchorage. Spanish have been there; we found relics of a garrison. We saw no ship en route to San Felice or along the adjacent coast. But this Spaniard, who speaks no English, has by signs and a few Latin phrases communicated a fair offer. 'Put me on land,' he meant; 'let me go free; warrant that no Englishman will hunt me; give me water, food, and a sword. If you will do so, then I will draw a map to show you where a ship lies, such as you seek after.' "

Then Dover used signs, gestures, Latin tags and Spanish phrases, until the grandee took Dampier's mapping pen in his thick fingers, drawing crudely, marking latitude and longitude, and circling a large, nearly landlocked bay.

WHEN at nightfall the embarkation was commenced, Molly Tawne went as Dover ordered, to aid Murtaugh Bryan and the Lady Aurelia in the sick boat, which would sail in the middle of the fleet. The largest craft was called the flagship, wherein Dampier was admiral-navigator. Dover commanded musketeers and gunners and the Spaniard's guard. The Indian slaves were used as pilots.

The fleet moved out toward open water. Sails were spread. A fair wind kept the helmsmen busy, and the voyage was begun.

At false dawn sails were struck; oars came out, and—close-tied in tow—the fleet rowed into a wide river mouth. Here Dover sent out landing parties to command the heights, and the hot, wind-swept day was spent in hiding. When the sun fell under the horizon and the twilight deepened, the voyage was resumed.

"We are somewhere near our destination," Captain Dampier said. "That is, we should find the anchorage my chart recorded. The channel is wide, but large spikes of rock show when the tide is out. A valley opens at the bay's end."

Dover told him, "Find the bay."

They found it before the ending of the night. Then Dover, Dampier, and all their company were startled by the spectacle of an enormous Spanish galleon that lay majestically a mile inside the bay, each spar and pennant seen against a blaze of campfires spaced along the farther shore.

Dover had his boats turned and all tows cut, until the fleet was better sheltered in a small backwater. Now he conducted a war council of all in the regiment.

Molly Tawne and the Lady Aurelia—who stood close, with their arms touching, and said nothing to each other—were enabled to see how hands rose. Attack against the galleon was voted to go forward.

When the longboats were pushed out from the backwater, two hours after midnight, Dover gave a last command that must put them in jeopardy of death, should the attack go any way but well. Four men were set to bore holes through the boat bottoms when the fleet bumped at the galleon's side.

"We will sink our boats behind us," Dover said, "not in doubt that some might run away, but so that all will know there is no way to go but forward."

So the oarsmen rowed with a fine delicacy, slowly, each man's eyes on Dover. Far off—nearer, nearer—they saw the enormous galleon, where light and music came from endless rows of opened deadlights; where the lanterns still shone brilliantly, but where no movement of armed guards or soldiers could be made out. Past the galleon, the campfires were flickering embers, at which drunken Spaniards sprawled and toasted their bared feet. The Indian slaves were unseen, but the sailors knew these possible adherents to their cause were not far back behind the guns of the shore battery.

Now the gnawing noise of augers biting through the planks told all that they must follow Dover up to the galleon's deck.

The Lady Aurelia, Molly Tawne, and Murtaugh Bryan were the last to leave the sinking sick boat.

No man knew which ran fastest after Dover, who dashed toward the foredeck, where some Spaniards talked and laughed. Wild, unbelieving yells went up; gunfire came from the tops, out of companionways, from every quarter; steel clashed; axes cut through bone. The Spanish—half drunk, or half drugged with sleep—fell back before this onslaught.

Dover was seen high up on the quarter gallery at one moment, then leaped into a melee near the helm, and then seized on a culverin commanding the foredeck, and fired into a ruck of Spaniards boiling up from the state cabin. So the admiral was killed.

His officers fought with brave desperation, but the English soldiers shouted that the Englishmen were proof against all metal and had more than human weapons; and small knots of Dover's sailors began to fire the small deck cannon at the Spaniards on shore.

Now Dover sent men in the rigging, to toss lanterns overside. His shirt was ripped off; blood streaked his forearm; he had a gash along his thigh, but he commanded at all points with swift force and sharpened vision. He turned and struck with his sword hilt, to end a grandee's bitter duel with Dampier, and shouted to the gunners that they should not fire the broadside, for their allies did their work on shore. Chained Indians beat the Spaniards with their manacles, slashed at their masters' throats with broken teeth, dragged howling dons across the beach.

A new rush of determined fighters came out of a forward hatch. These Spanish were well officered and charged so fiercely that the Englishmen were split into two jostling squadrons. Three Spaniards hewed at Dover with their swords and boarding axes. The Spanish phalanx forged on toward the helm, where Dampier and a few helpers worked to get the galleon in motion.

Now Molly Tawne stood, small, laughing, wildly purposeful, near the forepeak. A crippled sailor crouched near by her and leaped up to struggle with a Spaniard who ran at her with a knife. She touched match to a culverin that discharged its double load into the center of the Spanish charge. Smoke and the spreading fire from 'tween decks shrouded her, the Lady Aurelia, and the priest; and Dover—central in the final struggle—saw no more of them until no Spaniard was alive at any place along the galleon's wide expanse.

Then he went to Molly Tawne. Over her the Lady Aurelia stood tall and golden, with a candle held low, so that her face was in shadow.

Dover saw nothing but the dark girl, the small laughing woman of Tortuga: Molly Tawne. She was beyond all envy; she was safe from all things. She smiled with a child's contentment, being held close in her lover's arms. The Spanish knife that had stabbed her was not to be thought of, her smile said. She could not speak, and yet her lips moved. Dover kissed her lightly, briefly, and she nodded and still smiled.

Then her small hands moved and were still. Her eyes closed, and she did not wake again.

THE galleon was stored full and ballasted with fortune: millions were her inventory. It was revealed by papers taken from the admiral's desk that her cargo was to finance an attack on England, which now would be put off, since Dover had the Spanish war chest for a prize.

The surviving Indian slaves were given meat and water and some musketry for their departure to a fastness toward the Andes where, they thought, the Spanish would not trace and punish them.

Then Dover went here and there along the elevated ground around the bay and would not have assistance while he dug a deep grave. He carried rocks to form a cairn, and fixed a small cross, in which he carved deeply: "Molly Tawne." He asked the priest, at last, to pray a little in the Gaelic, and then stood beside the heap of stones and looked for a long time at the blue ocean and the clean sky.

Later the priest came, challengingly calm, to say that he meant to walk west with the Indians: to look at the Andes and to preach where there might be listeners. He would, then, trust in Dover to remember that the signpost does not say, "Go right, go left," but only "Go your way."

He put his hand out slowly, in farewell and benediction. Then he looked toward the Lady Aurelia, who was alone, withdrawn from all the company, far toward the fore part of the galleon, and nodded, as if saying, "Now good-by." He went ashore.

The anchors were brought up with a tremendous reverberation, and the galleon moved lazily out upon her voyage round the Horn. The English sailors leaped along the yards, and the spread of canvas caught the wind.

"THEN we came home to England," Dover ended his story. He told it in The New Jerusalem Coffee House, at table with Mr. Daniel Defoe.

"Hear me," Mr. Defoe said finally. "The noise of your taking of the galleon still rattles London's windows; but the after-noise, less loud, infinitely more formidable, may shout against you by tomorrow. Will you understand? How is it, one will ask, that Dover, embalmed by Sir Roger in a report of mutiny and deserved death, got from the Isle of Grande to the Western ocean, and there rejoined Captain Dampier, who was declared—by Sir Roger—to have been lost in battle, heroically, long months ago?

"How is it, they will soon demand in Bristol, that those who drew pay and rations on the *Duke* or *Duchess* take a Spanish prize and keep their profits, never sharing with the owners of their capturings? How goes it, some will whisper at White's or in the Queen's own court, that the Lady Aurelia Carden was bound for Jamaica on an English ship of war, long since reported lost, yet is returned to her house in St. James's Square, where she says only that she was rescued by unknown sailors who set her ashore at Barbados to take her passage home?

"Are you so savagely inured to marvels that you cannot see how marveling—in London—births a whispering that is grandsire to inquiry; that may be, can be, Dover's ticket to the place of lofty honor at Execution Dock?"

They went later into a noble mansion, Dover and Dampier. They wore swords and dark clothing. They stood, with Dover foremost, in a private room and saw Sir Roger, an old, cringing, drained, and quivering bag of bones. Their errand was to taunt and vilify him and to barter secrecy in settling up their business with the Admiralty. They meant to employ half threat, half cozenage, as Mr. Defoe had instructed them. They found no use for such attack or subterfuge. They left Sir Roger, Duke of Fernham, while he still swore and wailed for forgiveness.

They went next, gravely circumspect, but menacing, into musty offices and dens, to swear that Captain Dover, Dr. Dover of Great Chan Street, was an honest captain and no pirate, but a gallant Englishman. Slowly, then, the history of their venture was accepted, stamped, sealed, placed in the archives, and—by Queen Anne's signature—made true. There was no least mention of the *Gunsway*, Anstis, and the English ship of war. There must be none, at any time forever, unless Dover sought the scaffold and rope-end's disgrace.

Now those who had been on the galleon were seen no more in London; Dampier went to the country, where he bought a farm, and Mr. Defoe got material for a book and grinned at Dover happily, declaring, "I am well paid." He sobered, come alive from self-entrancement, seeing Dover's lonely weariness.

"All are rewarded, except Dover," he said slowly, thoughtfully. "We get our farms, our inns, our books, our life's ease; but Dover buys the house in Great Chan Street and spends his hard-bought gold to dispense medicines and cures amongst the generalty, without fee. Queen Anne's court will get you, as a celebrated new discovery: a man of science, wit, wealth, looks, and gentlemanly manner. But a cross set above a grave five thousand miles from Great Chan Street will never cure the ailment in you that cannot be healed except by living hands and lips."

WEEKS passed, and months, and Dover rose toward famousness, while Great Chan Street was talked of in the College of Physicians, and the pharmacists sent out to the Indies for coca leaves and logwood bark and other specifics that were considered to be fashionable, since Dover used them and was fashion's lion, spoken of at court.

He must go, then, at last, to a court ball. The doctor-dons said he would harm their effort to inculcate his new principles, if Queen Anne harbored the belief that her command, to be seen in her presence, was ignored.

Therefore, he was paraded, complimented, languished for, brought up to bow before the Queen, and tapped lightly with fans frail as thistledown.

He saw one lady, only one, in the assemblage. She was golden-tall and lovelier than he remembered. She walked in black and crimson and wore red-heeled shoes. She neither smiled nor frowned, but was impeccably remote.

"I have never thought of an unbudded black tulip until tonight," he said.

She—if she wished to—might send Dover to be hanged. She—no one else—could tell how, on the *Gunsway*, she saw Dover, pirate, member of Tortuga's pack. She—after so long—might do what she chose, say what was natural to her. He would not protest. The guidepost does not say, "Go right, go left," but only "Go your way." Now he had come where she walked; now he heard her name, and his.

They told him she was the Lady Aurelia Carden. They told her that he was Dr. Thomas Dover, of Great Chan Street, famously discussed.

"The name is not familiar," she said. "We have not met until tonight." Then he saw her white arms held out to him.

They danced together. Tall doctor and tall golden lady, they were as—so long—they longed to be, and now would be while they lived.

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By Helen Greenwood

MAX MILLER wrote the text of **It's Tomorrow Out Here,** and **Lieutenant Commander Charles E. Kerlee** took the photographs.

This is the story of the work that must be done after a beachhead is taken—the grinding work with flame throwers and bulldozers to rebuild harbors and build air strips.

Miller writes of the tragic deadliness of the life in outposts; of the yearning men have to see their families; of the young man who had never seen his two-year-old son.

Max Miller

"'But what gets me'—the young officer tried to laugh it off—'but what gets me is that I'm not just a picture to my boy either. He's got the whole thing mixed up. All pictures to him, my wife wrote, are "Daddy." The pictures can be of mountains or of cows or of ladies.'"

One of the most charming sections of the book is the description of "Smitty," the tattooed native who spoke no English but who made the Americans welcome on his little island in the Pacific. "Smitty," says Miller, "was one of those men one sees wherever there is a convention or is likely to be one. He is head of the parade committee, he is chairman of the sports. . . . He remembers everybody's name, and up till the close of the fiscal year he led the sales record in his territory."

"Smitty" didn't say, "Hi, you guys!" but he would have said it if he could. ". . . But his hands were saying it, and so was his face."

Less pleasant to read about is the Japanese woman in charge of the orphanage on Saipan who had killed her two children when the Americans landed to "'save' them from what she thought would be certain mutilation, then death. She was just starting to kill herself when a Marine officer arrived and stopped her.

"Her only ambition, and the only ambition she says she ever will have from now on, is to take care of orphanages."

Published by Whittlesey House, N. Y. Price $3.

FRESH FROM THE HILLS, by **Marguerite Lyon,** tells the real story of an urban woman who "retired" to a farm in the Ozarks. Mrs. Lyon and "Jedge" Lyon like their Ozark life and their Ozark neighbors. Readers will understand why when they encounter Rounder, the ex-moonshiner, in the pages of the book.

Mrs. Lyon warns, however, that city families should think twice before starting a hegira to the hills.

Marguerite Lyon

"In the first place," she says, "everything isn't peaceful and quiet. You have problems on a farm just as in the city. And baffling problems, such as how to get the badly fitting shoes off your horse when the blacksmith has said his back hurts and he won't take any more horseshoeing. You must learn an incredible number of new things and never stop learning!"

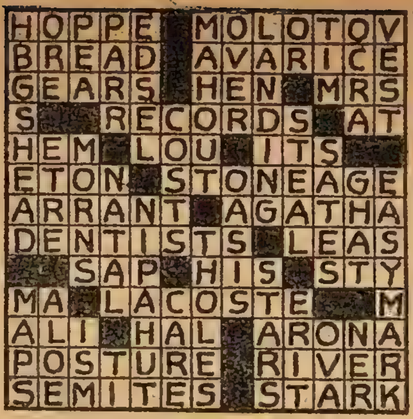
She warns, too, that "you must look well to the land you buy. Land is cheap in many parts of the Ozarks, but it is often relatively cheap in quality."

Hill farming is specialized farming—heavy grain crops should not be attempted. And Ozark houses, for the most part, are not equipped with modern conveniences—water is scarce and electricity is scarcer.

Published by the Bobbs-Merrill Co., N. Y. Price $3.

COCKEYED CROSSWORD

By Ted Shane



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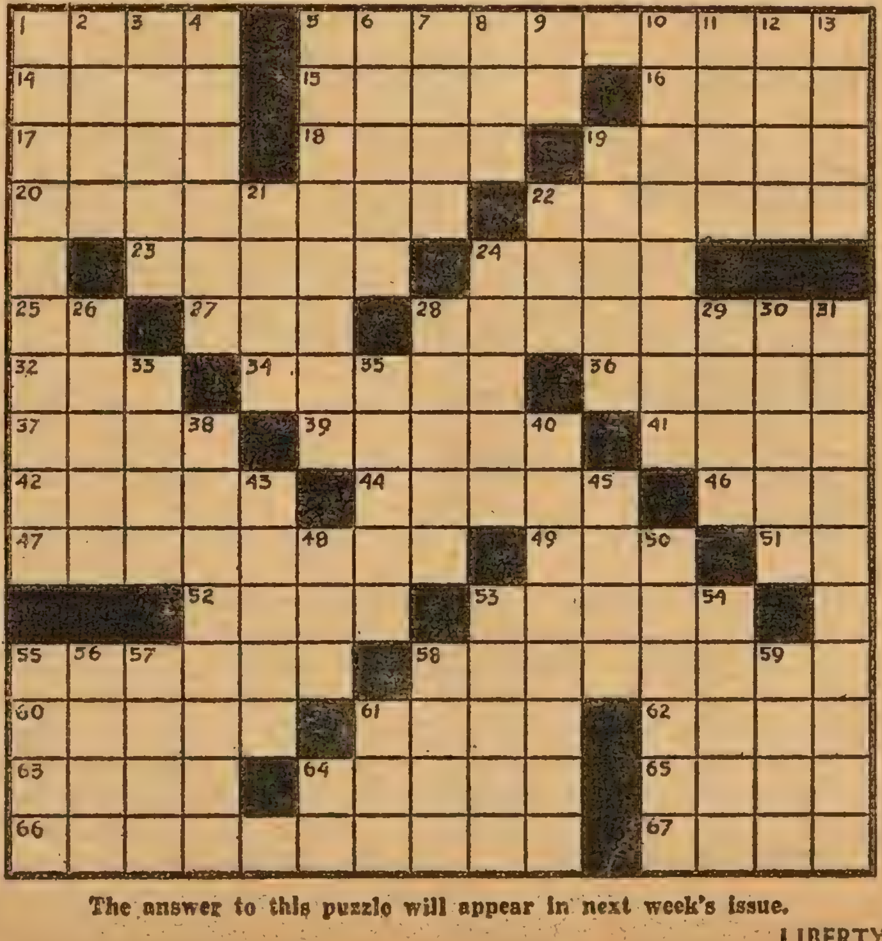
Last week's answer

HORIZONTAL

1 After this, she wrote the letter (abbr.)
5 Chap who makes you work for his money
14 What Groucho Marx said you were today and tomorrow, too
15 What the painless dentist leaves you in
16 It often smells like an olfactory
17 Vociferous, as a senator
18 In Scotland they're hardly worth waiting for
19 Manufacture sheet music
20 Man's rule (anag.)
22 Radio musical spot-pourri
23 Kind of goat
24 Unhitching post
25 Buttoned Lips (abbr.)
27 Tough Cuties Ululate (abbr.)
28 General assistants
32 Mechanical man plasma
34 This is exercised by bending at bars
36 Recover
37 Auricular
39 Less phony
41 Wander
42 Pay for a round of drinks
44 The Rumba Rockies
46 What she didn't show after marriage
47 Hangout for a lot of old clucks
49 Glamamama
51 Empty road
52 Snow (anag.)
53 Watched the birdie, if human; vice versa, if birdie
55 Overstuffed in the chassis
58 It's at your service, sailor!
60 What went for the sailor minus this
61 Man who knows nothing about horses, willing to tell all for two bucks
62 Evicted tenant
63 Ten birds on tree, hunter shot one, how many left?
64 Member of most ancient order of elks
65 Swank beach
66 Cagey chap, lets very little get by him in the sporting world (two words)
67 Word used for saw in Bklyn.

VERTICAL

1 Call me up if you should get settled in one during the housing shortage (two words)
2 Llamaland
3 British biby buggies
4 Choose
5 B. C. atom bomber
6 Mighty spry
7 What the Cantorian eye does
8 What the Dems've been for yrs. 'n' yrs.
9 Mons. Cobb
10 Often he hasn't the foggiest notion where he's going
11 Superman to Jr.
12 Kind of head
13 Three pips make one what?
19 Mr. in a bolero
21 Piece of land (anag.)
22 Mons. Ott
24 Got along in a boat with a lot of Yanks
26 French quart
28 Noble sort of a chap
29 School of the Old Tie
30 Guy all tied up in beau knots
31 Jaloppy jerk. (Careful, it's a fast one!) (two words)
33 Kind of years a tax collector enjoys
35 Metal used for general purposes
38 This not only goes round and round, but on and on in N.Y.C.
40 Glorified gossip gatherer
43 Big hamlets
45 O. K., bud! (Sp.; two words)
48 Overworked Nudist Dumplings (abbr.)
50 Rosy carpet for heroes
53 That thing that refreshes
54 First triangle blondes get mixed up in (colloq.)
55 What the Bells of St. Mary's did
56 Herman Melville's book on advice to cows
57 Gal's nickname
58 Blue period
59 Dame accomplished (anag.)
61 What John L. Lewis hasn't mined in years
64 Object of I



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

"MAN OVERBOARD!" OFF PORTUGAL

1 "**One instant,** I was leaning unconcernedly against the mast of the fishing *barco,*" writes a friend of Canadian Club Whisky. "A sudden roll of the ship, and the next instant I was overside, my heavy clothing—borrowed from the skipper—dragging me relentlessly down. A goner, I was sure . . . but in a flash, the barco put about. Just in the nick of time!

2 "**Yet my most vivid** impression was of the colorful boats along the beach—many of them designed after craft that brought the Romans and Phoenicians to Portugal, centuries ago.

3 "**Ashore, too,** I found the transportation picturesque. For it was aboard a quaint donkey cart that I resumed my journey. It was hard to believe that just 24 hours before . . .

4 "**I'd been** watching a nearby wonder of modern science at work, as Pan American Airways sent up its radiosonde balloons to record high-altitude weather data to guide the great Clippers.

5 "**Biggest surprise,** though, was beautiful seaside Estoril—gathering place for the greats of all nations, en route to the States. I heard 14 languages spoken here—and calls in just about all of them for Canadian Club!"

Even these days travelers tell of being offered Canadian Club all over the earth—often from a cherished pre-war supply. And why this whisky's worldwide popularity? Canadian Club is *light* as scotch, *rich* as rye, *satisfying* as bourbon—yet there is no other whisky in all the world that tastes like Canadian Club. You can stay with Canadian Club all evening long—in cocktails before dinner and tall ones after. That's why Canadian Club is the largest-selling imported whisky in the United States.

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Blended Canadian Whisky
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THE WAR'S MOST INCREDIBLE DOCUMENT

Continued from Page 23

record of wholesale admissions of patients from the work camps at Los Pinos, at Pasay, at Palawan, and from the road gangs in Tayabas. Shortly after these admissions were recorded, Kentner always was forced to add to his records of death. Some of the prisoners were delivered dead and in sealed caskets.

KENTNER'S tenacity in keeping his log night after night for three years and two months, with the risk of detection constant, represents a special type of courage. That is a long time to walk under the sword. But Kentner explains it simply:

"I was scared all the time, but I got all the breaks. I did my job, but what's so unusual about that? Every hospital corpsman in that prison did his job. I was assigned to the personnel office to work for Cliff Condon [Pharmacist Clifford K. Condon, U.S.N., of Vallejo, California]. That was on May 30, 1942. Cliff told me the Americans wouldn't be back in P. I. for two years. I thought he was crazy, but he said we were a hospital in the U. S. Navy and we had to follow orders as we last knew them. One of those orders was that every naval hospital keeps a record of its work. It was his idea, his orders. I did it. That's what I was trained to do."

When Condon was shipped off on a Japan draft, to die in a prison camp on Kyushu on June 2, 1945, Kentner carried on. He knew his punishment, if caught by the Japs, would be nothing less than a long prison term and he might be executed.

"You get used to the danger," he says. "I used to make my notes in my own shorthand and then type them out at night. You could hear the guards coming, for they all wore metal cleats on their shoes. I'd switch an official Jap report into the typewriter and wait for them to go by. Then I'd start the typing again. If the Japs hadn't been so stupid, I would never have been able to keep the log. Even so, I was scared all the time until they caught me in April, 1944."

From that date until liberation in February, 1945, Kentner kept his log under Japanese protection. It happened this way:

Kentner was typing in the personnel office late one night, when suddenly a voice boomed at him from the barred window.

There was a snarl of *"Kuda,"* meaning in Japanese "You no-good louse." Kentner recognized the voice as belonging to "Captain Bligh," the name given a sergeant of the guard because he was rough and totally *Kuda*. The Jap had sneaked up to peer into the paneless window.

"I realized he had to go around to the front of the building to get at me," Kentner says, "so I ripped the page of the log out of my typewriter and switched in the phony report. Then I noticed the report was dated about six months ago because I hadn't kept it up to date. But it was too late to do anything."

Captain Bligh stormed in, ripped the sheet out, and took Kentner to the guard office.

"Luckily Sato was noncom of the day. He could talk a little English but couldn't read much. He was pretty decent if you oiled him," Kentner says.

"Captain Bligh gave him a long story in Jap, then shoved the report in his face. I thought I was through. But I began to oil Sato. I explained that Lieutenant Nogi, the hospital director for the Japs, wanted certain reports by 8 A.M., and that meant working at night. While I talked, Sato stared at the report. Then he interrupted me.

"'This is a serious violation,' he said, which made me certain I was in the soup. 'I do not know what punishment will be given. Light bulbs must be conserved. You have used them at night without permission.'

"It seems Captain Bligh had accused me of burning the lights, not typing at night. They sort of expected me to type, since I worked in the personnel office. Sato handed back the report. I staggered off and flushed it down a toilet. Next day I was authorized to burn lights at night, and to keep the guards from disturbing me the Japs also gave me a white arm band which said 'Office Man.' After that, it was a cinch."

THE dangers were further eased in July of 1944 when Kentner was named by Commander Thomas H. Hayes, Medical Corps, U.S.N., then commanding officer of the hospital, as interpreter and liaison with the Japs to relieve Pharmacist Edward F. Haase, U.S.N., of Philadelphia, whose proficiency in the Japanese language almost caused his death.

"I knew some conversational Japanese and could get along with the guards, but Haase really knew the language. He was so good they sent him along with a draft of prisoners for Japan.

"When Haase left, we lost one of the strongest protections we had against the unpredictable Japs. It's hard to say how many lives were saved by the way he worked the Japs, but it was plenty. When I took over his job the responsibility scared me."

Kentner's Log records on August 2, 1943, that Haase, with Radio Electrician Earl G. Schweizer, U.S.N., and Chief Pharmacist's Mate Abel O. Gomes, U.S.N., were commended by Major General Xitiro Morimoto, commanding general of the Japanese military prison camps in the Philippines, for their work.

The task assumed by these men required complete disassociation with themselves. They were forced to swallow everything to benefit the prisoners. This they did at a personal cost that cannot be estimated. Kentner was forced to assume the same sacrifices.

His new duties allowed him to expand his log, since he now had all of the administrative reports and communications between the Japs and the Americans at his fingertips.

All of these records were stuffed in a storage space above a noisome toilet outside the personnel office. The Japs never pried into it. When the Yanks took Bilibid on February 5, 1945, Manila was in flames and the prison was threatened. Kentner found an old Filipino Army sack and stuffed it full of his records. He carted this sack across the Pacific

(Continued on page 54)

HARDTACK

Reamer Keller
LIBERTY

Captain Callie French's "Showboat" plied the river for decades and-like Armstrongs-gave satisfaction to millions

Mississippi Masterpiece!

◎ Hats off to Natchez, Mississippi, southern home of the Armstrong Tire—the tire that has given millions of private and commercial car owners extra mileage since 1912! Everywhere Americans have sought full value from their tires, the custom-type Armstrongs built by southern craftsmen have outlasted others, year after year, dollar for dollar and mile for mile. They're built to last!

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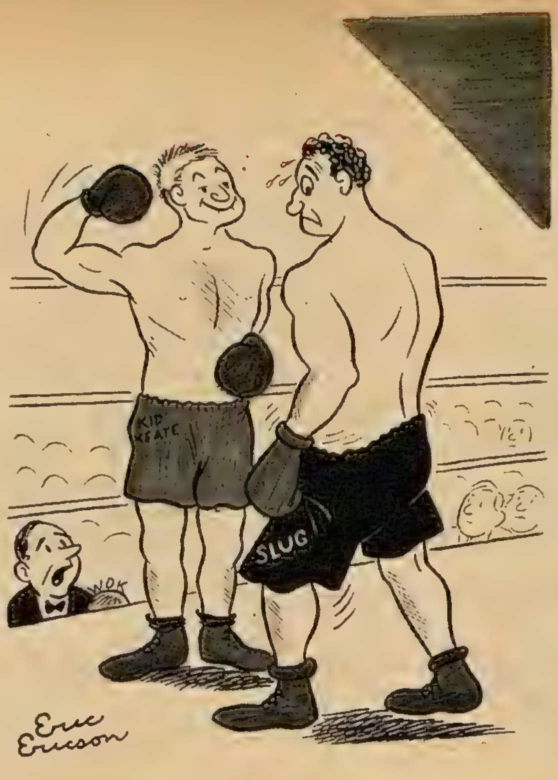

"Slug seems to be having a bit of trouble this round."

LIBERTY

(Continued from page 52)

and delivered it to the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery on April 21, 1945.

Commander (now Captain) Lea Bennett Sartin, Medical Corps, U.S.N., who had been commanding officer of the Bilibid Prison hospital for the first two years of its existence, was as amazed at Kentner's Log as any of the Navy men who examined it. Before he was imprisoned by the Japs at Cabanatuan, he had been in daily contact with Kentner, but had had no knowledge of the existence of the log.

"If I had told Dr. Sartin," Kentner explained, "he would have run the risk of terrible punishment. If I'd been caught he would never have lied about the log. He's not that kind of man. He would have admitted knowing about it and tried to make my punishment easier. . . ."

Dr. Sartin has approved the authenticity of Kentner's records.

As Dr. Sartin told his men, when the fighting man is captured he is through, but the hospital corpsman's rk becomes more taxing. Perhaps [illegible] was the same kind of courage that motivated Kentner himself, that kept the hospital corpsmen going. It may have been training. They were organized from the the beginning and never relaxed the structure of a naval hospital organization. For instance, throughout Kentner's Log are entries listing promotions of hospital corpsmen following examinations for advancement in rating. They held one examination when the Japs gave them an unexpected holiday.

WITH consistent restraint Kentner records many crises in the prison, but there is one that overshadows all others. It had such explosive possibilities that on November 11, 1943, Commander Hayes, then Senior Medical Officer, expressed the relief of all the prisoners when he ordered Kentner to place in the service records of thirty-seven hospital corpsmen this commendation:

"11-8-43 to 11-11-43: Served as a member of a party of thirty-seven hospital corpsmen ordered by the Japanese to three days detached duty on Corregidor, to take part in the filming of a Japanese movie. Entire group commended at mast for the splendid manner in which they conducted themselves during this trying and undesirable duty. Their behavior served the best interests of all American prisoners of this camp."

For three days the camp had been holding its collective breath. The hospital corpsmen had to play the lead parts in this movie titled Down with the Stars and Stripes, and there were sixty-two other Army and Navy men participating, all under command of Lieutenant Talbee of the Army Air Corps.

The Japs threatened reprisals if the men did not co-operate. The movie was to show the Jap home folks how their armies captured Bataan and Corregidor. The climax of the picture was the scene in which General Jonathan Wainwright surrendered to a Jap colonel. The doubtful pleasure of playing General Wainwright was awarded James F. Bray, Jr., Chief Pharmacist's Mate of Marshall, Illinois, while Chester K. Fast, Pharmacist's Mate, Second Class, of Haviland, Kansas, took the role of his aide.

Bray relates that in one scene they were placed in an automobile with the surrender flag out of one window and the American flag hanging out of the other. The car was one that Mrs. Douglas MacArthur had used while she was in the Philippines.

Bray also took the part of a major, Forty-fifth U.S.A. Infantry, in sequences calculated to serve the Filipino population. These scenes were shot at a downtown Manila studio and depicted an American officer cruelly ordering his batteries to fire into a Filipino barrio. Five hospital corpsmen then were ordered to enact the parts of an American machine-gun battery, and they shot blanks at Japs who banzaied up a slope. Bray's final assignment was to don the full regalia of a three-star American general for close-ups of General Wainwright.

From the Bilibid grapevine Bray later learned that the picture was shown in the Philippines under the title of The Dawn of Freedom, while its original title was kept for Japanese home consumption.

The men who participated say there was no trouble, because the whole script was so naïvely childish that it seemed funny to them. Besides, they were called upon to be braver than the brave so that the Jap victory would seem even greater in the home propaganda mill.

"We did it because we had to and because the fellows would suffer if there was any trouble," Bray adds. "But none of us will ever get Hollywood contracts. We didn't crack our faces once and we spoke our lines as though we were just learning English. I hope General Wainwright never sees those close-ups they took of me in Manila, wearing his three stars and trying to look like a general. He could sue me."

Of the thirty-seven hospital corpsmen whose movie careers began and ended with this picture, only seven survived imprisonment and the two death drafts for Japan. Kentner recorded their names among the dead and missing on December 31, 1944, when the Japanese in Bilibid gave him certain lists to type.

"I had to hold onto myself when I typed," Kentner says. "They were all shipmates. I saw them go. If not for luck, I'd be with them at the bottom of the China Sea. Then I reached Bob Dick's name."

ROBERT JAMES DICK, Pharmacist's Mate Third Class, of Tonawanda, New York, was a big smiling fellow. He worked like a slave on the wards and made the patients happy by his perpetual joy of living. He was a pal of Kentner's. Dick was nineteen when Manila fell. He had been in the Navy only a year and a half. He was bewildered, and Kentner gave him some of the stability that experience brings. In many messages home Dick told his folks Kentner was steering him.

But Kentner was not able to steer Dick when he was named for the Japan draft of October 11, 1944. The night before the draft left, he came to Kentner with a penciled note to his mother. Three days later Bob Dick was dead in Subic Bay. Kentner delivered the note to his mother last April.

Bob Dick deserves a special place in the roster of Americans who have given their lives in this war, for he also left a message that was found by the Army. In it he expresses a philosophy that is shared by all his fellow hospital corpsmen. On March 21, 1944, all the prisoners were ordered by the Japs to write their war biographies. This is what Dick wrote:

"I am a pharmacist's mate in the Hospital Corps of the United States Navy. I wasn't on Bataan or Corregidor and therefore I did not have the experiences that most of these men have had. Even if I had gone out to the front my duties would have been only to take care of the sick and wounded. I was attached to this unit before the war, during the war, and I have been with this unit ever since we were taken prisoners at Santo Scholastica College. I have only done my part in taking care of the sick and wounded. At times we were short of medicines our task was harder, but we did the best we could and that is all that can be expected. As far as my present state of mind is, all I can say is that I am an American."

THE END

BACK OF RUSSIA'S POKER FACE

Continued from Page 15

time to work out all these things."

If *we* require time, so does Russia, only in a much greater measure. Our own war effort, great as it was, never approached the all-inclusiveness of Russia's. Our regimentation for winning the war never came anywhere near that of Russia. And, conversely, our own readjustment problems, great as they are, do not even approximate the titanic readjustment task which Russia is wrestling with today.

During the struggle for national survival, private life in Russia had virtually ceased to exist. Even before the war, the individual in Russia was squeezed into extremely narrow channels. And now that the war is over, the individual is trying to reassert himself, at least in some small measure. This in itself has created a greater domestic problem for Russia than anything we are facing at home.

Probably Russia's greatest reconversion problem is food. People want to eat; they do not care where they get the food. We have seen that in America. Even though our wartime food rations were phenomenally high compared with those of the Russians, black markets were extensively patronized.

Russia, always a great food-producing country, was deprived of a good deal of her fertile land, temporarily at least, during the war. But that was only part of the over-all picture, and the smaller part at that. Russia had to win the war by industrial effort. She had to pour endless millions of her people into her armies and factories. In spite of Russia's tremendous losses in human lives, her urban population at the end of the war was almost twice what it had been in the late '30s. All these millions were drawn from the farms — the food-producing part of the population. And to stabilize her domestic food factor, Russia faces a titanic resettlement problem.

I REMEMBER vividly my own experiences in Russia at the end of the first World War. While the peasants still derived a fair amount of food from the prolific soil, city residents were reduced to cattle feed, potato peels, and an occasional piece of none-too-fresh horse meat. Every now and then we took some of our jewelry and whatever clothes and household articles we could spare, and entrained for the country. We went among the peasants and bartered our cherished possessions for food. At the city rail terminals, on our return, the Soviet police would confiscate the provisions. Then we devised the trick of dropping off the train ten or twelve miles before it reached its destination. In that way we could get the provisions home under cover of night. When you are hungry you don't care about laws and regulations.

But what was possible after the first World War is largely impossible now. Not only has the Soviet police system become so stringent that the Russian city dweller cannot leave his town without a police permit, virtually unobtainable, but he has nothing left that he could barter for food. And even if he had anything to spare, there is no one to barter with. For all farming is now either state or collective and is strictly controlled by Communist Party officials and the secret police. A foraging trip to the country would be the equivalent of a one-way ticket to a concentration camp.

This has left the Soviet government as the only purveyor of food to the Russian people. While this food policy was largely instrumental in the winning of the war by Russia, today it operates as a tremendous boomerang. *The Soviet government has to provide the Russian people with food or else there will be no more Soviet government.* And so the government is trying frantically to solve the problem, to the virtual exclusion of many other important issues.

Another headache is the disposition and utilization of the tremendous amount of official loot. Wherever the Russian armies of occupation moved in—Poland, Ger-

"They ain't cut the quality!"—says HI to HATT

So many guys want Kessler's there ain't a drop to waste
But ev'ry drop is pre-war in rich and silky taste!
HI
HATT
KESSLER'S Private Blend
Every label bears facsimile of my signature.
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Private Blend
BLENDED WHISKEY
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ONE PINT
SMOOTH AS SILK but not "High Hat"

KESSLER'S BLENDED WHISKEY
True Pre-War Quality

KESSLER'S PRIVATE BLEND. 75% Grain Neutral Spirits. 85 Proof. Julius Kessler Distilling Co., Incorporated, Lawrenceburg, Ind.

JOSEPH COTTEN
is one of the stars of

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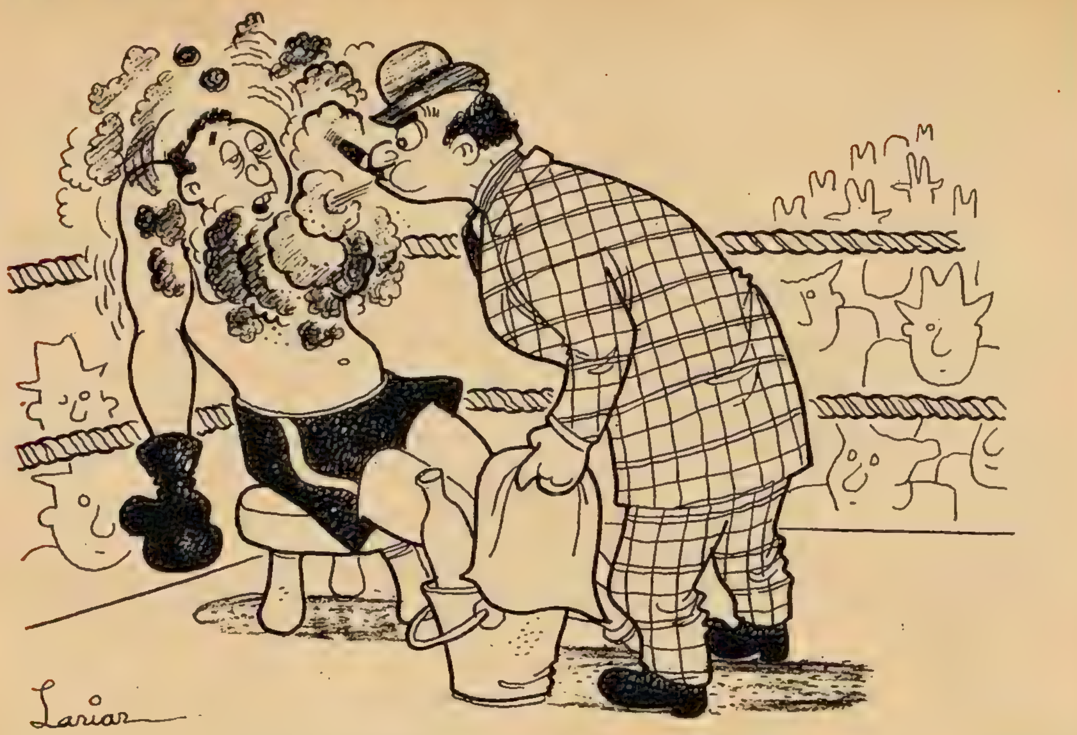
THE HOME FRONT



"That cigar of yours got me groggy!"

LIBERTY

many, Hungary, Austria, and later in Manchuria and Korea—all removable factory equipment and machinery were promptly dismantled and shipped to Russia. It was a sort of *blitzloot:* it had to be done instantaneously. The Soviet armies would have to move out of some territories within a specified time, and, besides, the Russians feared their Western allies might demand a stop to this sort of thing. The Russians simply followed the old axiom: What we've taken we have; what we might get we do not know.

IT was only after the looting had been completed that the Soviet government could start planning. Until then, it did not know what it would have or how much. The Soviet authorities found themselves confronted with tremendous piles of industrial equipment barely inside Russian territory. The officials had to decide where new plants would be located; had to ship the looted equipment to these sites—some of them 1,000 or more miles from the border—and had to proceed with the erection of factory buildings. All this takes time, perhaps a year or two, and until it is all done, Soviet industrial planning is at a virtual standstill. The government simply does not know yet how much of what it will be able to produce at home. In itself it is a tremendous problem of a kind that the United States does not have to face.

It becomes even more complicated through the important problem of technical help. Russia has always been short of highly trained technical and skilled personnel. She has now fallen heir to an amount of production equipment that is almost the equivalent of her own largely worn-out, prewar industrial plant. She has solved the technician problem by a typically Russian expedient: she has sent the German engineers and foremen to Russia, together with the factory equipment, to direct and supervise the installation of the transplanted factories.

This has met with considerable eyebrow-raising on the part of the native Russian population. The average Russian finds it difficult to understand why these Germans—and among them are many Nazis—whom he has thoroughly beaten in the war, should now boss him in his own homeland and in many cases receive better wages and enjoy better living conditions than the Russian himself. The Soviet government must give the Russian people an explanation of this singular state of affairs, and the explanation had better be good.

All this adds up to a colossal psychological headache for the Russian officials—a headache the aggravation or cure of which will exert a profound influence on future Russian world policy.

FOR twenty years preceding the war the Soviet regime unloosed the most violent diatribes against the capitalist world. The Russian people were told that theirs is the world's only civilized country, that they are the only ones who enjoy real freedom and security. The systems of the capitalist countries were pictured as based on rank make-believe, lying hypocrisy, and worthless capitalist trimmings. The Russian people came to accept all this as gospel.

Then the Russian soldier invaded the despised countries and found that the capitalist slaves lived better than he did. Even the hated Hitlerite Germans enjoyed things in their daily lives which the Russian had never dreamed of, and this after five years of war.

The Russian was stunned. His first reaction was that he, as the undisputed victor, was entitled to all these things. He looted everything within sight and took it home. It made no difference whether the stuff belonged to the German enemy or to the peoples whom he had come to liberate. After all, he reasoned, they were all capitalists, fair game for plunder.

The Soviet police tried hard to keep this personal loot out of Russia. But the Red Army soldier was armed, even better than the police. The vaunted Soviet police system broke down completely when it came to the returning Red Army soldiers with their piles of capitalist loot. The soldier said, "All this is mine. You just try to stop me." Then he relented to the extent of saying, "All right, police comrade. I have six wrist watches, you can have one of them." And that was that.

The Russian soldier—millions of him—took his loot home to his native village. He displayed it to his wondering family and friends. They wanted to know how he had got it and where. He not only told them, he also told what he had seen—how the other half of the world lived.

Then came the second reaction. The Russian popular mind, slow on the pick-up but moving like an avalanche once it has really grasped the point, said there must be something wrong. It posed the dreaded question, How was it possible that after a quarter century of Soviet paradise the Russians did not have any of the things which are taken for granted by the exploited capitalist slaves? And it wants an answer.

The Soviet government today is struggling to solve this serious psychological problem. Shall the old-established propaganda line be reversed, or at least considerably amended, or shall it be continued with some sort of explanation that will satisfy the suddenly inquisitive popular mind?

The shrewd propaganda planners of Soviet policy had known this problem would confront them, had in fact feared it. Throughout 1943 and '44 they had tried to steel the popular mind against the "false trimmings" of capitalism and "pseudo-democracy." But the facts caught up with them. The Russian people today are confronted with the indisputable fact that the standard of living in capitalist countries is incomparably higher than in the Socialist fatherland.

THERE are two principal schools of thought within the Soviet government today. One contends that things must be changed. Russia cannot continue along the old course now that the Russian people have learned what the other half of the world is really like. This school even goes so far as to suggest, at least as an experiment, a sort of NEP—the so-called New Economic Policy which was introduced by Lenin after World War I and which permitted a certain amount of private trade.

The second argues that there cannot, and must not, be any change. To repudiate even partially the economic policy so long pursued by the Soviet would be extremely dangerous because it would invite the formation of an opposition. The Russian people must be sold on the idea that in the long run Communist Russia will outstrip the capitalist countries in comforts and luxuries for the working masses. In the meantime, any manifestation of discontent should be dealt with in the old-established way—concentration camp.

To which the first group retorts: How can millions of soldiers who fought victoriously for the fatherland be sent to concentration camps? And there is a poser.

On one subject both schools are in agreement: The standard of living of the Russian masses must be raised quickly, or else.

Russia is at grips with these pressing domestic problems, but by the very nature of the Soviet set-up it will take many months, perhaps years, for her to make up her collective mind. Until then, Russia has no other choice than to stall for time—to continue sphinxlike.

THE END

ILL WIND FOR MATT, UNTIL...
SHE'S OUT COLD
LET'S GET GOING FAST. THAT GAS TANK MAY BLOW ANY SECOND!
WITH HIS SHOW STORM-BOUND, MATT HALE, YOUNG OWNER OF HALE'S MAMMOTH CIRCUS EFFECTS A THRILLING RESCUE
YOU TOOK A TALL CHANCE MATT. PUT HER ON THE LOUNGE
OKAY, DOC. SHE'S YOUR PATIENT
YOU'RE A LUCKY GIRL. NOT A SCRATCH
THE STORM'S OVER... BUT WHAT A MESS. WE'LL WORK ALL NIGHT IF WE HAVE A SHOW TOMORROW
WAS THAT NEW AERIALIST ON THE MIDNIGHT TRAIN?
THAT'S ONE ON YOU MATT. SHE'S THE GIRL YOU PULLED FROM THE CAR
SHOW TIME
YOU'RE A PLUCKY KID — SURE YOU CAN DO YOUR STUFF?
OH, I'M OKAY NOW... THANKS TO YOU
NOT MUCH TIME TO CLEAN UP, MR. HALE. "SPEC" STARTS IN 15 MINUTES
SOME BLADE, PIKE! MOST REFRESHING SHAVE I EVER HAD!
THAT'S A THIN GILLETTE. THEY'RE PLENTY KEEN AND EASY-SHAVING
YOUNG LADY, YOU'RE TERRIFIC. CONSIDER YOURSELF ONE OF US
I THINK I'M GOING TO LIKE THIS SHOW
MY HE'S SWELL-LOOKING
A THIN GILLETTE SHAVE DOES A LOT FOR A MAN
YOU GET FAST, SMOOTH SHAVES THAT MAKE YOU LOOK IN THE PINK AND FEEL THAT WAY TOO, WHEN YOU USE THIN GILLETTES. THEY'RE THE KEENEST, LONGEST-LASTING BLADES IN THE LOW-PRICED FIELD. ALSO THEY FIT YOUR GILLETTE RAZOR PRECISELY AND PROTECT YOU FROM THE IRRITATION OF MISFIT BLADES. ASK FOR THIN GILLETTES
THIN Gillette BLADES
4 for 10¢

Libraries Help Job-Hungry Vets

If you were a job-hungry vet, your public library is about the last place you'd expect to pick up the employment trail. Yet libraries throughout the land are helping many an ex-G. I. to plot a career. And it isn't all done with books

BY JAMES D. WOOLF

LIBERTY PHOTO BY O. F. HESS

A few hours in the library will hasten their personal reconversion.

WILLIAM —— was wounded in Sicily and honorably discharged about two years ago. He had been inventing things all his life and getting no place. He found his ideas were not original. And for more than a year after his release from the Army not one idea returned a cent.

One day an acquaintance, hearing of his difficulties, urged him to "Go to your public library and get the low-down on this invention racket."

William went. He used the library to check through patent records to determine the originality of his ideas, and also how to secure a patent. He immediately discarded a half dozen experiments he had been working on because none of them was original or patentable.

The reader's adviser at his library suggested other books that gave him ideas for inventing. Still other books showed him how to market his inventions. Within three months he developed two ideas that brought him $6,000.

Not generally known is the fact that our public libraries are doing their share in meeting the problems of demobilization and readjustment.

Webster's dictionary says a library is ". . . devoted to a collection of books." That definition, as applied to the modern American library, is out of date. "Community Intelligence Service" is the name coined for it by Dr. William S. Learned. Alvin Johnson has called it "a people's university."

It will not occur to many returning veterans, however, to seek help at their Community Intelligence Service for two reasons: Before the war, books and library services never meant much to them, and they will not realize their home-town libraries are thinking about their problems.

The writer knows at least one veteran who will agree with the wisdom of using the public library. Demobilized and confused, he called at his local library's Veteran Information Bureau. Upon leaving he said, "I've gotten more help here in fifteen minutes than I have been able to get any other place."

Readjustment, the libraries believe, is an individual and not a mass process. Young men back from the horrors of war are sensitive to the responses of their families and friends. They need intelligent help in regaining self-confidence, in acquiring a sense of security, in the restoration of faith, in the hope of personal happiness. This calls for a relationship on a human basis between the young man or woman needing help and the library's readers' adviser. It means the creative and personalized application to each individual's needs when he comes into his library for counsel. Libraries everywhere are planning to give just that.

There is a right way and a wrong way for the returning veteran—or anybody, for that matter—to use his library. The wrong way is to wander into the library, ask no questions, and prowl around among the books more or less aimlessly.

The right way is to tell the readers' adviser what you want. (Readers' adviser may or may not be her official title. Find out who in your local library is trained to help you work with your individual problem.) It can be approached like this: "My son is back from the war. He and I plan to start a poultry farm. We want all the information we can get on the subject. Not just about how to raise chickens, but down to advertising, bookkeeping, financing, etc."

That approach puts it up to the librarian. How will your Community Intelligence Service react to that kind of request? The returning veteran will find that his librarian is interested in *his* individual problem. He won't just have a book passed out to him. His readers' adviser will try hard to give him help that counts.

The job seeker will find at his public library a wide selection of books that will be helpful: 500 Postwar Jobs for Men, by Vocational Guidance Research; The Theory and Practice of Earning a Living, by John Wharton; How to Start Your Own Business, by Shaw and Kay; Your Own Store and How to Run It, by Robert F. Chisholm; and many others. There are available, too, books that discuss the opportunities offered in nearly every specialized field of human endeavor. For example, Plastics, by Bernard Wolfe; Your Future in Aviation, by J. Fred Henry; and Getting a Job in Advertising, by this present writer. Any public library has these books or can get them easily.

Your Community Intelligence Service is gearing up to get in there and pitch.

THE END

VETERANS' Bulletin Board

BY MATT URBAN

IT is this department's sad duty to report that a group of unscrupulous employers are exploiting their disabled veteran-trainees.

Here's an example: Sam West, a disabled ex-paratrooper from Plattsburg, New York, applying for an automobile accessory salesmanship job in Bridgeport, Connecticut, brought with him favorable experienced salesmanship references. He was told that to be hired he had to be classified as an *apprentice*. As such, the employer would only have to pay him $15, while the government would, under the new law, pay an additional amount to make up for the loss of earning power—despite Sam's established background as a qualified salesman in the specified market.

WACs, too!

In this case, the employer was so bent on profiteering that he demanded that this disabled vet give up all record of his previous accomplishments and be classified for all future reference as a beginner. Unfortunately, this is not an isolated instance.

If we don't give disabled veterans a square deal, we don't deserve the victory they helped give us. And remember! *There are 2,500,000 of them.* Guarding their interests is a major national obligation—a small recompense on the unpayable debt we owe them.

We need more laws like Public Law 16, which, by providing vocational rehabilitation, helps restore earning power lost through a disability caused by service in the armed forces. But, as in Sam's case, only constant policing will make such laws work as they should.

Let's look at the law. To be eligible for training, the vet must have been in the service any time after September 16, 1940; his injury must have been incurred in or aggravated by service; his discharge must be other than dishonorable; and there must exist a need for vocational rehabilitation. The training cannot extend more than four years, and it cannot be offered beyond six years after the official end of the war.

The kind of training depends upon the capabilities and personal desires of the veteran. Colleges and other educational institutions can give it, as well as certain established industrial and business concerns with training-on-the-job facilities.

Maintenance and support during training, and for two months after the applicant has been judged capable of employment, will be provided through increased pensions. A single person will receive a pension at the rate of $92 a month; a married person, at the rate of $103.50 a month, with $5.75 a month for each dependent child and an additional allotment in the amount of $11.50 a month for each dependent parent.

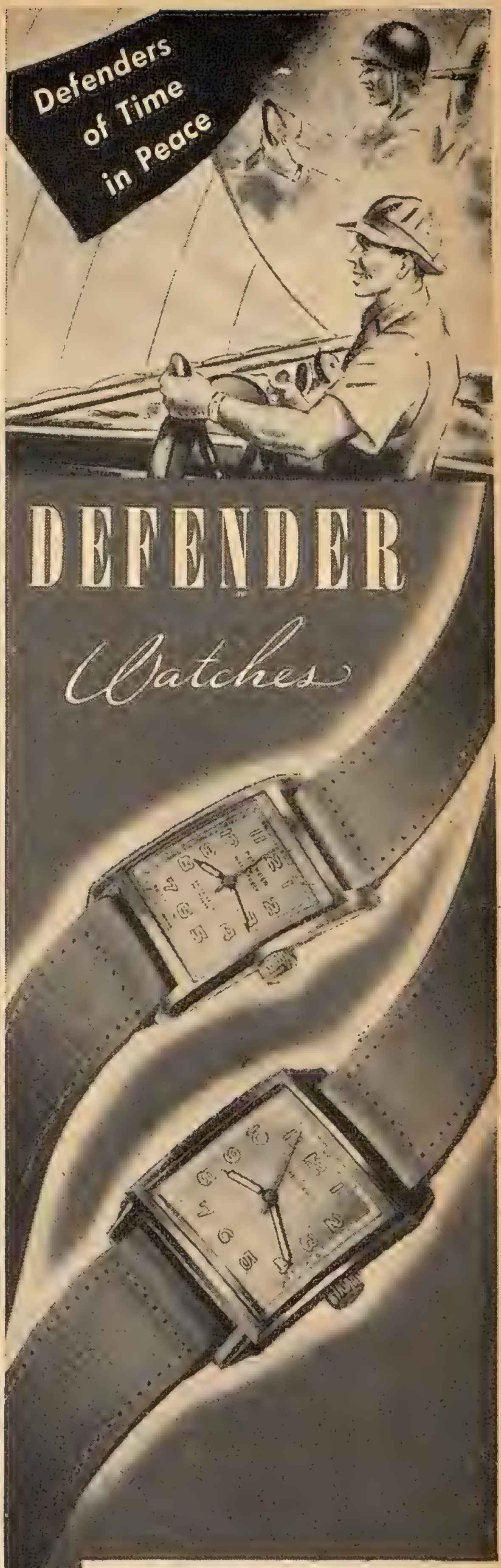
Payments by employer-trainers to veterans are authorized during this apprenticeship period. Under such circumstances, the Veterans Administration shares the payments with the employer, so that the total sum cannot be less than the above figures.

That's the law. One way to see that it is lived up to is to report any violations. This department stands ready to receive your complaints and refer them to the proper law-enforcement agencies.

* * *

Adrienne Glidden, Cocoa, Fla. Veterans of the WAC are veterans of the Army of the United States, and as such are eligible to receive all veterans' benefits. If you qualify for vocational rehabilitation under Public Law 16, and also for education under Public Law 346 (the G.I. Bill of Rights), you may choose between the two.

VETERANS! The Bulletin Board is *your* department, the watchdog of your interests—written and edited by a combat veteran of World War II. Make the most of it! Write in your gripes and your ideas. No names will be used without permission. Address Veterans' Bulletin Board, c/o Liberty, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.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THERE'S A KEM-TONE DEALER NEAR YOU!

WATT HOLLY AND THE CITY LADY

Continued from Page 34

her company manners and now she was just natural and his friend.

"But," she said, "I thought you'd spent your last copper."

"That was my last spending copper. But I've got a ten-dollar gold piece my mother gave me before she died, and she told me never to part with it except for something I didn't need but wanted real bad. This is it."

Now Francesca's laugh all went away and she looked more like to cry. Then she said, "You come to dinner with me at my boardinghouse and save your gold piece for something you might want more."

THAT night when Watt walked home to the little farm, he no longer felt the aloneness of the countryside. Even better, the next time he came to the city, it no longer seemed such a hostile place. Each day he was there he saw Francesca; for the first time in all his life he had something to look forward to. So when the occasion arrived for wearing his new finery, his pride was blighted by sadness at having no further excuse for seeing Francesca.

As he walked her back to the boardinghouse, he was dimly aware of a change in the expressions of the passers-by. There was a new kind of curiosity in their glances. As they entered the house, the landlady exclaimed, "Goodness, Mr. Holly, what a difference clothes can make! I was wondering who this handsome couple could be."

Then it came over Watt in sudden clarity. As soon as he was alone with Francesca, he said, "She said *couple*, Francesca. That's you and me."

"Yes, Watt."

"If you could just bring yourself to leave the city, I could make so bold as to ask you something."

"Leave the city? Where I've known nothing save loneliness since my father died, living among strangers, having no place of my own? You can freely make so bold as to ask."

"Then, if I spent my ten-dollar gold piece for a wedding ring—would you wear it?"

"I'd be proud to."

"Ma'am, don't never say that. I'm the proud one. I'm go' be the proudest man in all King Charles County."

That evening, in the fast-falling autumn dusk, they walked hand in hand down Indian Run Turnpike while he led the goat hauling her luggage in the goat cart. It was full night when they reached his small farm, and he was glad the darkness hid the need of paint on barn and house, because Francesca said, "Oh, how pretty!"

Looking at it as she must see it, Watt realized the simply lined house viewed in outline against the sky, with the swell of the rise rolling down to shadowed meadowland, *did* look pretty. He said, "It—it'll take a little paint to look pretty in the daytime."

"But that's the part I'll love—fixing things up. I'm a great hand for that."

He went in first and said, "You wait there until I light the lamp."

The pale glow on the center table revealed an oblong room with a big stone fireplace at one end and plain furniture neatly arranged.

"Oh, Watt," she said, with a catch in her voice, "you don't know how wonderful it is to have a place of my own again!" Then she put her arms around him.

FRANCESCA was not there long before all the chickens came when she called, and some others that Watt was sure he had never seen. Francesca suspected the Negroes transferred them there from other farms, but she asked no questions, because now, in exchange for eggs and pullets, the Negro men helped around the farm. They cut wood for the winter, had some for themselves, and some was sent by Watt to sell in Richmond. With the cash, Francesca bought paint and whitewash, and the Negroes painted the house and whitewashed the barn and got some to freshen up their own places. They ate their dinners there too, with the delicacies provided by the neighborhood women who paid Francesca visits.

Francesca got along well enough with them, but when Tabe Torrington came, he made no pretense of concealing his coldly jeering curiosity.

It was on a morning when Watt was about to leave for the city, and he was fully arrayed in his city clothes. Tabe stood in his black suit, so shiny with age that it was tinted green, and opened his coat to reveal his cheap soiled linen in contrast to Watt's elegance.

He grinned and said, "Now you got a city wife, you doing your chores in dude clothes?"

The old helplessness came back over Watt, and he couldn't answer in his misery at Francesca seeing him held in low esteem. Then he noticed the smirk of Tabe as he looked boldly over Francesca, and he noticed how still she grew and white. Watt moved close beside her and said simply, "Mrs. Holly, may I present Mr. Torrington?"

Tabe kept his smirk. He said, "I think Mrs. Holly and I have some mutual friends in Richmond—especially her Yankee friends."

"You must be mistaken," she answered, and her voice was cold.

Tabe's smirk grew more jeering. "But I have dealings with them," he persisted.

"But I have no friends among Shylocks."

The jeer vanished. Tabe's mouth got so tight, you couldn't see it under his mustache. He started to say something, and then looked at Watt. Watt felt his anger rise.

Tabe said, "Remember they don't fly so high but what they have to light. You'll see the time when I'm using your store-bought clothes for a scarecrow." He stalked off.

Watt was still mad, but he was beginning to get scared too. He tried not to show it, but Francesca wasn't fooled.

"Oh, Watt," she said, "I'm so sorry I upset you. I wanted to help you, and now—"

"You're helping me, Francesca," he said slowly. "I can't go on being scared of turning folks like him agin me. It's like you said how people turned agin you when you made friends of the Yankees. It's not like they'd do anything for me anyway. But—but what made you say that about his being a Shylock?"

"It was a reasonable guess. The Negroes told me how he gobbles up securities on loans, and a country undertaker would have no other business in Richmond except selling there what he foreclosed."

He nodded, filled with wonder at her smartness. "Francesca," he said, "I don't want my new city clothes to be on no scarecrow, but if he is a Shylock like that—I've *got* to find a way to get somewhere."

"We'll find it," Francesca said.

IT was through the Negroes that she got an inkling. They began telling her of the repercussions of her calling Tabe a Shylock, and his mentioning her Yankee friends. People figured that if she had these rich friends (for Yankee was synonymous with rich) and Watt went to the city in his dude clothes, he must be doing business with those important townfolks, and Tabe had gotten jealous. Tabe, they said, wanted to keep the whole country as scared as a hen under a hawk.

"Yes, ma'am," the oldest Negro said, "since we been free, he got us so that we even scared for to die. Ol' Man Torrington, he say, sly-like, 'You doan have to pay me now,' but befoh you knows it, he got your hawg 'n' cow 'n' even you ol' shack. He take a blanket right off'n an ol' woman if'n it's got ary bit of wool in it."

Thinking of Watt, she absent-mindedly asked them about the colored undertaker. They all looked frightened, and the old man said tremulously, "Ma'am, he's worse. You got to pay him in folding money or pieces of gold 'n' silver right when you're buried, or he won't put you in the grave 'n' he won't even let the family have the corpse back. He'll keep it 'n' hide it 'n' 'tain't no way you can get that corpse back to bury him less'n you pay Ole Gravey what he asks."

At this moment everything stopped, and they all turned to gape as a shiny black, red-wheeled phaeton, behind two sleek bays, turned into the grove. From it stepped Watt Holly in his fancy clothes, and an-

Do this FOR COLDS

Here are 5 basic steps doctors say to take, in addition to temporary relief measures, to help your system *throw off a cold*. See how lemons help:

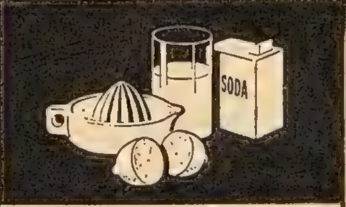
5 BASIC STEPS ADVISED BY PHYSICIANS	LEMONS HELP WITH ALL 5
1 **Get plenty of rest; overcome fatigue; build resistance.**	Lemons are among the richest known sources of vitamin C, which *combats fatigue* and *fights infection.*
2 **Alkalinize your system.**	Lemon juice with water and baking soda forms *sodium citrate,* an excellent alkalinizer.
3 **Insure regular elimination.**	Lemon juice and water, with or without soda, is mildly laxative for most people.
4 **Eat lightly. Take plenty of liquids, especially citrus juices.**	Fresh lemon drinks are favorites.
5 **Keep warm; avoid further chill. If cold persists, see your doctor.**	Hot lemonade is almost universally prescribed.

TO GAIN FULL BENEFITS FROM LEMONS—FOLLOW THIS ROUTINE

At first sign of a cold drink a glass of lemon and soda. Take another every 3 or 4 hours.

To induce perspiration, take a hot lemonade when you go to bed.

Lemon and soda forms natural *sodium citrate.* Supplies vitamins and all other benefits of fresh lemon juice, plus an increased alkalinizing effect. Consumed at once, soda does not appreciably reduce vitamin content.



To make lemon & soda pour juice of 1 lemon in a half glass of water. Add—slowly—half teaspoon baking soda (bicarbonate). Drink as foaming quiets.

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other dude-dressed man, obviously from the city. As they started toward the house, it was also obvious that they were friends. They clapped each other on the back and laughed, as Watt waved around some important-looking documents. Only Francesca knew what was happening.

When Watt had left for town that day, she had asked him to bring back some old papers of her father's—mainly Confederate bonds—that she had kept in the safe of a banker friend of hers. Now here was the friend, who had plainly treated Watt to a few drinks and, in good-fellowship, had driven him home.

But the Negroes saw it their own way, and suddenly Francesca was listening to their excited whispering. "Man," they said, "look at ol' Watt now! Ain't he 'n' his city friends sump'n! Look at all dem papers, too, what he got in his hand. I'll bet they down here together for something important."

In that moment Francesca got her inkling.

THE friend had gone on and Watt was getting sleepy. Looking at him in the new clothes, she saw him as the Negroes had. To country eyes, he did look citified and important.

She said, "Watt, the Negroes don't want to be buried by Tabe Torrington, because he robs them, and they can't be buried by a colored undertaker—*as things are*—because he demands cash. You're going to change those things."

"Sure," he agreed amiably. "I like 'em. Like to help 'em."

"Good," she said, "because you can do that by insuring them. Then, when they die, you can give them enough for a decent burial."

Watt's sleepiness vanished. He sat straight up, blinking. "How'm I go' give anybody anything?"

"By giving back to the individual part of what the group gives you."

Watt said that over to himself. Then he looked at Francesca. "How's that again?"

"Listen. Each month each family will give you, say, a nickel. A hundred families will make five dollars. In a year, sixty. If one dies, you pay out of what you've taken in enough to bury him. The rest is yours."

"That's robbery."

"No. It's called insurance. You'll be the Greater Tidewater Life Insurance Company—Inc."

"What's that—ink?"

"I don't rightly know, but you put it there to make it sound legal."

"But it ain't legal."

"It's in the laws of the Union, and you'll be doing a favor to your only friends."

Watt brooded over that. "Look here, Francesca. Suppose they all die at once—and me with sixty dollars?"

"But they won't. That's the law of averages."

"Is that one of the laws of the Union too?"

"In a way. You see, you won't have just the sixty dollars. When you have the money, you invest it, and money makes money."

"It does?"

"Certainly. I learned from my Yankee friends that money is the only thing that works all the time. Money works while you sleep."

"Money works while I sleep! H'mm. Then, if the money they give me makes money while I'm sleeping, I'll have enough to pay for their burials no matter how many die."

"And some for us."

"Well, I declare! How do I go about this?"

"Oh, you just take those papers you brought from Richmond around with you, and tell your colored friends what you're doing, and we'll put the money in a bank."

Watt did, and the Negroes turned over their nickels, and Francesca put them in the bank of her friend. The friend fixed up some papers that established the insurance company. He told them they couldn't put "Inc." on the papers of the company because they weren't incorporated, but they still said it when talking about the Greater Tidewater Life Insurance Company, *Inc.*

Tabe Torrington was wild at Watt Holly moving into his financial field and predicted dire consequences. Sometimes these pictures of being a jailbird haunted Watt, and suddenly they looked as if they might become a frightening reality, for the old Negro died. In the bank was $22.35. The colored undertaker's flat price was $50—cash! Watt was so excited that he jerked at the Jersey cow when he milked her, and she kicked him, spilling over the milk. He jumped up from the stool.

All the panic brought on by his catastrophe went into rage at his old enemy, the source of all his humiliation in the county. He stood, his muscles tensing, his body straining upward, one hand outflung toward her head. "You—you—you *cow*, you!"

Francesca walked into the barn. "Watt!" she cried. "Oh, darling! That's the exact pose we want."

He turned around sheepishly. "She kicked over the pail."

"Let her kick right out of our lives. We'll sell her! That's how we'll pay for the funeral."

THE cemetery was on a rolling plateau where old trees were spaced, and it was an impressive site on that bright winter afternoon. The old man had been something of a patriarch among his people, and families had come from all over the county and from adjoining counties, and a fair sprinkling of white people—including Tabe Torrington.

Despite the flower-covered coffin, with its shiny nickel handles, they kept glancing anxiously at the undertaker. He was a suaver article than Tabe Torrington and far less sanctimonious. This undertaker was all business, though very genial.

This was the moment that Francesca had primed Watt for. But now he wished with all his heart that he had done it his own way and paid the undertaker before the funeral.

The undertaker had said, "All right, pay me when you wants to, boss, but no money—no burial. Without the fifty dollars in my pocket, that coffin ain't goin' in the ground."

NOW the moment approached on the leaden steps of the pallbearers. They reached the side of the grave. The gravediggers stood ready with the ropes. The undertaker raised his hand in dictatorial gesture. Everyone grew still. When the undertaker fixed his implacable gaze on Watt, every eye followed.

"Now," whispered Francesca beside Watt. "Remember the cow."

Watt stepped forward, right in front of the undertaker and a pace away. He heard the breath of the crowd draw in. Then he slowly stiffened his body, tensing his muscles as when he was mad at the Jersey, until he seemed to strain upward. To the tense watchers he seemed to grow taller, to take on the majesty of a great oak. The undertaker looked at him warily. Watt strained one final notch, pushing out his flat chest and tilting his head for the last inch. The undertaker faltered back a step, his mouth open.

"Now," whispered Francesca behind him, "the money."

Watt was caught up in his own role now. With his left hand he slowly removed from his coat pocket a huge roll of bills. With his right hand he reached across his body and took one one-dollar bill off the top of the roll. Then he thrust out his right arm at full length, just as he had pointed at the cow, and from his fingers a single bill dangled under the undertaker's nose. Hesitatingly he accepted the bill.

"One," Watt said.

Watt repeated this with a second bill, then a third. By then, with the undertaker under his spell, the passing of the bills was in a rhythm—Watt magnificently passing, the undertaker automatically receiving. Out of the corner of his eye Watt saw the crowd of watchers leaning forward, their eyes big, their lips counting. Forty-eight—forty-nine—*fifty!*

Watt then stepped back. A wonderful exaltation was on him. He was a man who had found himself.

"Proceed," he ordered the gravediggers, "with the interment of our poor lamented friend."

A great sigh, like a winter wind, swept through the crowd and they all swayed forward in one movement. As the coffin was lowered, the Negroes began to chant. Slowly the chant swelled into a hymn and across the plateau their voices rolled.

Even before the crowd left the cemetery, families pressed to Watt to thank him for the funeral of their brother, and to get similar insurance for themselves. By the next day they started coming to his house, and

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then they told him of other families who wanted to be insured but lived too far away. With no cow now, Watt sold the goat and cart, and with the nickels and dimes and even quarters pouring in, he bought a horse and buggy. Every day he traveled the roads, into every bypath of the county, and then into Queen Anne County and New Devon and Pocahontas and Bruceland. By spring the white people wanted to be insured too.

With them, Watt had to make arrangements with a new undertaker, and he started the former assistant of Tabe Torrington in business. When this happened, Tabe visited the modest home of the Hollys.

Francesca did not ask him to be seated. She was icily formal. Watt stood silent and impressive beside her.

Whatever approach Tabe had planned to introduce his deal, he forgot it. He just blurted out that he and Watt should be doing business together, and—and—

WHILE Tabe floundered, Watt said, "I'll be glad to insure you, Tabe."

The undertaker gulped, and then his mouth set until it was hidden beneath his mustache. "Huh," he snapped. "You flying so high now, I reckon you'll want my *permanent* perch next. Well, let me tell you—"

"Perch?" Watt said. "That rabbit hutch? I wouldn't put my wife in such a place. When we build on the river we're go' have stables and servants' quarters what'll make your whole house look like a privy. King Charles County ain't never seen the like of the place we'll have."

It never had, and it hasn't until this day. It is still there and, even in decay, you can feel the grandeur that was lived by Francesca and Watt Holly.

THE END

RETREADED WOLF

Continued from Page 29

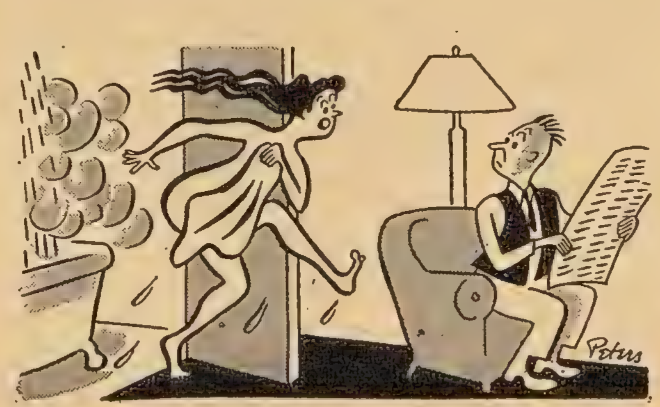
smart, too smart, as it turned out. I read the papers and listened to the radio prophets. I figured that we had a war coming up. Along came this Selective Service thing. If luck was with me, my name wouldn't be pulled out of the goldfish bowl. And if a sure-enough war smacked us in the face, I wasn't going to be caught without some sort of preparation. I said to myself, "Rusty, get yourself into the air."

As I figured it, a little specialty wasn't a bad idea. No one was going to send me greetings except at Christmas.

I had an uncle who owned a machine shop and it was humming. I told my folks that if they didn't mind I'd go over and work with him for a while; could be I'd learn something. He was paying good wages, even to relatives, and that made sense. Dad could get along.

Near my uncle's was an airfield, complete with nice little crates and instructors. I lived at my uncle's and I took flying lessons on the side. Of course I had to tell my folks. I came home a week-end before I was due to solo and I spilled it. Mom sat down and began to cry. Try scolding and crying in the same breath. My dad began to swear, and when he swears—it isn't too often—even the mountains listen with respect. But my kid sister was the pay-off. She has always been a pain in the neck. Now she began hopping up and down on her sloppy little feet, yelling, "You *devastate* me, Rusty. A goon like you. You'll crack up!"

Maybe she wished it on me; maybe I was a goon; maybe the crate should have held together a little longer; maybe it just came apart in the air because it was tired; maybe I didn't know enough about flying. What-



COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

SH-OW!-ER: Too much hot water suddenly.

FIBRUARY: Month Washington couldn't tell a lie.

SWORDEAL: A duel.

DIE-ARY: Guilty Nazi's day-by-day journal.

SINDERS: Remains of a reprobate.

INNFANT: Baby born in a bistro.

TORTOYS: Playthings for turtles.

PURRPUSS: Cat with an aim in life.

DEM. BLEM: The donkey.

SLOWCOMOTIVE: Dilatory dinkey.

ever it was, I cracked up, and I cracked up but plenty.

This was right after Pearl Harbor, you understand. It didn't take long to crack up, but it took quite a spell to put me back together. Sam came to say good-by. He looked at me, he looked at the floor and announced that he was joining the marines. I had the feeling that he was joining the Corps twice—once for me and once for him.

I felt like crying and that's the truth. But I got by with a wisecrack. He knew, though. That was that. It was Sam's war, not mine.

His mom closed the white house and went out to California. She had relatives there and, besides, she thought she would be nearer Sam. She wasn't, for he was shuttled around a bit and she after him.

I was well again, but the most 4-F guy you ever laid eyes on. The scar over my eyebrow was all I had to show for it, if I stayed decent. But I had papers to prove it. It burned me up when summer came and the visitors arrived to look me over while I was sitting up, begging for coupons, or leaning down to look under a hood. They'd say, "Well, Rusty," if they knew me; or "Young man," if they didn't, "why aren't you in uniform?"

I was polite the first hundred times and then I had an answer. It was a good one, and as ours was the only gas station in town they had to come back or hoof it. "Well," I'd tell 'em, "if you'll step to the rear and wait till I take off my shirt—or my pants too, if that doesn't convince you, I'll *show* you why I'm not in uniform."

No helper, see? None to be had. And my dad had acquired a wonky sort of heart. So he had to do the easy things. I did the rest.

I SAT out my war. That's not exactly true. I stood it out, I squatted it out, I lay it out, under large unfriendly hulks of automobiles. I had grease in my pores and I worked twenty-six hours out of twenty-four. I had to keep the cars in our town and vicinity on the move through tough mountain roads and hard winters.

You can ask why didn't I go into defense work? There was gold in the pay envelopes, diamonds in the dinner pails, besides the kind of carrots which furnish your vitamin A. The way I saw it, my defense work was doing just what I was doing. Keeping cars on the roads doesn't sound like much, and wins no E for Effort, but a lot of guys felt the same way and it added up to a transportation system which didn't break down.

I had my relaxation and it was girls. I was theirs.

I was the only unmarried guy in town over the age of eighteen, say. Should I count Charlie Welsh? He's the one who owns and runs the hotel which doesn't close after Labor Day. It's not a big place and Charlie isn't such a big bachelor. He's pushing seventy, spry as a chipmunk, and likes to sit on the front porch laughing fit to kill when he thinks how he kept out of the matrimonial trap. Most of the old girls in town hate him for that; but a few are grateful.

About the girls. I kept them amused and feeling appreciated. I was around—see?—when I had time, available for the movies, or a soda or a fried-egg sandwich, or just a good old conversation with the usual trimmings. I kept up their morale. And I didn't beat anybody's time. A number of our gals were engaged to or had married friends of mine. Others went away, got jobs and out-of-town men. Some joined the services. Some followed their guys around the camps as long as they could, and then came home to join those who hadn't, hanging around the post office at mailtime. These were not for me.

But a few were as yet unattached and a lot were growing up. There wasn't a camp near by. So the field was all mine; it wasn't bad at all.

It was a little odd, summers, to walk down the street and have someone whistle at you in soprano. But I got used to it.

Sam, of course, was learning to be a marine the hard way. There isn't any other. He had boot and all the rest and some Godforsaken islands and then more of them with sound effects. He wrote regularly. He was always better on paper than with the spoken word. All the guys wrote, and some came home on furloughs. Sam didn't. He was too far away while he was in the States and his mom was always close to wherever he was. When the other guys came, I learned to be a human radar. I learned to listen. They'd hang around the garage or sit on the back porch and Pop would crack a couple of bottles of beer and it was fine. And they had dates, all they wanted. I was always very busy when they came home; too busy for dames.

Anyway, I learned what it was like in the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, Air Force, Coast Guard, and Maritime Service. I even learned the lingo. And the girls came home, too, and I had an earful of the WACs, Waves, and Spars.

I became an institution. When there was a beef, I heard about it. I also operated in the heartthrob department. Some of the guys had met the One and Only; some of the girls had decided that there were greener pastures than our village. I took to straightening out the kinks. But for myself, I had an elegant time with those intelligent young women who had no heart problems—except me.

BY the time Sam came home, however, I was in a jam. It was strawberry blonde and sweet, but with a snap to it. The name was Sally. I have mentioned her before, Sally Edwards. The freckles had disappeared, and the skinniness. She was something to see. She had been away, training, and had come back

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to work on the small staff of our hospital. Of course I had known her all my life, but here she was with something added. For the first time I wasn't playing the field. For the first time since the war I wasn't busy keeping up the morale of all and sundry. In four words, I was going steady.

Sam came home in the autumn. He'd been in hospitals for some time, griping because he wasn't in on the last round. Now he came back, looking little the worse for wear except for his eyes—they saw things you didn't. He was in a cold sweat because he thought we'd want him to make a speech. That sort of stuff had been handed him before, and he couldn't take it. He was covered with fruit salad, just about every decoration a guy can get.

His mom came home first and reopened the house, and after a rest, Sam was going to look for something to do. Doctoring was out—he couldn't stick the length of time it would take. And, besides, he'd never had his heart in it much. He'd only said yes because of old Doc. He wrote me before he got his discharge: "I'll take a while to think it out. Maybe I'll go back to college. But not premedical."

When we knew for sure he was coming, I spoke to my kid sister. I got to laughing about the yen she'd had for him, way back. When he'd come to the house she'd break her neck trying to attract his attention. Almost literally. Like sliding down the banisters headfirst.

I said, "Sam's on the way home, Comicpuss."

"How nice," she said, very Rosalind Russell.

I asked, "Hey, remember how goofy you used to be about him?"

She didn't turn a hair. "Quite," she agreed. That was Katie Hepburn. "I was terribly young," she told me, "really, I was."

She slays me, that kid.

HOWEVER, when Sam came home, she was away on a visit. Have I said that her name is Patience? Well, it is. A misnomer if ever I heard one. We call her Pat.

They had "Welcome Home, Sam" all over our village—in the store windows and the hotels and at the station. They had dinners for him and liked him well enough not to ask him to speak. But our high-school principal made him appear in the auditorium. "Nonsense!" he said. "You don't have to speak, Sam. Just let them look at you. I'll do the speaking." He did too. He loved it.

Sam turned up at our house and ate dinner with us. We went out for a walk after. That was Indian summer. The mountains burned red, and the bright yellow leaves skittered across the road in the least breeze, like splintered gold. You never saw so blue a sky. Our pint-sized river was full of water, racing blue and white. We went across the bridge, stopped in the middle and leaned there, looking.

Leaning on the bridge, Sam asked after Pat. He'd forgotten about her. Now he said, "Didn't see Pat around."

I said, "She's visiting in Syracuse."

"How is she?" he asked.

"A pain in the neck," I said.

He grinned. He'd always liked my kid sister, mainly because she was a kid.

I said, "Let's do the town tonight."

"O.K.," he said, and didn't turn a hair. I looked at him, quick. Usually he'd stall, but in the end go along with me. This time maybe he was humoring me; or perhaps I reminded him of his sergeant.

First I took Sam to see Sally. She lived at home and that night she was off duty. I remembered that he'd liked her once, in his terrified fashion. I expected he'd start changing color and falling over his feet. He didn't. Their conversation was very exciting.

"Hi," she said. "Hi, Sam. I'm glad to see you—"

"I'm glad to see *you,*" he said.

Some dialogue. But Sally began turning the colors, mostly pink, and all becoming. It wasn't what Sam said but the way he said it, very easy, very restrained.

We stayed for half an hour. I was like the wallpaper. I said, "Well, let's shove off."

We shoved. Sally came to the door. Sam took her hand. He said, and grinned a little, "I'll be back."

That wasn't a world-shaking announcement. Or was it? I took a gander at Sally. Maybe it was.

THERE'S no need to go into the gruesome details. Sam looked the same. He looked shy even, and acted it, up to a point. But it was shyness with a difference. It had finesse, polish, and promise. You know—like when Cooper is shy, or Jimmy Stewart. You know what it will get 'em. They know, too.

Look at me. I've always been a gabby guy, quick on the uptake, strictly solid, right in the groove. Amusing, good for a laugh. The girls ate it up. I was quite a character. Hot stuff. Now I was cold potatoes. But good old Silent Sam, he was all the things my mom read about in the magazine recipe section and wished she had more sugar so she could make them—crêpes Suzette, baked alaska, and cherries jubilee.

It went on like that day after day, girl after girl. It wasn't that Sam said much—it was how he said it, still looking like the same gangling towheaded kid he'd always been.

I asked, "What's happened to you, Sam, what gives? Remember, I knew you when. Now, all of a sudden, you make with the charm and the girls fall flat on their sweet little pusses. How come?"

He was vague about it. He said, "I dunno, Rusty. I guess I'm just not scared any more. I've been around a little."

Oh, sure!

He wasn't scared. He'd been scared by experts on those islands. It would take more than a dame to turn his hair white these days. Talk about a sheep in wolf's clothing! Me, I could sit on the back porch, look at the mountains, and give out with the howl until I ruined my tonsils. No one heard me. And they weren't whistling at me any more. They weren't whistling at Sam either, but they were sighing. That's more significant.

I didn't hold it against Sam. How could I? He was my pal, and tops. But it seemed an unfair division. He'd had the war, I'd had the girls. Now he had both. He not only had the girls, he had Sally—if he wanted her.

At least, it looked like that to me. "Hello, Rusty," she would say. "Hello, Sam." Funny how different it could sound.

I thought, Wonder if there's still a Foreign Legion? They are said to overlook a lot of things. Maybe they'd overlook those scars. Suddenly I was all mixed up. I was confused. I was insecure. It was a touch of noncombat fatigue.

THE way it all ended is ridiculous. Pat came home. On the evening she returned, she got dressed to go to the movies with Butch Peters, who lives on our corner. She had a dozen like Butch hanging around. They'd yell insults at her in loving voices and call me "old-timer."

I was downstairs, waiting for Sam. We were going to see Sally. Sam never went places alone. It was like old times, in reverse. He took *me* along as background. Maybe for protection. I wouldn't know.

Pat came downstairs. She appeared to be in battle dress. She was eighteen and a bit. She wasn't going to college. She was going to business school, when she got around to it.

She smiled at me. Quite a pretty sight, but a dry run, of course, as I was only her brother. Just then Sam came in and slammed the door.

"Well, Sam Jenkins!" said Pat.

I watched Sam's jaw drop. He started turning purple, and for the first time since his return I heard him stammer.

Holy cow, I hadn't thought about Pat! She was fourteen or so when last he'd seen her; fat, too; braces on her choppers—they cost a fortune and dad hollered like a stuck pig when he got the bill; and her hair mopped over her eyes.

Well, now. I looked at her through Sam's eyes, as best I could. It made sense. Her hair's redder than mine, and mine isn't upswept, unless I run into a hurricane. Her eyes are particularly blue. The braces did the trick with the teeth. Her figure is a dream.

Looking at her in a detached manner, I could see that to someone else she might be the ultimate in pinups, the Mighty Mouse, the very considerable Dish.

She walked up to Sam and stuck out her little paw. He took it, after a struggle, and you could see he wasn't sure what he was supposed to do with it, but that he was certain the slightest touch would wreck it. That made me laugh. Pat swung a mean tennis racket and midiron; she could ride anything on four legs; she could hike until you dropped beside her; she was a good shot; she could swim like a guppy; she could beat me chopping wood.

Just now she was looking very fragile.

She gave Sam a fond maternal smile. "Nice going, Sam," she said. "I've been reading about you."

Pat turned to me. She said, "I've decided not to go out."

Sam found his voice. He said, "You've grown up."

He didn't mean me. I was born old.

"So I have," said Pat quite kindly. She went to the phone and called up Butch. She told him she couldn't go to the movies. She said she had the most ghastly headache, shattering, really. She simply couldn't *see.*

Oh, no?

Sam was pale with anxiety. He looked at me and asked, "Shouldn't we call the doctor?"

I gave him a pitying look. I felt a lot better. I said soothingly, "I think, with care, she'll live. Why don't you stay and look after her, seeing mom and pop are out? Then, if you have to call the doctor—" I got to my feet. I said, "I'll be back in a while. I've an errand to do."

He didn't hear me. Pat had finished her so-called conversation.

Sam had forgotten the errand. I hadn't. The errand was Sally. I went to the door. I looked back and they didn't see me. Sam was regarding my kid sister with the old look, the terrified fascination. Oh, he'd been around all right, but anything he'd learned about dames during that interval he'd just forgotten.

Pat was looking at him too—as if she were sorry for him; as if she liked it; as if she had taken over; as if she knew all the really important answers, once he got over his scare and began asking the important questions.

I SHUT the door and started over to Sally's. I was laughing out loud. From now on in, we'd be back where we used to be.

Or would we?

I went in and Sally was there. I thought, I can wait. But that was an evening of surprises, like Halloween. Sally gave me a big smile. Sally cried, "How in the world did you get rid of Sam? Friendship's fine, and so are returned heroes, but—I've been lonesome."

You figure it out. Maybe she was trying to lead me into the trap and Sam was one way. Maybe she'd just been nice to Sam because she liked him and he was my best friend. I wouldn't know.

I grabbed her and kissed her. I thought, and it didn't bother me at all, Domesticity, here I come!

THE END

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THEY WORK AT THE WEAVER'S TRADE

Continued from Page 19

which was *not* forced upon them by strikes or walkouts.

At present, about one fourth of the Southern mills are unionized. Nearly two thirds of the Northern mills are under union contract. Average wages in the Southern mills have risen to sixty-eight cents an hour (86.5 cents in the Northern mills). In the entire textile industry, average wages have increased about fifty per cent since January, 1937, with the establishment of fixed minimum hourly wages, which protect the new and less skilled workers. Paid vacations have been won. Benefits such as life insurance and medical care paid for by the employer have been negotiated for more than 100,000 workers. And there are still nearly 200 field representatives working out of New York, organizing new mills, negotiating new contracts, teaching local business agents how to run their chapters.

THE most revealing aspect of how T.W.U.A. is run, and any labor union for that matter, is its national convention. The constitutions of nearly all unions provide that the convention of delegates from the locals shall be the final governing body, empowered to elect the officers, change the constitution itself, and establish policy. Some unions have conventions every four years, but most meet biennially. T.W.U.A. is among the latter. Before me is the transcript of proceedings of T.W.U.A.'s third biennial convention.

About a thousand delegates at that convention sat in daily sessions in New York's Carnegie Hall from Monday morning until Friday noon. There were social evenings for good measure that included a theater party, with the whole house bought out by the union, and a dance or two. During the sessions the delegates devoted themselves to four main items of business: listening to speeches, passing resolutions, making certain critical constitutional changes, and electing the national officers. The proceedings followed a prearranged schedule.

Vice-President Baldanzi sat as chairman. The speakers included Mayor LaGuardia of New York, Mrs. Frances Perkins, Attorney General Francis Biddle, James B. Carey, secretary-treasurer of C.I.O.; Van A. Bittner of the Steelworkers Union; Dr. Frank Graham, president of the University of North Carolina; Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt and Sidney Hillman. The speeches were on the whole discreet and faintly patronizing.

Between the speeches a total of seventy-nine resolutions were introduced. These covered an immense field of human thinking and politics, including:

TELLER
TELLER
SALO

"Can't I turn my head for a minute without someone embezzling a million dollars?"
LIBERTY

Urgent support of the New Deal; a demand that no income of any individual should exceed $25,000 a year; a demand that labor be represented at the peace table; an entire new federal tax program, with full details; a demand for the abandonment of the Little Steel formula; support for the Thomas bill, providing federal aid for education; a blunt condemnation of the Soviet Union for the execution of the two Socialists Alter and Erlich; reduction of the voting age nationally to eighteen years; a demand for a national labor party—a third party; increased social security and an elaborate postwar program for organized labor.

There was much discussion from the floor on each of these resolutions, but it is significant that the same handful of men discussed nearly all of them.

THEORETICALLY, the convention delegates are working members elected by their fellows in the mills. Actually, a great number were the paid local business agents or managers, members of the union's professional staff. Even their talking on the floor was subordinate to the skillful fashion in which the members of the inner circle managed to guide the proceedings. The ordinary Joe from Creep Hill had little chance to make himself heard—just as ordinary Joe feels shy and slightly out of place at a smoothly functioning national political convention. The chairman was almost invariably polite, but the sisters and the brothers fresh from the looms knew they were a little out of their depth.

Brother Joseph Sposato (Stonington, Connecticut) did manage a mild protest on one of the resolutions:

". . . I want to say at this time, if the resolution is passed, it should be passed in a democratic manner where all the delegates, and not only the organizers and officers, have a chance to speak upon the resolution.

"We have the men elected by their local unions. Certainly we do not want them to go back with the impression that they were not given an opportunity to speak on the floor. [Applause.]

"We were elected and sent down here by our locals, and we were led to believe that this subject was brought up before the body. Therefore, I say, while we are in favor of the resolution, let us hear from the men out of the shop and a little less from the organizers." [Applause.]

Chairman Baldanzi made no response, but continued to justify the resolution.

The resolution which finally brought Brother Sposato to his feet was No. 37—increasing the salaries of the general officers. It proposed that Rieve's should be boosted to $10,000, Baldanzi's to $9,000, and Pollock's to $8,000.

In fairness it must be said these are not big union salaries, and they are far lower than business men get for operating much smaller enterprises than T.W.U.A. President Rieve certainly has earned this much for improving wages and working conditions in the textile industry. Sposato wanted him to have the money. But he also wanted the right of a simple delegate to speak out in a union convention.

There were other brothers who wanted to know whether the pay boosts would mean an increase in dues. They were told dues would not be affected. Theoretically, each local chapter sets its own dues, though they must not be less than one dollar a month a member. No matter what they are, fifty cents must be sent to the national organization.

IN actual practice, local dues are pretty well dictated by the national office and in some cases are close to two dollars a month. But even when the general officers insist upon higher local dues, this does not affect the fifty-cent per-capita tax for headquarters. That can be changed only by the convention as a constitutional amendment.

Needless to say, the resolution was passed. Indeed, every resolution was passed and with few dissenting votes.

Finally there came the elections. For the three principal offices, nominations were asked. Anybody in the hall could name his candidate. Chairman Baldanzi asked for nominations for president. Brother William Smith (a member of the professional staff) gave Brother Rieve an eulogy and put him up for reelection. Duly seconded.

"Are there any other nominations?" (Cries of "No! No!")

The nominations were ordered closed and the secretary was instructed to cast one ballot for Emil Rieve for president. The president made a brief speech, and the thousand delegates cheered. Identical ceremonies attended the re-elections of Baldanzi and Pollock.

The constitution provides for an Executive Council of nineteen members and a three-man Board of Trustees. The Executive Council supervises and checks the actions of the general officers, and the trustees to keep a finger on all financial transactions. The trustees were elected first and without opposition. There was a slight hitch in the nominations for members of the Executive Council. Twenty-one names were offered when only nineteen were needed. Brother Jack Rubenstein dutifully withdrew his name. But Brother William Tullar decided to go through with it. He got licked.

It is perhaps significant that only one of the three trustees and only two of the nineteen Executive Councilmen are practicing textile workers. The rest get their wages not from the manufacture of cloth, but from the union which they serve.

UNION headquarters, however, admit such matters with no attempt at concealment. The union is equally frank concerning the expenditure of union moneys. Here is the breakdown of each dues-dollar:

Organization and servicing, 66.1 cents; cash reserve, 10.1 cents; C.I.O. per capita tax, 6.9 cents; national office costs, 6.7 cents; publicity and education, 3.7 cents; administrative expenses, 3.5 cents; legal and arbitration, 1.6 cents; research, 1.4 cents.

Since the latest financial figures provided me were for March, 1943, it is difficult to say how much the Textile Workers Union is worth today. In the two-year period just preceding that date, the union had taken in, through dues, initiation fees, and other sources, about $2,300,000. It had spent, chiefly for organization of new mills in the field, nearly all of this sum, leaving a net reserve of only $315,000.

These figures may not be valid now, but they are given to show that the union was solvent and powerful two years ago. It has made enormous strides, both in membership and treasury resources, since then. The length of those strides is probably reflected in its hesitancy in making its latest financial report public.

Summing up, T.W.U.A. can't be characterized as a greedy or menacing labor union. Its officers are entrenched in power, to be sure, but as human beings go, they are moral and sincere men. Judging by the convention record, there is certainly no impressive display of democracy in a union whose members have often have been charged with discrimination against the employment of Negroes in the industry. To repeat: no more democracy than the Caspar Milquetoast delegate to a Republican or Democratic National Convention is permitted to assert.

THE END

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THE DEPENDABLE PEN

THE THROPP FAMILY

Written by **LAWRENCE LARIAR**
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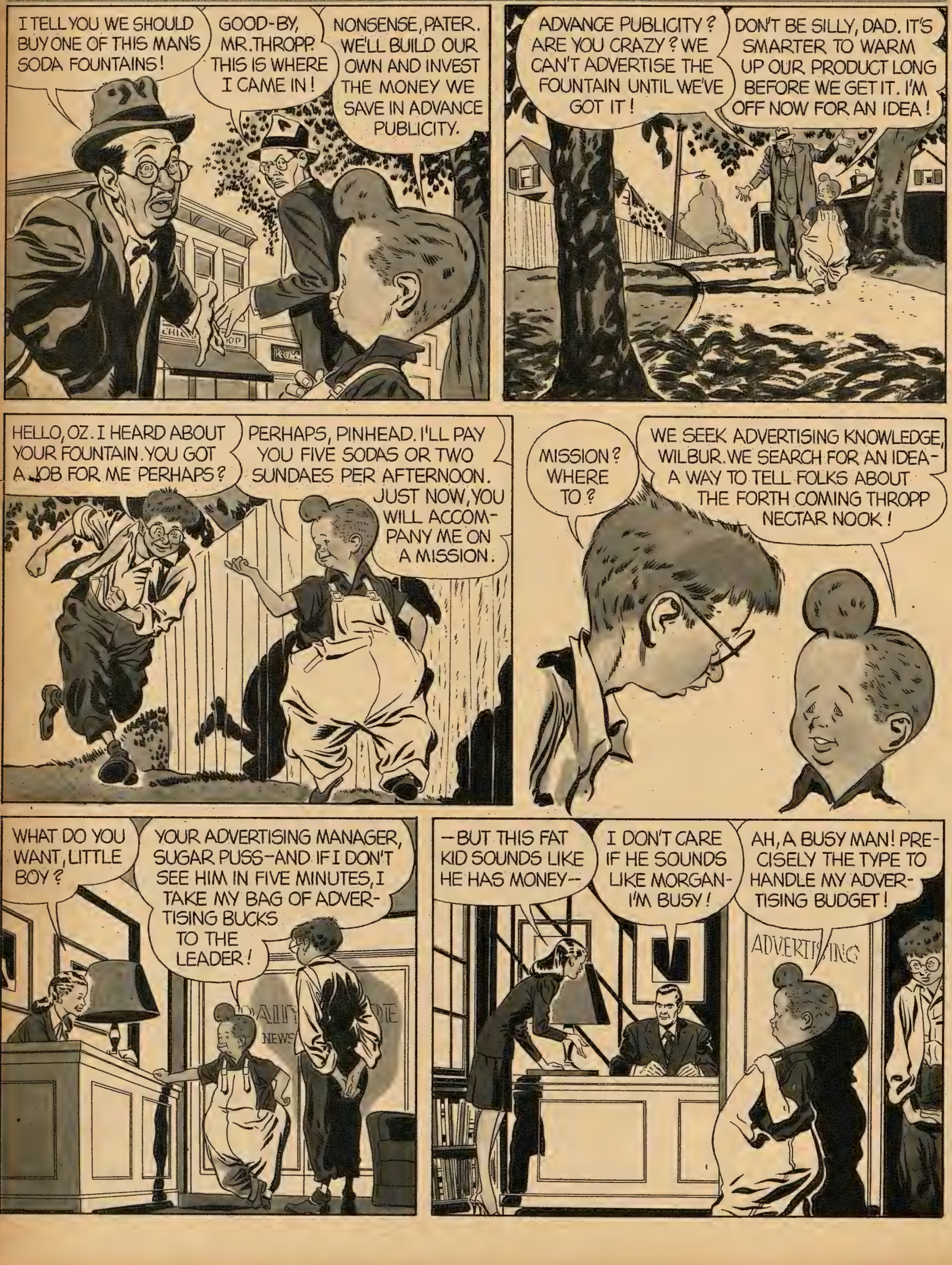
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GOOD-BY, MR. THROPP. THIS IS WHERE I CAME IN!
NONSENSE, PATER. WE'LL BUILD OUR OWN AND INVEST THE MONEY WE SAVE IN ADVANCE PUBLICITY.
ADVANCE PUBLICITY? ARE YOU CRAZY? WE CAN'T ADVERTISE THE FOUNTAIN UNTIL WE'VE GOT IT!
DON'T BE SILLY, DAD. IT'S SMARTER TO WARM UP OUR PRODUCT LONG BEFORE WE GET IT. I'M OFF NOW FOR AN IDEA!
HELLO, OZ. I HEARD ABOUT YOUR FOUNTAIN. YOU GOT A JOB FOR ME PERHAPS?
PERHAPS, PINHEAD. I'LL PAY YOU FIVE SODAS OR TWO SUNDAES PER AFTERNOON. JUST NOW, YOU WILL ACCOMPANY ME ON A MISSION.
MISSION? WHERE TO?
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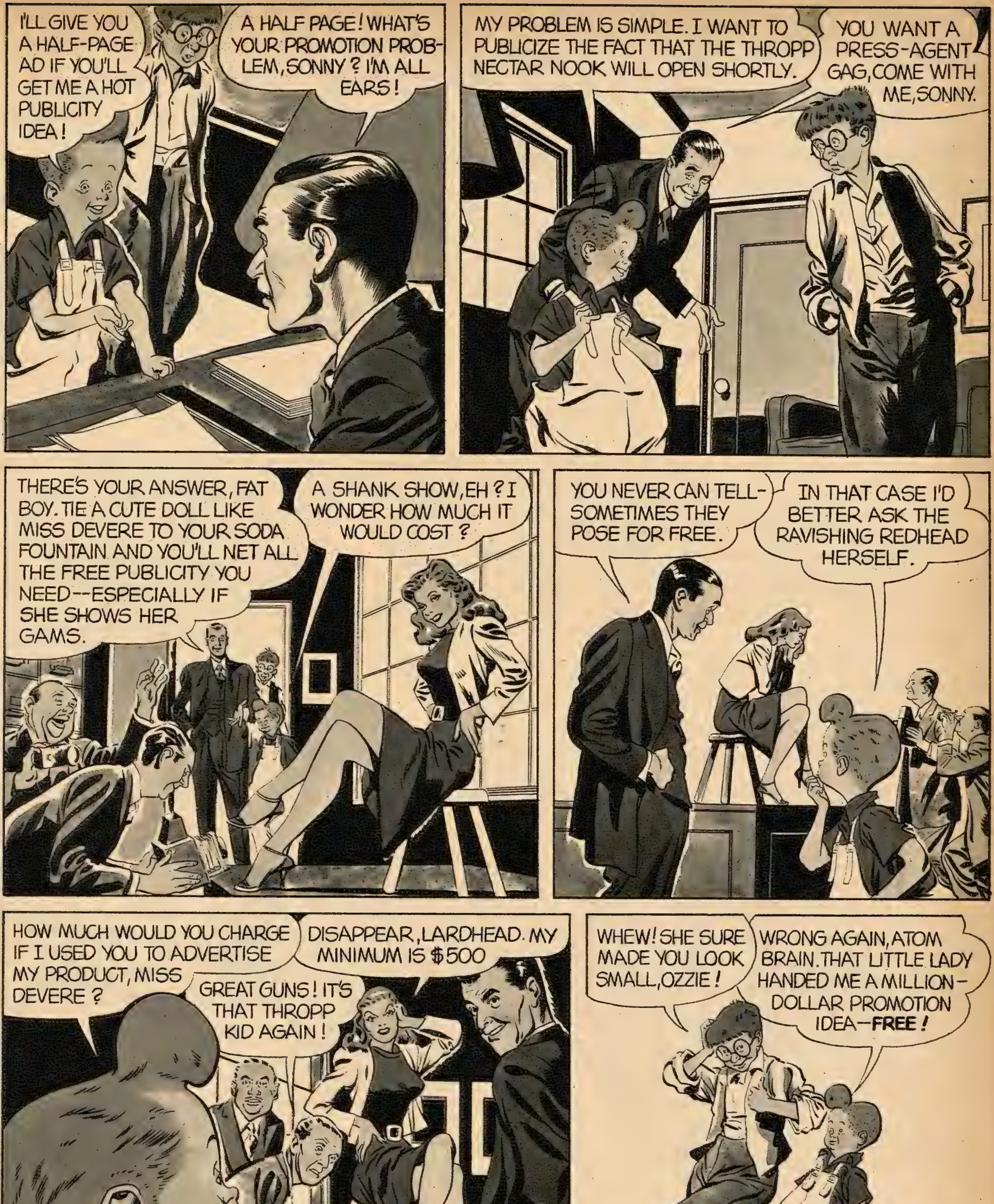
AH, A BUSY MAN! PRECISELY THE TYPE TO HANDLE MY ADVERTISING BUDGET!
ADVERTISING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THERE'S YOUR ANSWER, FAT BOY. TIE A CUTE DOLL LIKE MISS DEVERE TO YOUR SODA FOUNTAIN AND YOU'LL NET ALL THE FREE PUBLICITY YOU NEED--ESPECIALLY IF SHE SHOWS HER GAMS.
A SHANK SHOW, EH? I WONDER HOW MUCH IT WOULD COST?
YOU NEVER CAN TELL-SOMETIMES THEY POSE FOR FREE.
IN THAT CASE I'D BETTER ASK THE RAVISHING REDHEAD HERSELF.
HOW MUCH WOULD YOU CHARGE IF I USED YOU TO ADVERTISE MY PRODUCT, MISS DEVERE?
DISAPPEAR, LARDHEAD. MY MINIMUM IS $500
GREAT GUNS! IT'S THAT THROPP KID AGAIN!
WHEW! SHE SURE MADE YOU LOOK SMALL, OZZIE!
WRONG AGAIN, ATOM BRAIN. THAT LITTLE LADY HANDED ME A MILLION-DOLLAR PROMOTION IDEA—**FREE**!

Continued next week

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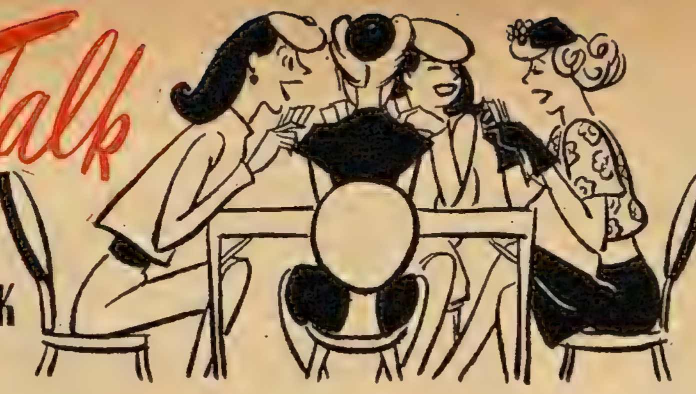
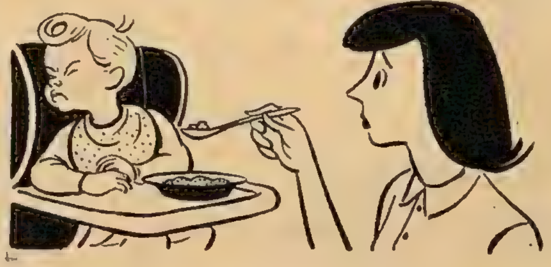
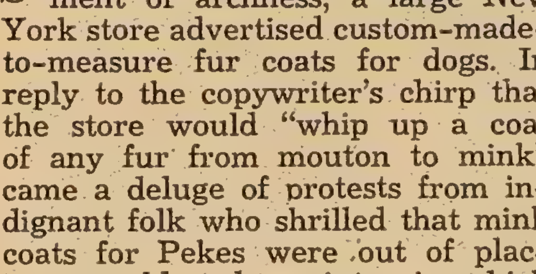
Woman-Talk



BY MARGARET FISHBACK

"JOHNNY WON'T EAT": The best treatise I ever encountered on the subject of the small "problem eater" was written for the Bulletin of the Tulane Medical Faculty by Dr. R. V. Platou of the Department of Pediatrics. Dr. Platou has kindly given me permission to quote from it. Says he: "The busy physician probably meets no problem more annoying than that which faces him almost daily in the form of the cute, cheerful, apparently healthy two- or three-year-old youngster who won't eat. . . . He is usually able to convince himself, after careful appraisal of the child, that there's nothing wrong, but then has to face the far more difficult task of convincing the parents!" In reviewing the hypothetical case of healthy twenty-month-old Johnny, an only child, Dr. Platou continues, "About six weeks ago, the mother noticed that Johnny was 'picking' at his food. . . . During these weeks, Johnny had lost three ounces! Both parents, the only living grandparent, one maiden aunt, the nursemaid, and the cook had all offered suggestions. . . . Finally, in desperation and in fear of an endless variety of serious diseases, Johnny was carried to the doctor's office." The examination revealed nothing of importance. "Why should this period of minimal weight gain occur at this particular time? Quite satisfactory answers are apparent in normal growth and behavior patterns for this age. The rate of weight gain almost invariably decreases when children are about one and one half to two years of age or when they weigh about 30 pounds. . . . In the second place, Johnny is becoming extremely active. Having developed great skill and speed in locomotion and finding innumerable new outlets for a seemingly inexhaustible store of energy and curiosity, he's altogether too busy to take time out to eat. . . . Last but not least, the period of minimal weight gain coincides with that of psychologic negativism. Johnny's out to learn for himself and resents any efforts to confine his sphere of experimentation. . . . Being also human, he appreciates attention and suddenly discovers that the very best time to get it is when he's supposed to eat. Familiar to all parents is the resulting list of ingenious performances, ranging all the way from simple refusal of food to actually throwing it in his beseeching parent's face. . . . What should the busy doctor do? He should anticipate the problem and explain to the parents when Johnny is about a year old that his present rate of weight gain cannot continue forever. . . . There are several simple instructions which usually prove helpful. The child should be required to relax for fifteen to thirty minutes before meals; it is unusual for a person of any age to relish a full meal at the height of vigorous exercise. Can you imagine a steak dinner served between sets of tennis? . . . A second admonition is to omit any discussion of appetite, weight, or feeding difficulties in Johnny's presence. . . . Third, no foods should be allowed between meals. . . . Fourth, there is no single essential item in the whole list of foods, and no particular food is worth fighting about. . . . While every effort should be made to encourage children to take the largest variety of foods, none should ever be forced."





SLAP-DOWN: In a misguided moment of archness, a large New York store advertised custom-made-to-measure fur coats for dogs. In reply to the copywriter's chirp that the store would "whip up a coat of any fur from mouton to mink" came a deluge of protests from indignant folk who shrilled that mink coats for Pekes were out of place in a world and a winter in which thousands of Europe's war-weary children were shivering without any coats at all.

MAIDEN'S LAMENT

In uniform he looked so smart,
I almost lost my girlish heart.
But now, affecting outfits tweedy,
My Hercules looks just plain seedy.

OPERA ON THE UPBEAT

Continued from Page 17

of his most important duties, developing new Metropolitan artists. Auditioning youngsters for the Met is routinized and those showing promise have for years competed for a contract over the Metropolitan Auditions of the Air. This has paid off already to the extent of thirty new singers, almost all American, a fact that pleases ex-light-opera star Johnson, who likes to push young American singers ahead and who once contributed $25,000 for musical education in his home town of Guelph, Ontario.

Johnson's interest in young artists and his unbounded confidence in their ability to produce what he expects of them have comprised one of his happiest contributions to opera. Before Hitler marched into Poland. Europe was the principal source of Metropolitan artists. Not many years ago it was the only acceptable source. So great was the prejudice against Americans that Johnson himself, despite his fine voice, had to change his name to Eduardo di Giovanni to get Italian audiences to accept him. This prejudice was also strong in America. Despite our loyal desire to see the home-town boy make good, we thought he didn't make with the opera as well as the European. When a clever publicity stunt sold us Marion Talley, she was accepted as what biologists call a sport.

However, Johnson and his associates, with a conviction greatly spurred by wartime necessity, have consistently presented American voices. Now it is not considered particularly remarkable that the majority of the Metropolitan company is home talent. Today, if European houses want the best possible opera, they must come to America for their artists, which means coming to the Metropolitan.

JOHNSON'S capacity for recognizing and encouraging the capabilities of young talent is described by some of his associates as uncanny. While auditioning a promising but unknown voice, he is reported more than once to have picked the opera and the part the youngster would be singing on the stage three years hence. Such selections are not idle fancy with Johnson; he actually schedules new artists two years in advance. In singing circles that kind of picking is regarded with solemn reverence.

In describing his aims for opera, Johnson is given to emphasizing the importance of *ensemble*, a trick word which means the effective blending of all elements—orchestra, chorus, principals, and even scenery—into an integrated and harmonious production. And keenly aware of the importance of physical appearance in good theater, Johnson likes his artists, men and women, slender and good-looking. They must also know how to act. He believes the day is past when a diva weighing more than a young heifer can stand immobile in the center of the Met stage and thrill an audience. He recognizes the value to the Met of a bit of pleasing femininity like Patrice Munsel, and believes that students are now keeping an eye on their waistlines while they keep an ear on their vocal chords.

He regards the ensemble as so important that for some operas he has developed two and three casts which can be used interchangeably without detrimental effect. It is like a football coach having three first teams, each as good as the others. Such goings-on in opera were unheard of a few years ago.

It is a great trial to Johnson that his effort to create ensemble cannot be appreciated from all parts of the opera house. As a theater in which the audience can see and be seen, it is an architectural triumph; Mrs. Vanderbilt in box number three being in much clearer view from many seats than is the stage. In any part of the house the audience can sense the atmosphere of great and stimulating tradition, but when the curtain is up, this is insufficient to overcome the irritating fact that from not a few seats nearly half the stage isn't visible.

THE desperate need of the Met for a new theater is not based solely on the immediate benefits it would afford the audience. An opera house should have facilities for storing and hanging more than one opera set at a time. But the Met has to park its sets, when they are being changed, on the sidewalk, at the back of the house. Special night crews must be maintained to strike the set when the opera is finished and to hang the next day's production. Nobody knows how much this costs, but certainly it wastes many tens of thousands of dollars each year. This is a cross which Johnson bears sadly.

As to the Met building its own theater—it will have to spawn financial elephants instead of mice before that could become a reality.

An inadequate house is a handicap, but its effect on opera is insig-

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nificant compared to that of the unions. It is probable that today the opera unions have more to do with Metropolitan plans than all other factors combined. Certainly they have had a greater effect on opera during the past five years than the war itself. The effect of just one factor, wages, on the ability of the Met to satisfy the public demand for new operas, revivals, and better ensemble is tremendous. A recent increase of nine dollars a week demanded and received by members of the chorus added more than $30,000 to annual expenses. At one time an exacting conductor could expect his orchestra to rehearse until he was satisfied or worn out. Many abused the privilege. More recently, however, the Met was unable to make a desirable mid-season change in conductors because it would have cost $8,000 for essential extra rehearsals.

THERE can be no doubt that the Met itself has been responsible for a part—but only a part—of the potency of its unions. For example, when a singer joined the company in the old days, he signed a contract that granted the Met jurisdiction over all his singing. When there was any money in it, the Metropolitan usually granted permission in return for a rake-off on the artist's fee. When flush radio advertisers began spending big money for name singers, sometimes the artists returned more to the Met in the rake-off on their fees than the Met paid them during an entire opera season.

Formal complaint by the artists that this arrangement—Clause 12 of their contract—was antiquated got nowhere with the Met. Finally a union, organized under Lawrence Tibbett's leadership in 1940, forced the revocation of Clause 12.

It is difficult for Johnson to enter into rough-and-tumble union negotiations with people with whom he sang for years. Although he has to be boss, he struggles with some difficulty to keep in good standing as one of the boys. The artists, however, profess to feel as strongly for him as they ever did.

However warmly many top singers respond to Johnson's mildness in his dealings with them, they are somewhat less tolerant of what they describe as the Met's pusillanimous handling of the big and tough opera chorus. An opera chorus is expected to contribute to music drama in about the same proportion as the House of Representatives should contribute to the legislature of the United States.

If the chorus is fair to middling, it may get by. If it is brilliant, the audience can get a real run for its money.

Opera singers who sincerely believe the Met at last has a chance really to go places declare that the chorus is typical of weaknesses it must overcome to achieve the greatness now almost in its grasp. They maintain its unique double-closed-shop system of self-perpetuation is a guaranty of mediocrity *ad infinitum.* In their opinion, most of the chorus should be fired, more than one third of its personnel being between sixty and seventy-five years of age with voices that quiver accordingly.

Unlike the Metropolitan, when a musical-show producer selects his chorus he sends out audition notices to leading schools and teachers, inviting their most promising pupils in for a try-out. He can employ only members of Actors Equity, but he need consult no union. If a youngster makes good, union membership is automatic. But it is the producer who selects the candidates. Invariably he hires the best available talent.

But the Metropolitan has no say about the personnel of its chorus. The union supplies the choristers. A new singer trying out for the chorus is heard by a committee of the chorus itself. Membership is limited, so if the singer is approved a member of the auditioning committee, or his pal, may be out of a job. A voice good enough to break through that kind of deal would belong to a Met principal, not a chorister. Just in case the auditioning committee should be soft-hearted, a condition not yet encountered, there are two other formidable barriers to talented youngsters: the initiation fees, which have ranged up to $500; and refusal to consider an applicant who doesn't know fifteen operas. Learning that many takes years.

IF personal charm would operate an opera house, Eddie Johnson would be the greatest manager in operatic history. It only helps, however, and fortunately he has more on the ball. One of his most valuable contributions is that he lives in the present and is bound only artistically to the past. As quick on the uptake as he is on the downbeat, he is consciously and with considerable acumen reshaping the Met to sell it in today's market. With finances always seriously lacking and sometimes critically so, he nevertheless is constantly tapping new support by linking the Met to the public through the vigorous and enterprising Opera Guild. Ten years under Johnson has been good for the Metropolitan and good for opera. He is over the highest hurdles, but some remain.

But within another ten years the Metropolitan should achieve that eminence its fervid partisans already claim for it.

And for the steadily dwindling group who, bemused by past greatness, fail to recognize the glories of the present, there is the sage comment of musicritic Miles Kastendieck:

"If the Met is not what it was, it is rapidly becoming what it was not—a musical theater."

THE END

LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

WITH HELEN PARKER

Argentina's temptress (Nina Vale) compromising Powell with the police.

CORNERED

(RKO)
Dick Powell, Walter Slezak, Micheline Cheirel, Nina Vale, Luther Adler

HERE'S a picture that's alive—both politically and dramatically. Dick Powell plays another non-crooning part and he has a really exciting role as a scarred Canadian flyer in search of vengeance for the murder of his French wife.

He tracks his man to Buenos Aires, where you get a devastating picture of the morally decadent Fascist society there. An unctuous "professional guide" (Walter Slezak), who is in the employ of these plotters of a third world war, sees in Powell an opportunity to blackmail his bosses. And he does a lot of damage.

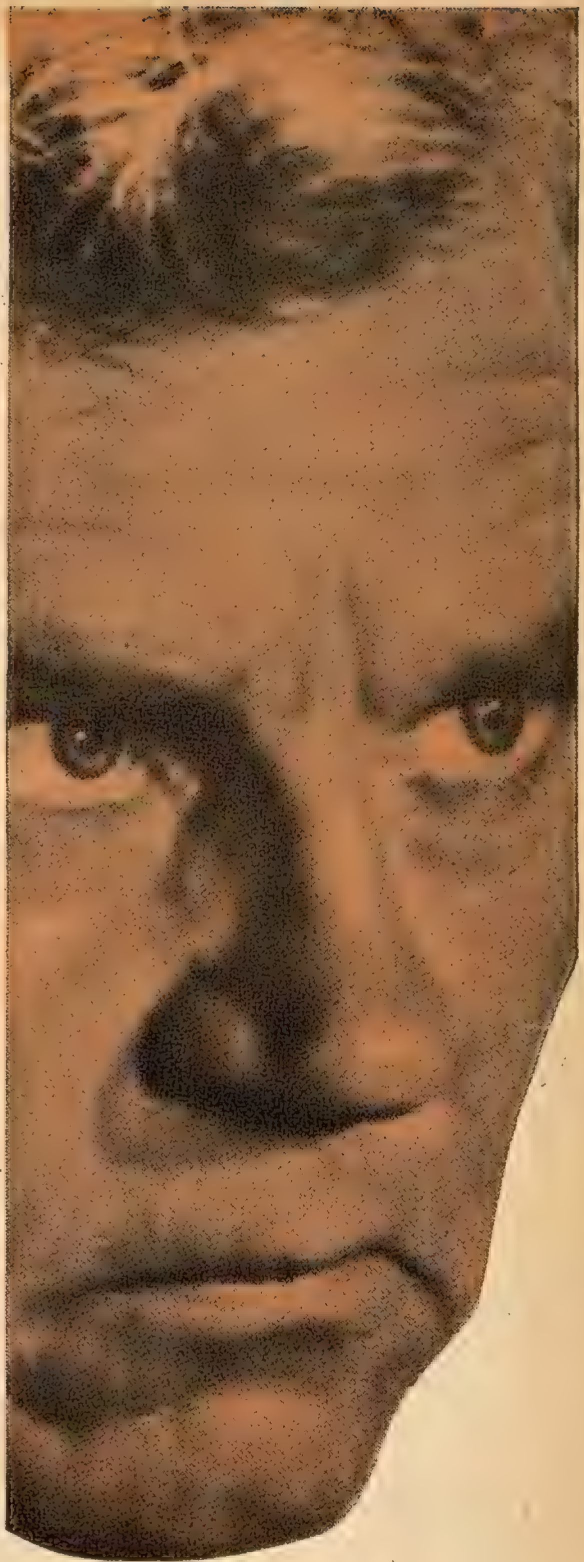
On our side (that is to say, Powell's side) is an intelligent lawyer (Morris Carnovsky) who does a thoroughly credible job of broadening the young fanatic's philosophy, finally making him see that the murderer of his wife is not the single enemy, and that a really successful attack must be a broadside against all Fascists. It's hard lines for a guy who has delivered a lot of bombs and who might reasonably conclude that he's finished his work, but he eventually accepts it bravely.

For dramatic impact, there are few cinematic equals to the scene in which Powell corners the "officially dead" person he's been hunting. It's here that Luther Adler makes his screen debut—and he gives it everything.

Everywhere you look there's a fine actor, and that goes for two new females too—Nina Vale and Micheline Cheirel—the first a beautiful, flagrant vampire and the second a confused victim of circumstances. Yes, it's an excellent cast, with Mr. Powell yielding to no one in ability.

This isn't just another war picture, or just another murder mystery. Cornered is genuine drama, illuminating reality in a most telling way.

Dick Powell meets his enemy and makes a mess of him.



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THE OLD STAND

Continued from Page 31

Jimmy put a quarter on the counter. He stated his wishes, trying to look unconcerned.

Mel stared with all his two hundred pounds of authority. Very pink, Jimmy scuttled.

This passage was over a type of merchandise that troubled Mel. The problem was a complex one. The Key store, across the street, stocked the goods without qualms and was perfectly realistic about it. And a druggist is so many things to so many people: apothecary, counselor, health warden, merchant. Judge Embray had remarked to Mel one day, "You and Father Gleason and I all deal in confessions, Mel, but Gleason and I get them only after the event, and you sometimes get them before."

Tug Cherrill, who was watching the discomfiture of the rosy-cheeked youth, laughed. "Here, Jimmy." He passed something into the younger boy's hand. Jimmy went to the fountain and manfully stood Tug a treat.

Things were getting boisterous at the fountain counter, so Mel returned there.

The babble went on. "Tug, who you taking to our dance tonight?"

"Olga Gilvray, of course."

That was all right, Mel told himself. Tug and Olga were a pair that were well beyond his jurisdiction.

"Who you going with tonight, Eleanor?" asked Jody Weston of sunny-haired Eleanor Lee.

"Jimmy Cotton's taking me," stated Eleanor, pride of conquest evident in her voice.

Mel stopped wiping the glass in his hands.

"HOW about what we asked you, Mel?" somebody demanded. "Going to keep open for us till after the dance?"

"Yes," said Mel hastily. "Sure." He put the glass down carefully. "I never throw you down, do I?"

"Good old Mel," said somebody.

"I've got to find help, though. I can't handle a whole crowd alone. Look here," said Mel, grasping the idea that he had been fumbling for. "Will you, Jimmy, and you, Eleanor, come in here the instant the dance is over and lend a hand? I'll pay you each two dollars."

"Well—" Jimmy began to protest, but stopped when Mel's peculiar position in his affairs apparently struck him.

"I'd love to!" exclaimed Eleanor.

"Her mother wants her home early," argued Jimmy.

Mel assured: "I'll call up Mrs. Lee and ask her if it's all right, and here's what else I'll do: I'll drive you both home, as soon as I close up, in the sidecar of the motor bike."

"It's windy," pointed out Jimmy.

"But I've always wanted to ride in that thing!" cheered Eleanor. "What fun!"

The high-school crowd piled out. Mel sold a bottle of mineral oil to tubby Mrs. Forbes, and at her request wrapped it into a single large parcel with her purchases from Slater's dry-goods store. George French, a house painter, hurried in for a bit of first aid on a lacerated wrist. Mrs. Gilvray stopped by for a little free advice on laryngitis, and trotted over to the Key store to get a cross-opinion from Frank Hardy.

TWO o'clock came. A car of restrained splendor drew up outside. A man and a woman entered the store. Mel went forward to wait on them.

They looked amused because Mel was a second or two on the uptake.

"Stephanie! Al!" he then cried.

Stephanie Fisk had been Mel's sweetheart twenty years ago, here in Markham, and Al Dopkin his devoted bat carrier. Now they'd been married for fourteen years, and Al was rich.

"Still at the old stand, eh, Mel?" asked Stephanie, with the smile that used to buckle him at the knees when he worked for her father in this very store.

"The same old stand," said Mel, suddenly feeling quaint.

"Stephanie wants some candy, Mel," said Al Dopkin, "and I wanted a couple of cigars."

"All I carry, Stephanie," apologized Mel, "is this Perma-Fresh-Pak from the Associated Drug Suppliers. Anyway, the box is—"

"Just give me these throat lozenges, Mel. How's Rhoda?"

Rhoda and Stephanie had been great friends once. Mel had been seventeen when he woke to the fact that Stephanie was only pretty and gay, whereas Rhoda March was intelligent and sensible and expressly designed by God to be Mel Bassett's girl. He'd regarded it as the luckiest day in his life when he made that discovery, followed by the delirious triumph of finding himself acceptable to lovely level-eyed Rhoda. As, in those days, who wouldn't have found him acceptable? Mel, the leader in sports, the president of Markham High student body, the senior at whose heels Al Dopkin trotted. . . . Al, who now exuded prosperity.

"Got any Felicisimos, Mel?" asked Al.

"No, I haven't, Al. The best I stock are two-for-a-quarters. Try these, though. They're not bad." He opened a fresh box. "Take several. They're on me."

"Thanks, no. I—h'm." Al didn't seem to want them very much, but he put a couple in his pocket. "How are you doing here?"

"Oh, so-so. It's not much of a town for two stores." Mel laughed a shade defensively. "We don't get any younger, do we, Al? But you look all right."

Al had taken a long cigar from another pocket. He lit it and said, "I'm in the financial game."

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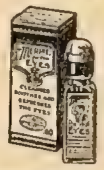

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"So I've heard. Excuse me a minute." Elderly Mrs. Horst had come in with the prescription from Dr. Lucas. Mel asked her to be seated. He returned.

"We're forming a new chain, Mel, in your line of business," Al said. "The Trueblue Drug Corporation. We're going to have over one hundred outlets."

"Opposition to the Key outfit?"

"The Key concern is already part of us. The deal's been closed for their thirty stores. How would you like to throw in with the Trueblue set-up, Mel?"

"Who are behind it?"

Al mentioned some big names in the drug business.

"We'll do right by you, Mel. We'll buy you out lock, stock, and barrel, with a satisfactory sum for the good will, and combine these two Markham stores. One's enough here, as you say. We'll take care of you properly, anywhere you want to go. You're too big for this town, and you know it. You should be manager of one of our important city branches. Decent hours—chance to go to the theater when you want to—break for Rhoda, too. How is Rhoda, by the way?"

"She's fine, and she'll be tickled no end to see you two and show you the children. I'll phone her—give her a chance to get something into the house for dinner—"

"Not this time, Mel. We've got to be pushing. I just dropped in to put a bug in your ear. I'll see you again. But if you don't mind, we'll send along an appraiser. The thing is hot and I want you in while the good jobs are to be had. How about tomorrow?"

"Any time, Al."

"He'll be around, then. Fellow named Shute."

MEL wanted to escort him to the door, and say good-by to Stephanie too, but the phone rang. Eleanor Lee's mother wanted Mel to tell Eleanor, if she came in after school, to be sure to phone home about an errand that must be done, or Eleanor's dress wouldn't be ready for the dance. That reminded Mel to ask if Eleanor could work at the fountain tonight. Mrs. Lee gave permission.

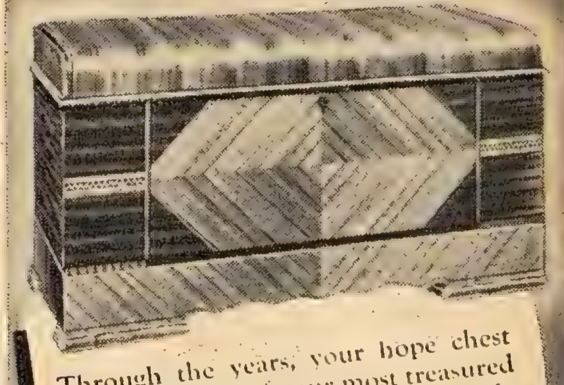
Mel then went to his prescription room to take care of Mrs. Horst.

He was interrupted by two women who came into the store with a gripe. A budget of gripes, in fact. They wanted to know if Mel felt he was doing right by the town that supported him.

"Meaning how?" asked Mel.

Well, was he aware that he didn't properly sift the books of his small circulating library? "You should read every one before placing it on the shelf," said Miss Aldershot. "I'm appalled."

Mel mildly wondered when he'd find time to read all the new books, but agreed that the publishing business had grown extremely liberal with the years.



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"And another thing," stated Mrs. Embray. "The young people use your pay phone to make calls they don't dare make from home."

Mel blinked. He'd never thought of extending censorship that far.

"You keep open too late," advised Miss Aldershot. "It encourages young people to stay up when they should be home in bed."

Mel thought it was better, if the young folks were under the bright lights of a store somewhere than if there was no illuminated place they could turn to.

"Frank Hardy doesn't keep open," pointed out Miss Aldershot.

"His place is run with a sense of responsibility to the community," averred Mrs. Embray.

Mel didn't feel like controverting that.

"So—" said Miss Aldershot, her voice trailing off.

"So," said Mrs. Embray crisply.

On their way out the ladies eyed the stamp machine, and Mrs. Embray said, "Mel Bassett, I want three stamps, and I have only a nickel and four pennies. Will you please give me what I need?"

Mel took three stamps from his wallet and handed them over. He always had felt sheepish about that machine, anyway. It charged a penny out of each nickel or dime for what Mel himself regarded as a common favor.

He returned to his apothecary cell and went on with the prescription for Mrs. Horst. His mind was busy with a number of things, all pinwheeling. Al Dopkin and the Trueblue proposition. Stephanie and the smart tweeds she wore and the voguish hat. The wisdom, which Al had questioned, of the way Mel conducted his life and Rhoda's, and the wisdom—also just now questioned—of the way he conducted his store.

THE Bassett Pharmacy, it seemed to Mel at this instant, was a monument to fatuous good intentions. Maybe he wasn't too big for the town, but the townspeople were certainly too small for him. All he did was break down his arches lumbering about behind these counters giving folks free stamp service and wrapping their bundles. All he did was load up with the troubles of the community, and pass himself coming to work in the morning when he went home at night.

He placed the prescribed tablets in their box and rechecked his instructions. Poor old Lute Horst. No matter what Dr. Lucas gave him to keep him going, if this prescription was a clue Lute couldn't last much longer. Mel typed the directions, stuck the label on, wrapped the box in pale green paper and taped it neatly. Mrs. Horst took it and thanked him, her hand trembling as she opened her purse. Mel repeated the directions verbally. "Lute is to begin using these a half hour before breakfast tomorrow."

Several times, as the afternoon waned, Mel thought of that prescription. One-and-a-half-grain tablets. Lute had never before used stronger than half grains. The frequency was stepped up too. He'd like to ask Dr. Lucas if those orders were right. It was a difficult thing to do. He'd never in his twelve years as a pharmacist questioned the veteran practitioner's instructions. But we all could slip, thought Mel, and he's been carrying a heavy load, with other doctors away at war. He's getting on. He's about seventy-five. I'm going to lay for the doc and ask him point blank.

Dr. Lucas usually dropped in around five thirty. Today he didn't. Mel rang his home.

"He's out," said Mrs. Lucas, "on a case in the country."

MEL told Rhoda about it during the half hour he allowed himself for supper.

"Why don't you make up an alternative lot," suggested Rhoda, "the way you think the doctor may have intended? Then it'll be ready at once if it's wanted."

Rhoda was always clearheaded about things. "Good idea," said Mel. "By the way—I almost forgot. Al and Stephanie Dopkin were in."

"Really?" Rhoda was thoroughly interested.

"Al's taking a hand at putting a big drug chain together. They've got the Key stores. He wants us."

Rhoda was silent.

"We can move to the city if we want to."

Rhoda came to his chair and kissed him swiftly. "Your hours are far too long here and the business is small. You must make the decision, Mel."

"Would you like to live in the city?"

"I'm contented here with the children and the home. But you are entitled to move on and up if the chance comes. Whatever you think best—you know I'm all for you, Mel."

He kissed her and went back to the store. He rang Dr. Lucas again, was told he was still out in the country. "It's a baby case," said Mrs. Lucas, "and there isn't any phone out at the Weavers'. Is the matter important, Mel?"

"That's what I want to find out. Tell him to phone me here at the store as soon as he returns, won't you?"

Mrs. Lucas promised.

It was a long evening, with hardly enough business to pay for the lights, but Mel didn't fret about that. The concern he'd built up for himself about old Lute Horst and the extra-strong tablets of digitalis preyed upon him.

Rain began falling at ten o'clock. It started as a dust-laying patter. Mel went to his door and looked out. Perfume rose from gardens, from heavy-leafed trees, from broad-roofed barns and fields of cocked hay. Off in the hills thunder grumbled.

At five after twelve Eleanor Lee tumbled into the drugstore, dragging Jimmy Cotton. Raindrops spangled her pretty hair. Jimmy already knew how to mix most fountain drinks, and Eleanor took charge of the sandwich board. On the heels of the two, much of Markham High rampaged in. Mel was used to such bedlam. On most nights, he would have enjoyed it. But tonight he was worried, and the worry was snowballing with each minute.

Dr. Lucas hadn't phoned in. The Weaver place was out in the hills. It was an hour's trip, and now with this rain—the road will be slippery, thought Mel. The doc might decide to stay there all night.

He had to reach Dr. Lucas. But meanwhile these kids were here, and he'd somehow set himself up as chaperon over lively Eleanor and experiment-minded Jimmy.

At half past twelve Mel tossed everybody out. "Time to choke the juke box," he said. "I've already had one delegation in here today, telling me I keep you kids up too late." Over their shrill objections he pushed them forth, and over Jimmy's beefs and counterproposals he wedged that swain and Eleanor into his sidecar and whisked them home, first to Eleanor's door—waiting until the yellow square of light fell on the porch and her mother, who opened the door to let her in—and then to leave the morose and slightly indignant Jimmy.

"Thanks, Mel, for the lift," said that passenger.

"Thanks a million to you, Jimmy, for the hand tonight. And—Jimmy!" The departing figure halted. "That packet Tug Cherrill passed to you today—how would you like to trade it for a genuine badger's hair shaving brush? This swell one I have here?"

"O.K."

"Done, then." The swap was made. "Oh—and Jimmy." Mel felt his way. "If you ever want anything like that again, come first and talk it over with me, will you, as man to man? You know, I'm older than you, and maybe—"

"All right, I will, Mel."

RAIN was beginning to sheet down. Mel ran the motor bike home and got his little car out. It was a coupé and gave more protection. He turned it out Farnham Road and up for the hills.

There was a light in the Weaver bedroom, another in the kitchen. Mel found Dr. Lucas washing up. He was surprised to see Mel.

"Everything all right?" asked Mel.

"Everything's fine. Another new customer for your sodas and lipsticks some day, Mel. What brings you out?"

"It was storming, and I knew you were tired, and I thought— In case you don't feel like driving back, won't you come in my car? Fred Weaver can bring yours down in the morning, or you can send for it."

"Thanks, Mel. I *was* dreading the down trip." Gray with fatigue, the doctor dried his hands.

On the way down the sloshy road Mel told Dr. Lucas what was on his mind.

"Let me see that prescription!" exclaimed the doctor.

Mel showed it to him by the beam of a flashlight. "I also brought along a batch of half-grain tablets, in case —I hope I'm not interfering, doc—"

"Drive me to Lute Horst's," ordered Dr. Lucas tersely.

It was five in the morning when Mel deposited Dr. Lucas at the Lucas gate. The old doctor's hand closed over Mel's in a grip that needed no words. But Dr. Lucas uttered some. What he said was, "Mel Bassett, the corner drugstore is the cornerstone of America."

AT twenty minutes to eight of a sparkling morning, Mel inserted his latchkey into the door of his store. He'd had little sleep, but the place would be littered from the night before and he had much to do. The sirupy smells, the odor of stale cigarette butts ruined the fragrances of that usually immaculate interior. But Mel strode in with pleasure. It was a new day, and he habitually felt reborn on a new day. He'd hardly got things to rights when a car drove up and a long-legged man climbed out who said, "I'm Shute. I've come to take inventory."

"Who?"

"Shute. Trueblue Drug Corporation."

"Oh." Mel remembered. "Sure, come in. Take inventory, if you want to. But I'm not selling. Maybe you'd rather take a cigar instead."

"Not selling? But I was told—"

"Shucks," said Mel, "that was yesterday. This is today. Does anybody think I'm leaving this old stand? Why, Shute, I couldn't think of the kids of Markham having no place to read the funny magazines free, or—or their bigger brothers and sisters having no one to kind of depend on. I'm small-town, I guess. Anyway, I'm staying."

"Don't blame you a bit. I'd like to get my hands on a neat little spot myself," said Shute.

THE END

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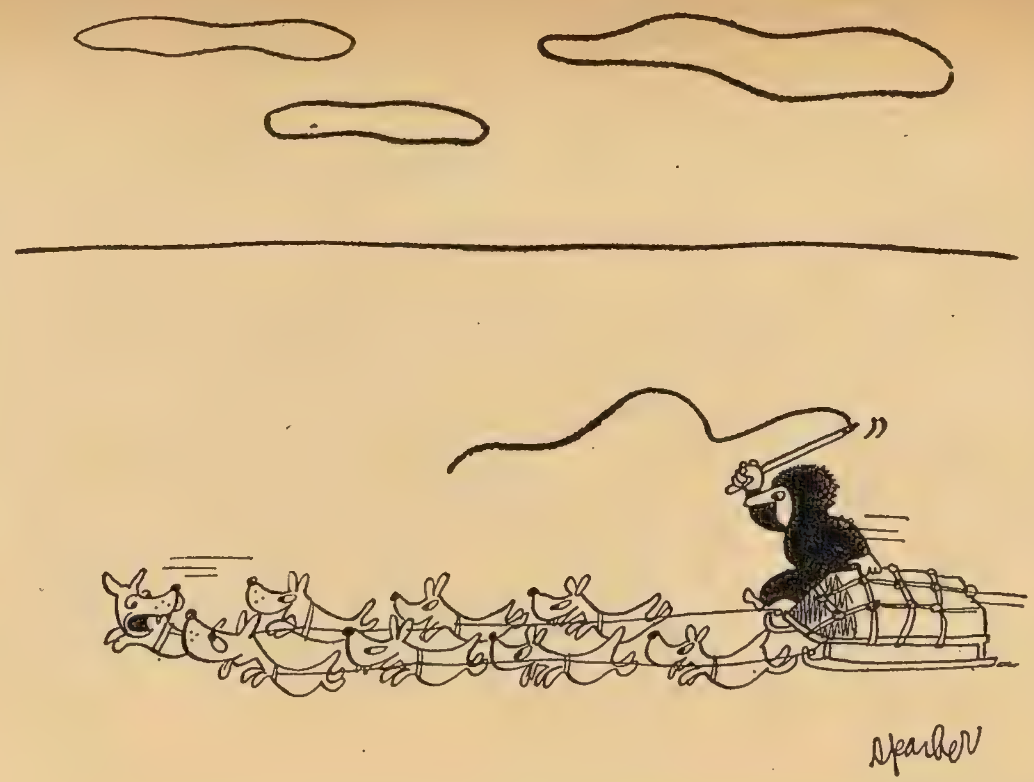


"By the way, what the deuce *does* mush mean, anyway?"

LIBERTY

ACTOR ON THE DIPLOMATIC STAGE

Continued from Page 21

prowess of its command personnel, it has shown a singular reluctance to publicize Fairbanks. When the Army Air Forces let out another actor, Colonel James Stewart, there was a considerable fanfare, engineered by A.A.F. public relations and which reflected credit on Stewart and the A.A.F. But recently an interviewer's request to Navy public relations for Fairbanks' war record brought only a curt, "You can get it from him."

Even in a war bulging with dime-a-dozen heroes, Fairbanks' record is outstanding. In 1941 he was vice-president of the Southern California branch of the Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies, which meant he was an out-and-out interventionist. That he was close to the feedbox on the international situation is now obvious. For several years he had been seeing Roosevelt, Hull, Welles, Lord Tweedsmuir, and Anthony Eden, among others, doing jobs for our government which he now describes merely as "little missions." Convinced of the inevitability of war, following his South American trip, he joined the Navy as a junior grade lieutenant. By the time of Pearl Harbor, he was already on convoy duty in the North Atlantic.

From this hazardous start in submarine-infested waters, he was graduated to the dangerous Murmansk run. Surviving this, he was given a postgraduate convoy course running Spitfires into beleaguered Malta. Having served on sub chaser, destroyer, cruiser, battleship, and aircraft carrier, he was drafted by Lord Louis Mountbatten for commando duty. He was given a command unique in U. S. Navy history. An American lieutenant, he operated a British flotilla out of England against the German-held coast of France. Two or three times a week, with units involving from twenty to 300 men, he went on what he describes as "night reconnaissance operations." They consisted of landing in France and blowing up signal stations, power plants, docks, bridges, enemy supplies, and picking up and delivering cloak-and-dagger boys of the British espionage system. Eventually this earned him a job with the amphibious forces of the Eighth Fleet in the Mediterranean.

WHILE with the Eighth Fleet, Fairbanks had the title of special operations planning officer. As such, he was expected to direct raids against the enemy. He did the planning, all right, but then he had to go along on the operations to direct them. It was, he says mildly, something like repeatedly planning your own demise.

The major landings in which Fairbanks took part read like a Mediterranean roll call: Tunisia, Sicily, Salerno, Anzio, Yugoslavia, Corsica, Elba, and the big push into southern France. His decorations include the combat Legion of Merit, the Silver Star, given only for conspicuous gallantry in the face of the enemy, the British Distinguished Service Cross, the French Legion of Honor, and the Croix de Guerre with palm.

An excerpt from the official citation of his Legion of Merit is the real McCoy. It reads: "On the morning of 17 August 1944, when two hostile vessels attacked a group of smaller craft [off southern France], he courageously led the ships of his unit into action and, aggressively directing the combat operations with expert seamanship against heavy odds, greatly aided in the ultimate sinking of the two vesesls. By his brilliant leadership and steadfast devotion to duty throughout the vital period Lieutenant Commander Fairbanks contributed materially to the successful invasion of a highly strategic area."

Although Fairbanks believes there may have been some sound basis for his Legion of Merit, his Silver Star, he feels, was just a lucky break. In the night before "H" hour at Salerno, he led a party ashore on tiny Ventotene Island. German troops were supposed to have been evacuated. Instead, they had been reinforced and opened up on Fairbanks' outfit with everything they had. Caught flatfooted, he dispersed his men to create the appearance of a much larger force. For five hours he bluffed the enemy and kept his unit from being wiped out. That was the "lucky break" which won him the Silver Star.

ALTHOUGH he was headed for the Pacific, Fairbanks never got there. He was hospitalized for pneumonia. By the war's end he had worked up to the Strategic Plans Division of the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

When he went on his South American tour, it was generally described in the press as a good-will mission. Belief that it was a mere good-will tour stemmed from subtle State Department handling; it was preferred to have the United States and the world accept the mission as such. As President Roosevelt's personal envoy, he was sent, publicly, "to ascertain the views and suggestion of the governments and peoples [of Argentina, Brazil, Peru, Uruguay, and Panama] with a view toward improving the role of theatrical arts" in promoting better relations between those countries and the United States.

Beneath the cloak of that bit of woolly nonsense, Fairbanks carried on the discussions which comprised his real purpose. He doesn't feel it is up to him to reveal their exact nature, but they ranged from the comparatively minor matter of relieving censorship and other burdens on journalists friendly to the United States and Britain, to proposals for military bases.

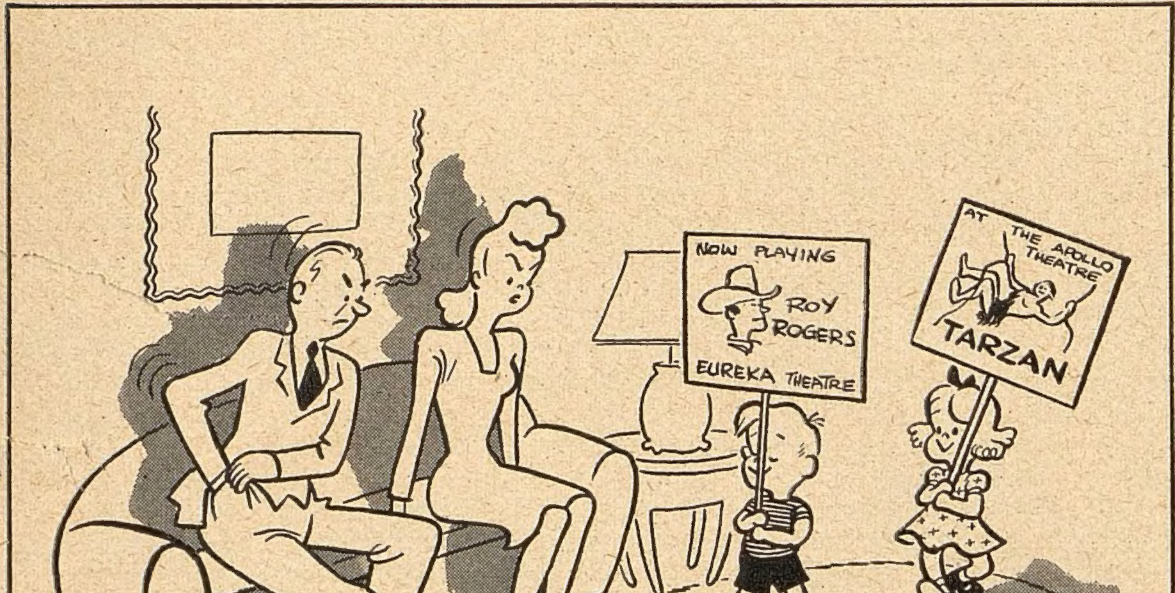
Some people have said it is ridiculous to entrust an inexperienced dabbler like Fairbanks with any discussion involving bases, and what are our ambassadors for, anyhow? Fairbanks is not as inexperienced as some think. For several years before the war he was entrusted by the President with missions of varying diplomatic import. And though our State Department has never been noted for its brilliance, he is credited there with doing an able job.

There is every probability that he will be drafted for future international assignments as his picture commitments permit. He also needs time to recover from the financial beating he took while in the Navy. Diplomacy is an expensive business, particularly for a man like Fairbanks who is widely believed to be rolling in money, which he is not.

When Fairbanks does re-enter the diplomatic field, he will be one of an exceedingly small but promising group of amateur diplomats. These men are carrying the ball in creating confidence abroad in the sincerity of our good intentions.

Unhampered by political strings but an avowed internationalist, as is indicated by his election to the board of directors of the American Association for the United Nations, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is a man to watch. Today he is famous as an actor. Tomorrow he may be known around the world as the diplomat from Hollywood.

THE END



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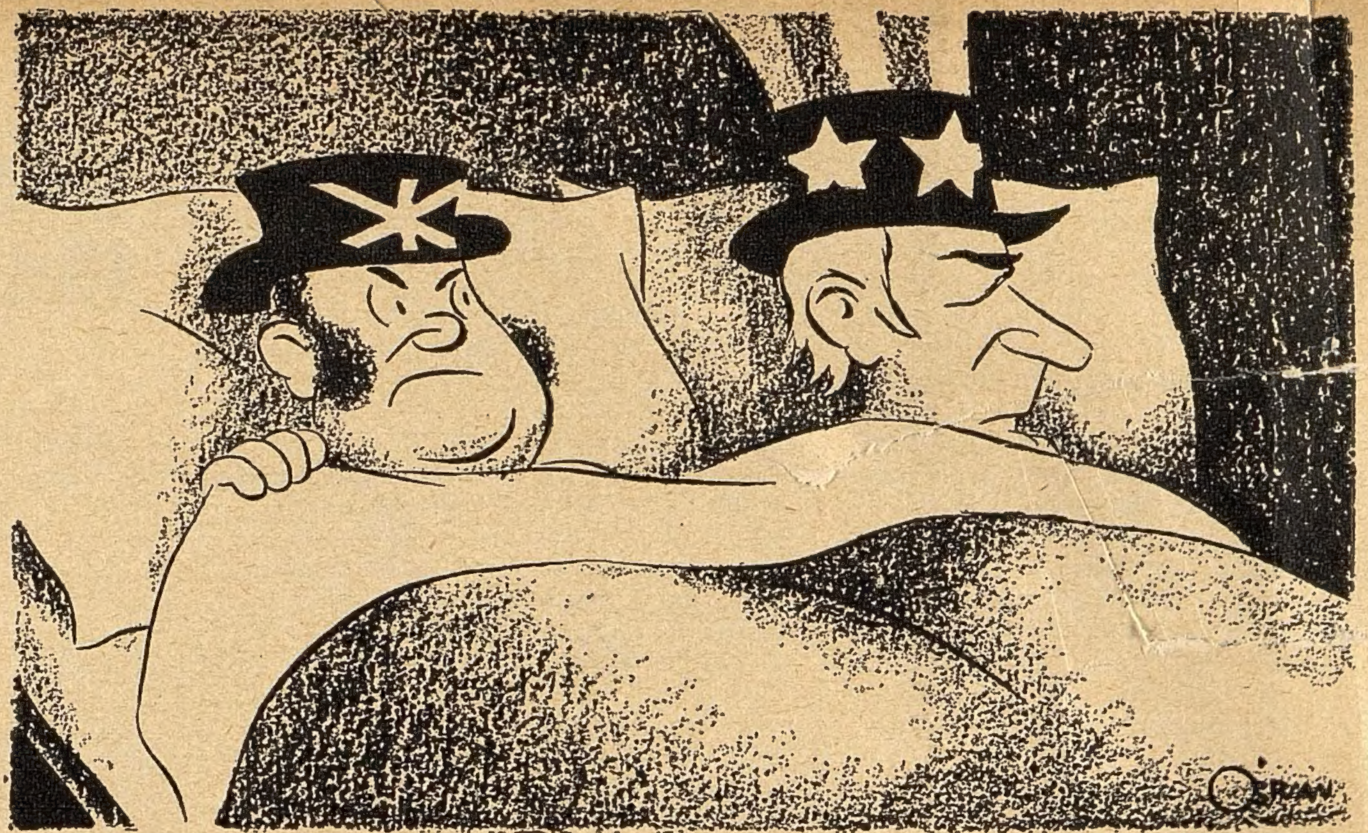


UNCLE SHYLOCK AGAIN?

BRITISH-AMERICAN relations, no matter how tranquil they may look officially, have worsened steadily since the end of the war. A resentful attitude toward the British is developing here in response to open and growing criticism of us on their part. This development cannot be allowed to proceed. If the two big English-speaking nations of the world do not continue as friends and allies, there is obviously no hope whatever for a more general international accord.

Some of the British complaints are ludicrous and laughable. For instance, their reaction to the showing of the film, Objective Burma, starring Errol Flynn. In it a group of Americans drop by parachute to demolish a Jap radar station in the Burmese jungles. This mission accomplished, the major portion of the picture concerns the hardships and dangers of the men fighting back to the Allied lines. This hardly adds up to an attempt by Americans to take credit for the conquest of Burma singlehanded. However, the British seem to think it does, though the more vocal of the objectors obviously have not seen the film but have obtained their knowledge of it from others who apparently have not seen it either.

But most British irritation is more serious and lies in the economic sphere. They feel that the war was just as much ours as theirs. Now they are broke while, according to them, we are richer and stronger than ever. They feel we should give generously to help them overcome the shattering effect of the war on their physical and economic life. There is a widespread feeling we put it over on them again in negotiating the recent rehabilitation loan. Much of this feeling is being fostered by Tory groups in order to embarrass the present Labor government. For their part, Mr. Attlee and his associates seem to think there is less risk politically in posing as victims of Yankee shrewdness than in a vigorous defense of the Anglo-American postwar financial settlement which they negotiated. Only a strong, official approbation would be effective in combating the growing criticism and resentment.

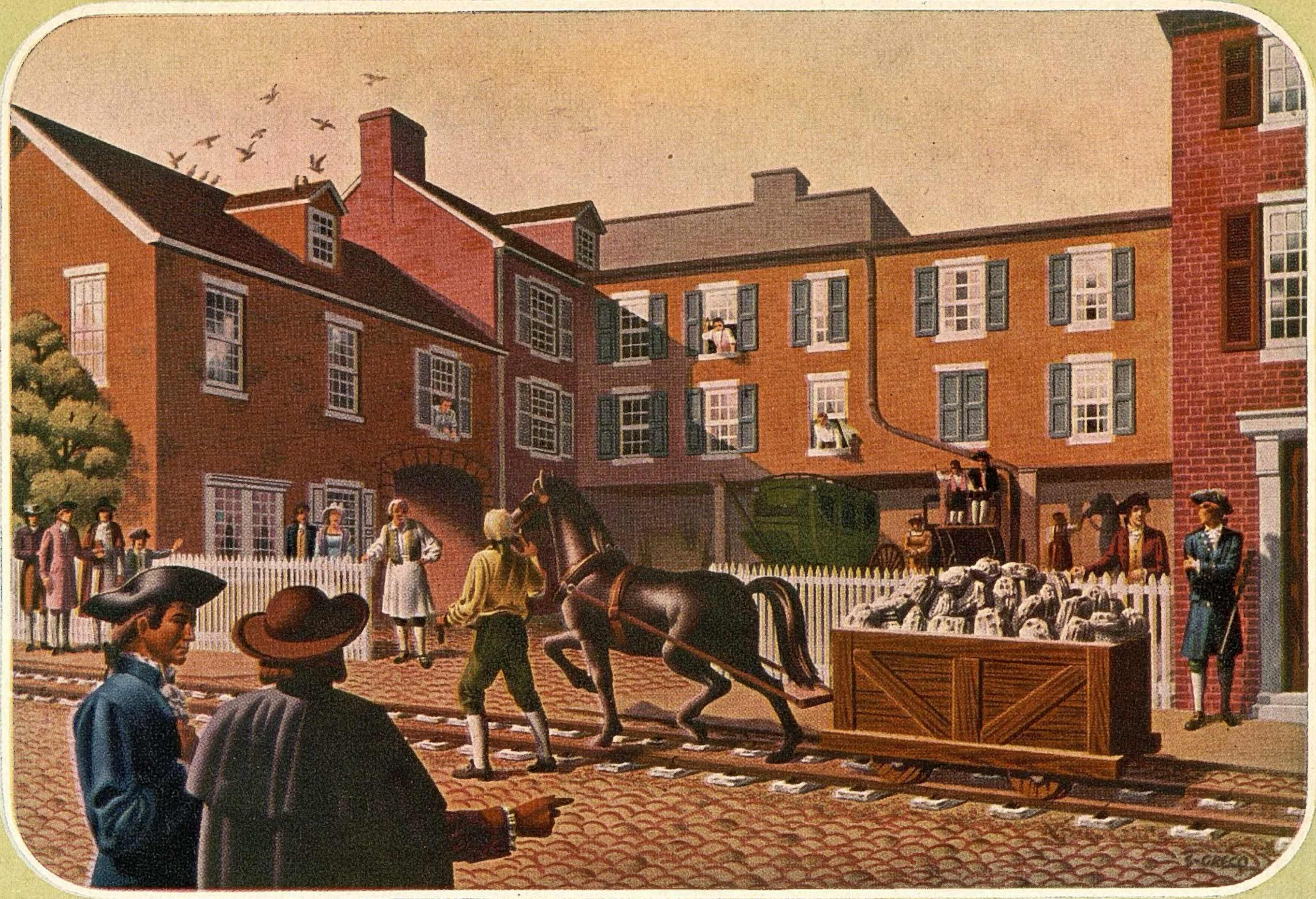
It's unfortunate the British feel as they do, because most of us think our country has been unbelievably generous all through the war to all of our allies. Nor do we feel any too wealthy with a three-hundred-billion-dollar debt to pay off. Only by virtue of our great productive capacity and our unshakable faith in it are we solvent.

We are growing a little resentful, too, of the persistent fashion in England of regarding America as a nation more interested in material gain than in matters of principle. The fallacy of this belief is proved by the very fact that we entered the war. Had America chosen to disregard spiritual considerations and seek only material gain, we could have made a deal with Germany and Japan and wound up with a good share of the world. We chose instead to defend our principles with all our human and material resources.

America need not apologize for her conduct during the war. Though we realize the British have a tough row to hoe and are willing to help them hoe it, it would be impossible to convince the American public that we owe them anything. The present British government would be wise to take its political courage in hand and actively combat anti-American feeling. Political diffidence and pussyfooting will not do in these times. We are now molding for the years ahead the attitude and relationships of Britain and America. It is essential they be headed in the right direction.

Paul Hunter

Liberty
... FOR ALL



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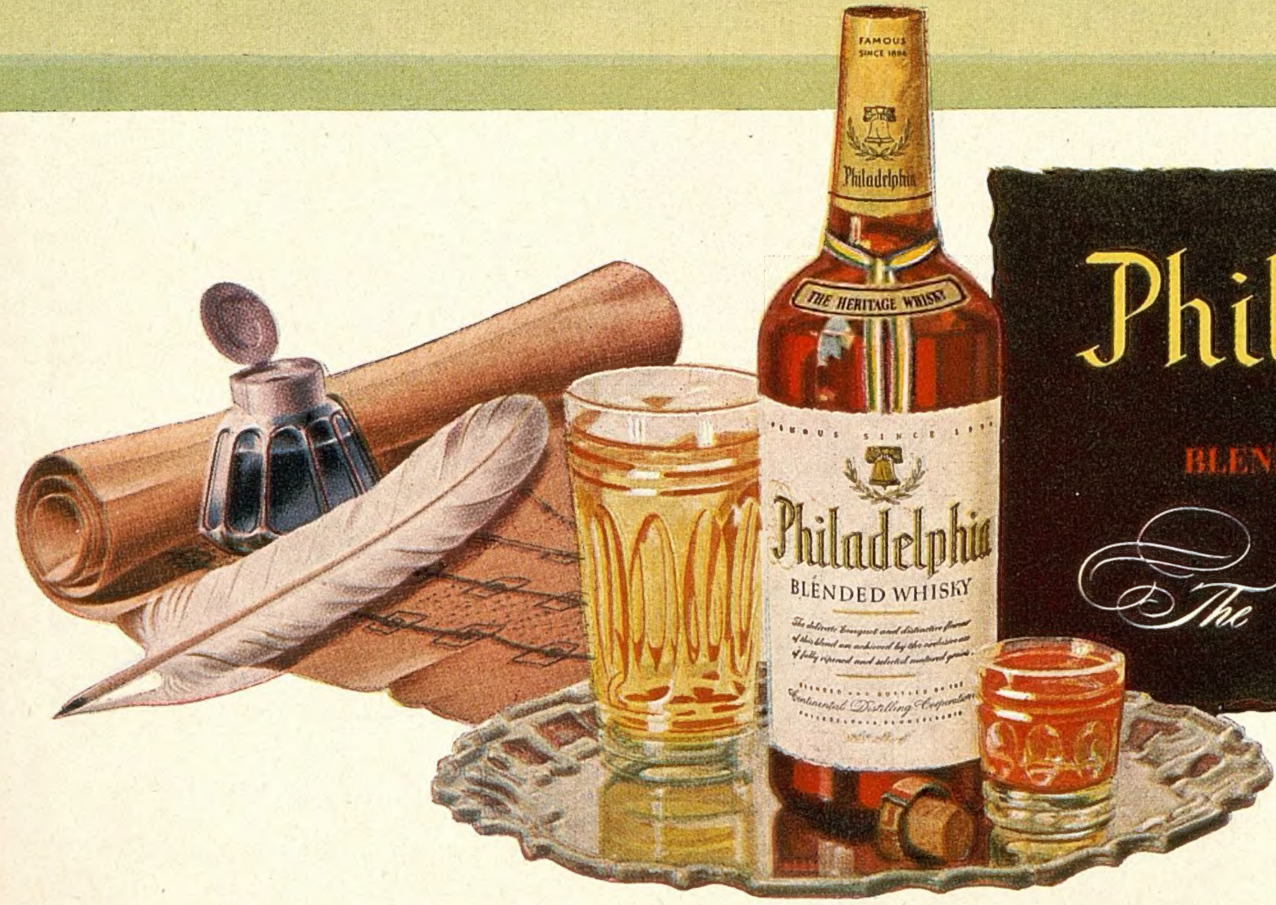
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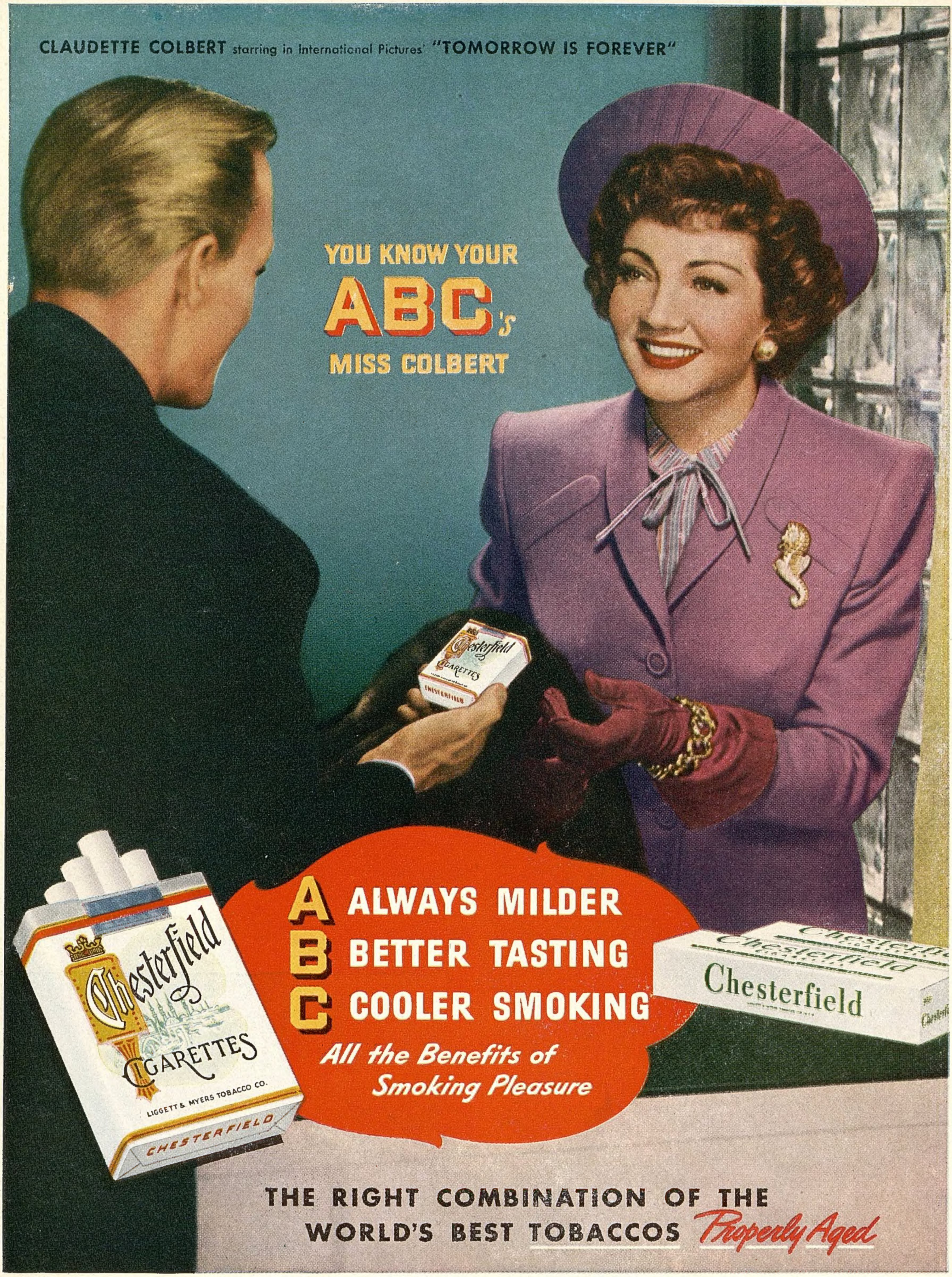
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